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L. P. Landon

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THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. V.

OUR dinner progressed, as the Americans say, most propitiously. Wells was in much better spirits than I had expected to find him, considering the recent severe frustration of all his well-laid schemes for Fanny's matrimonial promotion. He did not in the slightest degree allude to the circumstance, probably because my own case had not entirely slipped his memory, and because any recapitulation of the history of the Lieutenant's wooing might have recalled to my recollection some scenes of a similar character to those which had been recently acted at the Rectory, but which had not been productive of a similar result.

Mrs. Brandyball, whose whole aim and object appeared to be the making everybody round her pleased with themselves, as the readiest mode of making everybody present pleased with *her*, began her course of experiments in that way by eulogizing, in the best set terms, the gallant officer now absent, as one of the most interesting of his sex.

"I protest," said she, "that I am not like that particular genus of gallinaceous birds whose tenderest sensibilities are awakened by the appearance of sanguineously-coloured cloth, but I cannot so entirely subdue the natural, and I hope not altogether reprehensible sentiment of gratitude which must unquestionably animate every female heart towards our gallant protectors in the time of peril."

"Ah," said Cuthbert, "your's is a very amiable weakness in that respect. What soldiers have to endure,—ah, those marchings and countermarchings,—eh?"

"But," continued Mrs. Brandyball, determined to win the Rector entirely, "I never met with an individual so entirely exempt from pretension or affectation as Lieutenant Merman. He appears to me to be unexceptionable."

"Well," said the Reverend Divine, "there must be tastes of all sorts; for *my* part, I think him as empty a coxcomb as ever stepped—"

Mrs. Brandyball stared with astonishment.

"And I," said I, "think him odious."

Her eyes opened still wider.

"Ah," said Cuthbert, "do you know I have never taken the trouble to think whether I like him or not."

The manner in which our fair visiter was mystified was exceedingly amusing to us: it was evident, not only that she felt wonderfully disappointed by the manner in which her eulogiums upon the Lieutenant had been received, but that she set us down as two of the most hardened hypocrites that ever existed. What else could she think? she had seen

the man living constantly with us,—evincing beyond the shadow of doubt his devotion towards my sister-in-law, and received by her with a corresponding frankness of approval. Wells was in no humour to soften or qualify what he had said of him, and I thought I had found out enough of Mrs. Brandyball's character to be certain that when she found that we completely threw him over, she would let him lie in the mire without any farther attempt at his exaltation.

Tom, who came in with the dessert, had been upstairs with Harriet and her sister, and, by the expression of his most expressive countenance, I was dreadfully apprehensive that he had picked enough out of their conversation to understand that the Lieutenant had behaved somehow ungenteelly, and had received his *congé*. The imp looked cunning, and as, besides what he might have extracted from the dialogue of the sisters, he was extremely fond of collecting *facetiae* from the servants' hall, it seemed extremely likely that the real state of the case had oozed out during the afternoon, and that he might favour us with the domestic version of the "soger officer's" inglorious retreat.

Cuthbert, whose consummate skill in the art of child-spoiling I have now watched with more attention than satisfaction, whenever the girls were away, bestowed all his favours upon their lot of a brother, and he had at this period expressed a wish, which came like a gentle command, that Tom should take, or seem to take, a great interest in everything that was going on.

"Whenever you don't understand anything that is talked of, Tommy," said my brother, "always ask me. It is by inquiring, everybody learns. It will save you a great deal of trouble in the end." And accordingly Tom felt bound to be unceasingly inquisitive, always, however, running poor Cuthbert eventually into a corner, and then irritating him as much as it was possible for him to be irritated by anything. This questionable system of improvement of course destroyed anything like rational or even connected conversation during the presence of the hopeful youth in the dining-room, and knowing how tiresome his company would be to Harriet and Fanny, I had not the courage to send him up to the boudoir, which, as his fair sisters were out, was the only place which could be appropriated to his use.

"I know no more of him personally," said Wells, speaking of some public man, "than I do of the Pope of Rome."

"Who is the Pope of Rome, uncle?" said Tom.

"My dear boy," said Cuthbert, "he is elected by the Cardinals."

"What's a cardinal, uncle?"

"A cardinal, my love, is an ecclesiastical prince, and a member of the sacred college."

"Yes," said Wells, "and the Roman Catholics hold that, as the pope represents Moses, so the cardinals represent the seventy elders."

"They wear red hats," said Mrs. Brandyball.

"Why do they wear red hats?" said Tom.

"For the same reason, Master Tommy," said Wells, "that millers wear white ones."

"What's that?" said Tom.

"To keep their heads warm," said Wells.

"How incalculably whimsical you are, Mr. Wells," said Mrs. Brandyball.

"Did you never hear of any great man who was called Pope, who never was a cardinal?" said Cuthbert, evidently determined to obtain some share of Mrs. Brandyball's favourable opinion.

"No," said Tom.

"Not Alexander Pope, the poet?" said Cuthbert, leading him dexterously to an affirmative.

"No: who was he?" said Tom.

"Why, Tommy," said Wells, bored to death by the boy's pertinacity, "he was once called a note of interrogation."

"What's a note of interrogation?" said Tom.

"A little ugly thing that asks questions," said the Rector.

"Oh, Mr. Wells," said Mrs. Brandyball, "that is too severe. To my mind Pope was not much of a poet."

"To mine," said I, "he appears the greatest poet we ever had."

"Who is the best poet now, pappy?" said Tom.

"Poet, my dear," said Cuthbert; "never mind,—I don't know,—I'm sure,—there, now that will do,—eat your orange."

"I perfectly agree with you, Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Brandyball, "as to the utility of the system of exciting the development of the mental qualities by the institution of a principle of inquiry which must, while its results add fresh stores of information to the questioner, induce a constant desire for new acquirements."

Wells and I exchanged looks, for although it may seem most illiberal that we should encourage any doubts or suspicions with regard to the perfect ebriety of our fair guest, we could not fail to remark that the long words in which she dealt came out rather indistinctly; however, when Wells replenished her glass with port wine, which she that day drank, because she said "the cadent humidity" (*Anglice*, some rain which had fallen during the afternoon,) "had imparted an agueish character to the circumambient atmosphere."

My position was an awkward one; whenever she evinced a disposition to retire, her destination would be the drawing-room, with no companion save Tom, I therefore did not feel in the slightest degree desirous of unsettling her; nor dare I venture to pay my poor wife a visit, lest the movement should flurvy our fair visitor. I knew that in the present state of their minds her joining them would be beyond description disagreeable, and so I affected to be exceedingly snug and comfortable; and Wells seconding my efforts to keep the little party together, the lady gradually warming by the generous influence of what, in the earlier part of the day, she would probably have called the "vinous juice," began proportionably to relinquish all her fine words and euphonic phrases, until at length her natural candour led her not only to talk like other people, but to give us some curious particulars of her own "life, character, and behaviour," to which I must say the Rector most insidiously led and encouraged her.

"Little pitchers have great ears," said Mrs. Brandyball; "Master Tom had better go to his aunty,—as for my part, I can only say that in France the ladies never leave the table until the gentlemen go."

"Or rather," interrupted Wells, "the gentlemen always go when the ladies leave the table."

"It's the same thing in the end," said Mrs. Brandyball; "now, what I mean to say is this,—Mrs. Gurney is unwell, and, I dare say,

would be better pleased with my room than my company. Indeed, between you and me and the post, I don't think I am overmuch of a favourite with her at any time; and so—as I feel agueish—although the port wine has done me a great deal of good, I don't want to stir from where I am till tea-time: we are very snug where we are—only, to be sure, you may have something to talk about—parish, as we say,—in which case I'm off—a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse.”

“But you are not a blind horse,” said Tom, looking at her with a perfect consciousness that the expression of her countenance, and the character of her conversation, had undergone a very decided alteration.

“No, Master Tom,” said the lady, “that's very true.”

“No,” said Tom; “no more than I am a little pitcher; hi'm hup to you, stoopid as you may fancy me.”

“Tommy, love,” said Cuthbert, “don't speak in that manner to Mrs. Brandyball: what would your sisters say if they heard you?”

“Say!” said Tom; “why, they'd laugh like fun, specially Kitty, she would tell me to go it like winkin.”

Here the lady telegraphed to me her desire that Tom should be missing as soon as possible; and while she was occupied in this operation, Wells again replenished her glass, having ascertained that she had arrived at an amiable state of oblivious mystification, in which, although she gave some slight evidence of surprise at finding her goblet, like the Panmure punch-bowl, always full, she could not exactly recollect having previously emptied it.

This tampering with her weakness, and ministering to her failing, might have been, by the more rigid, considered, what is colloquially called, “taking an unfair advantage,” and I think even I, in my own house, or, what was so called and considered in the neighbourhood, should have interposed to prevent the proceeding, had it not been that I felt I was doing Cuthbert and his daughters-in-law an essential service in contributing to rub off the plating, which he mistook for precious metal, and by allowing his favourite the full gratification of what Kitty had more than once hinted was, when she was at home, her

“Custom always of the afternoon,”

permit her to exhibit herself in her natural colours. I confess the signal success which crowned the early part of the process, and the suddenness with which the mask had been abandoned, rather induced me to sanction its continuance so long as the lady continued “nothing loth;” and so long as no undue influence was exercised over her to induce her to exceed her usual limits.

I answered her signal, and desired Tom to go and get his tea with Harriet and Fanny, in the boudoir, although it was extremely disagreeable to do what I knew would, to a certainty, make them particularly unhappy.

“I'm off,” said Tom: “hi knows what's what. She's a-going to let out some of her rum stories,—and his afraid that I should hear them.”

“Tom, my boy, go when your uncle tells you,” said Cuthbert.

“Oh, nobody wants to stop,” said Tom; “I likes to go to Haunt Pan a precious sight more than staying here.”

And out he went, banging the door after him, whistling as he crossed the hall, and stumped up stairs, to torment the consulting sisters.

"He's a 'nice boy," said Mrs. Brandyball, "only, as I said,

'Children pick up words, as pigeons peas,
And utter them again as God shall please.'

And something might be said about somebody that might as well go no further; as I say, 'prevention is better than cure,' and I hate tattling."

"You are perfectly right," said Wells, with a look of the profoundest respect, and in a manner so horribly deferential, that I had nearly burst into a fit of laughing, although I was in fact in no very mirthful humour.

"Why, la, Mr. Wells," continued the lady, who having freed herself from the restraint imposed by Tom's presence, went off at score; "you must naturally think I know a good deal of the world at my time of life; and so having seen what I have seen in it, my proverb is, 'the least said, sooner mended.'"

Yes, thought I, and I suspect your temporary forgetfulness of so excellent a maxim at the present moment is likely to produce some curious results; for I saw Cuthbert every now and then elevate his eyebrows, in a manner for him most actively expressive of astonishment at what he heard.

"Why," said the lady, "now I'll tell you; you know those two girls of yours are as fond of me as if I was their own mother. That's mere nature—all nature—every bit of it nature; they never knew their own mother,—then isn't it natural they should love me?—I have always been kind to them, and, as Mr. Gurney knows, never said wrong was the thing they did, though Kitty's as full of mischief as an egg's full of meat:—well then—I—so—oh, what was I saying—something——"

"You were speaking of the natural affection of children for their parents," said Wells, who performed his part in the domestic farce with the greatest gravity.

"So I was," said the lady; "and—I had no mother myself!"

"What! never, Ma'am?" said Wells.

"Oh, Mr. Wells," said Mrs. Brandyball, "what a man you are! you do remind me so of an uncle of mine at Bristol."

"Oh," said Wells, "then you *had* an uncle?"

"Two," said the lady; "and, as you said, I had a mother, but she died before I knew anything about her, and that's a very bad thing for a girl."

"It is indeed," said Cuthbert,

"——Sighing like furnace."

"And so," continued she, "I was left a good deal to myself; and that was, I think, the foundation of all my knowledge. I was what they would call a self-taught genius. I never was taught nothing on earth by nobody until after I was married, and then poor Mr. B., who was mighty particular,—he was a very old man when I married him,—at least I thought so then,—I don't believe he was near so old as Mr. Gurney, but he was a deal too old to marry *me*,—so when I came out with my P's and Q's—all wrong, you know—he used to fidget, and look cross,—and so then I had masters and mistresses,—and got on uncommonly well,—and never having any family—none of what the advertising servants call incumbrances—I had plenty of time to devote to myself, and so—as—I say—learning is a treasure—I—then—poor

Mr. B. died—he was in a very extensive way of business—in the timber trade—but somehow—I don't recollect the particulars—when he died, it was found—I never could understand why—that he had not left me a farden—no, Mr. Wells, as I'm a living woman, not the value of a brass farden—nothing settled on me;—and then I was—nobody to help me—my uncle died—and my father gone abroad for life."

"What a dreadful position for a female," said Cuthbert, who, in the tenderness of his heart, and the intensity of his sympathy in our fair friend's misfortunes, totally lost sight of the main points of her history so candidly—so unconsciously narrated for our edification.

"And what *did* happen to you?" said Wells.

"Oh," said Mrs. Brandyball, "nothing happened to me: I began to think what I had best do—and what was easiest to be done; and just as I was quite at a nonplus, I happened to fall in with a nice respectable lady who kept the school I now keep."

"Who wore that day the arms which now I wear;" said I, involuntarily.

"No, not arms," said the lady—"school,—oh, I remember—out of the play—Norval—ha! ha!—'On the Grampy Hills,'—that's a very moving play—it always makes me cry to think of his poor dear mother."

"My dear Gilbert," said Wells, "you have interrupted Mrs. Brandyball in her autobiography."

"Oh, there's not much to tell," said the lady; "only my new friend Mrs. Slinkin wanted an assistant to teach French, Italian, music, geography, and astronomy, and so I engaged myself—her great objection was to my name,—which, she said, gave a notion that I was—ha! ha!—the idea—addicted to the use of spirits—but, as I said, what's in a name?—there's Mr. Young, very old—Mrs. White, very brown—Mr. Short, very tall—and Mrs. Little, very big,—and why should not Mrs. Brandyball be as sober as a judge*?"

"Why not, indeed!" said Wells, once more filling up her glass; "and so, I conclude, you satisfied your friend?"

"Quite entirely so," said Mrs. Brandyball; "so I took the situation, and we got on very comfortably: indeed, the best part of the thing is, I didn't know any of the things I went to teach,—that is to say, I knew a little of them; but what I said was this, I shall learn them all in time, by teaching the girls,—and so I did—and so then Mrs. Slinkin made friends with a Bath doctor,—and he used to recommend Montpelier House as the healthiest place in the neighbourhood,—and so people sent their children to us,—and then we sent out one or two to India,—and so made a connexion that way,—and at last Mrs. Slinkin married the doctor, and I stepped into the business; and now, I'll venture to say, there isn't a better conducted school in all England, Ireland, and Scotland, or Berwick-upon-Tweed."

Whereupon, to my infinite amazement, I beheld my brother Cuthbert elevate himself to an angle of forty-five, and say, in the sweetest imaginable tone,

"To that I think I can myself bear testimony."

The announcement evidently startled Wells as much as it had sur-

* At the period of which Mr. Gilbert Gurney's papers treat, James Smith's admirable song upon the subject of similar anomalies had not appeared.—Ed.

prised me. However, it encouraged the lady to a fuller confession, which, to me and the Rector, was extremely amusing.

"Now," said she, "you see me as I am; and I have told you all my history, but I should never have opened my lips as I have done this evening if the girls had been here."

I knew by the expression of Wells's countenance that he was dying to ask her whether, when she talked of opening her lips in the manner she had done this evening, she meant for the purposes of imbibition or oratory.

"Everybody is obliged," said she, "to play a part in this world; that's what I mean to say;—what's a judge off the bench, wig and gown aside?—just like other men, to be sure; but while he is in his court, he must act judge, and nothing else,—the same with me:—why, if I was to be natural, as folks call it, and say my say as I like to say it, I should be thought no more of than one of my own housemaids,—recollect the story of the King and the Schoolmaster,—to be sure you do. Well, I make the girls believe their governess the very pink of perfection,—never hear me talk what I call plain kitchen English, no, no."

"Well," said I, "for my part, I prefer the simplest language that can be used; and I am sure you will forgive me for saying that I have never enjoyed any evening since your arrival here so much as this."

"That's it," said the joyous matron, "I know *that*—now at home, when the girls are gone to bed—early hours are healthy, not one of 'em up at half-past eight—I see no harm in having in a neighbour or two and enjoying a quiet rubber of whist or a pool at loo—limited, you know. Well, as I say, there's no immorality in playing cards; yet I should not like my girls to catch me at it. Then, after our cards, we have a bit of supper, seldom anything hot, for the girls could smell that; and, as I always say, suppers are most unwholesome, and never allow them a morsel at night: I should not like them to know that I eat supper myself. Well, and then, as I say, what's the harm of a glass of something warm after supper?"

"Why," said I, "Kitty told us your principle upon that subject, and even referred to your practice?"

"Ah!" said the lady, "my Kitty is an exception to the general rule,—she is *the* favourite."

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times, Mrs. Brandyball," said Cuthbert, "I'm sure of that."

"I call her one of my pattern-girls, Sir," said the lady.

"I trust," said Cuthbert, "my dear Mrs. B., you do not over-fatigue them?"

"You know, my dear Sir," said the lady, "I do not. I'll tell you my course: Up at eight,—prayers, always read by Miss Julietta Timmins, whose grandmother was aunt to the curate of Cripplesdon,—fine voice, sweet delivery, and as slow as a slug,—breakfast at nine,—no nonsense about nerves,—never let them touch tea,—pure milk and water,—the cow and the pump,—out for an hour,—relaxation in the shrubbery,—at ten in school,—everything parcelled out,—method is the only mode of managing the mind,—seven minutes and a half for geography,—ditto for knotting hearthrugs,—a quarter of an hour for French,—ten minutes for astronomy,—ditto for the use of the globe,

—a quarter of an hour for Italian,—and twenty minutes for mathematics. Then to learn lessons,—dinner at two.”

“Very pretty proceeding,” said Cuthbert. “A little of everything, and not too much of anything.”

“Exactly so,” said Mrs. Brandyball. “Then, till half-past three, the play-ground,—in again,—fifteen minutes for music,—six minutes for algebra,—nine minutes for drawing,—a quarter of an hour for English history,—six minutes for hydraulics, under the inspection of Doctor O., and nine minutes and a half for ethics and moral philosophy,—guitar—twenty minutes (for those who learn it),—Newton’s Principia and dancing an hour and a half,—the play-ground again.”

“But,” said Wells, “do you never parade them?”

“Do what?” said Mrs. Brandyball.

“Take them out to walk?” said the Rector.

“Never,” exclaimed the agreeable hedgehog, “except to church,” bowing complacently, in order to evince her high respect for the Establishment. “No, no, Mr. Wells. I keep my charges all snug within brick walls tipped with broken bottles. Only two windows overlook my garden, and that only in the winter,—planted them out,—no peeping into Montpelier.”

“But,” said I, “do you never walk out with them?”

“No,” said Mrs. Brandyball; “I am rather too heavy for exercise, and I can’t well trust the teachers. I have,” added she, putting her finger to her nose, “I *have* been a teacher myself; besides, if I did go and take them,—it’s as bad. I say to them, ‘Girls, as you go to church, look at nobody,—neither to the right nor to the left,—keep your eyes on the ground, my dears;’ and so they do: and, when they are at church, the front of the pew is so high, and the seat so low, that they can’t even get a peep at the parson.”

“That is severe over-much,” said Wells.

“Severe!” said Mrs. Brandyball. “You are a man of the world, Mr. W. Suppose I did parade them, as you call it, they would look about, and only think what things they are likely to see in the streets and the roads. If I walked in front, how should I know what they were doing behind my back? If I walk behind them, and come last, where’s the use?—with poke-bonnets on, what can I know of what they do with their eyes? No, no; I keep them all snug at home, and then the dear loves have nothing to put bad notions into their young heads.”

“Very proper, indeed!” said Cuthbert.

“Very,” said I, looking at Wells, and thinking of Miss Falwasser as a pattern Miss of Montpelier.

“Now, Mrs. Brandyball,” said Wells, “allow me to help you to some more wine.” A permission he requested, because she had happened to remove her glass out of his reach.

“Oh no,” said she, “no more; ‘enough is as good as a feast;’ moderation is one of the greatest virtues.”

“We will order coffee then,” said I, “and have it here; and I will just step up to Harriet and see how she is.”

“Give my best regards,” said Mrs. Brandyball, “and say if she wishes to see me I shall be too happy to go and sit with her and Miss Wells.”

"I will," said I; and giving directions to the servant to bring the coffee and tea, hastened to the two ladies to hear what they had been doing, and report progress with regard to ourselves.

The difference between the appearance of the room I had left, and that of the boudoir which I entered, was very striking. The noisy mirth and chatter of Mrs. Brandyball, the insidious officiousness of Wells, the supine indifference of Cuthbert, the blaze of lamps, and the fumes of wine, were strongly contrasted by the calm serenity of Harriet's sanctum, and the subdued tone of the conversation in which she and her sister were engaged. On the table was a box—open—which contained numerous letters, and I thought a miniature picture. The box however was closed the moment I entered, and Harriet's first question was, what we had done with the lady?

"She preferred staying where she was," said I, "to becoming the sole tenant of the drawing-room; and so I have just ordered coffee, in the dinner-room, and snatched a minute to get to you. What have you done with the amiable Tom?"

"He went to bed soon after nine," said Fanny.

"After nine?" said I; "why, what o'clock is it now?"

"Considerably past ten," said Harriet.

"I had no idea of such a thing," said I.

"Time flies in agreeable society," replied Harriet.

"I must not stop," said I, "to tell you how our time *has* been passed; but we have had a scene——"

"For which," said my wife, "if Master Tom is to be believed, I am pretty well prepared. He came up evidently in a passion with the lady, and has been amusing us with histories of her proceedings, derived from his sister Jane, which, if true, or near the truth, ought to be communicated to Cuthbert."

"All would be unavailing," said I. "After having heard from her own mouth quite sufficient to render any other evidence against her unnecessary, he has just now pronounced the highest eulogium upon her, and declared his unqualified approbation of her establishment. I shall return to them, and as soon as the carriage comes for your father, and brings home the 'darlings,' dispose of the party forthwith."

"How is Papa?" said Fanny; "is he in good spirits?"

"Much as usual," said I; "he seemed a little out of sorts at first, but he soon recovered his usual good temper, and has played off our visiter to the greatest possible advantage. However, adieu for the present; I think half-an-hour will terminate our sitting."

And down I came, not without having, by way of reply to Harriet's "Don't be long, love," given her one affectionate kiss, which I could not help thinking made poor Fanny think of the absent lieutenant, about whom and his proceedings I admit I became rather anxious to know something more.

When I returned to the dinner-room, I found that its occupants had discovered the "time of night," and that Wells was beginning to wonder why the carriage had not arrived which was to bring back Cuthbert's living treasures, and bear away our excellent rector. However, coffee and tea were disposed of, and Mrs. Brandyball had in a great degree recovered her composure, and begun to resume her figurative style of conversation, before any announcement of its approach was made; and Cuthbert, who could not have rested unless he had seen the dear

girls before he went to bed, seemed disposed, late as it was, to make up his rubber, which, amidst the interest he took in Mrs. Brandyball's autobiography had slipped out of his mind, when, to my great relief,—for I longed to get up to Harriet, who was looking ill and wearied,—I heard the welcome wheels rolling towards the door.

The ringing of bells and barking of dogs soon confirmed my best anticipations, and Cuthbert's eyes twinkled with delight as he cast them expectingly on the door, so soon to be opened to give to his sight the pattern-girl of Montpelier, Miss Falwasser. The door was not opened—the dogs ceased to bark—and everything resumed its wonted quietude, which remained for two or three minutes unbroken, when at length Hutton made his appearance, and, approaching the Rector, said—

"Mrs. Wells sends her love, Sir; the young ladies were not quite ready to go home, and so she has sent the carriage for you, which can bring the young ladies back after you have done with it."

Wells looked more surprised than pleased, and said, "Hem! oh!"

"Young rogues," said Cuthbert, "dancing, I have no doubt."

"Most likely," said Mrs. Brandyball; "their Terpsichorean predilections are peculiarly potent."

This resumption of "style" took place because Cuthbert's servant was in the room, and it became essential, according to her policy, to "act her part" before even the meanest audience.

"Well, then," said Wells, "I suppose, being sent for, I must go. May I step up and say good night to the girls?"

"To be sure," said I.

"Good night, Mrs. Brandyball," said the Rector, "I will take care and send back the rose-buds safe."

"Are your horses quite quiet?" said Cuthbert.

"Steady as rocks," said the Rector.

"Because," said Cuthbert, "I am always alarmed about horses since an accident which had very nearly proved fatal to my poor father and myself, many years ago. We were travelling along the road——"

"Yes, I know," said Wells; "Severndroog."

"Oh!" said my brother, "I have told you—eh? I did not recollect—dear, dear! Hutton, just lift me up—there—that will do. Don't go before we have a bit of supper. Mrs. Brandyball says she takes a bit of something cold."

"Oh, not for me," said the lady, "if nobody else—I——"

"Tell them to bring the tray," said I to Hutton, in a fit of desperation, covered as much as possible by a look of the most perfect amenity.

"I'm off," said Wells, "good night—good night to both—to all." Saying which he proceeded to bid adieu to his daughters, and I suppose to some degree to ascertain the state of Fanny's feelings after the events of the morning.

The conversation began to flag—the lady had sunk into a sort of repose closely assimilating to that of Cuthbert; and I really was not enough of a hypocrite to appear pleased or even comfortable. Cuthbert was wheeled to his room to be refreshed with eau de Cologne, and Mrs. Brandyball just stepped up to her room to fetch her pocket-handkerchief.

The lady returned, Cuthbert was re-wheeled to his sofa, the sofa was wheeled to the table, which we drew round, and really it was with difficulty I did the honours. The *haut en bas* manner in which the girls

treated us all, and regardless of all the commonest observances of the rules of society, usurped the carriages and conveniences of everybody, not only in the house but in the neighbourhood, were unbearable; and now, at a moment when the mistress of that house was ill—if not in body, certainly in mind, and was anxious to get to rest early—here was I forced to remain at my post, helping and serving, while I knew, let the superficial appearances be what they might, that the young ladies who were disturbing all my family arrangements at Ashmead, could not fail of being, under the circumstances, equally unwelcome guests at the Rectory.

But even this was light compared with what I had to undergo afterwards. At about half-past eleven—I having heard Harriet's bell ring for her maid twenty minutes before—Mrs. Brandyball perceived through the mist that I was rather uncomfortable, and she requested me to ring for her maid and her candle, which I most readily did—she beginning to think that the sylphs were carrying the joke rather too far, and resolving as far as she was concerned to get out of the adventure which had originated in her leaving them at Wells's. Away she went. We wished her good night. Cuthbert shook her hand, and they parted affectionately; and when she was gone I imagined that Cuthbert would be satisfied with recommending the girls to the care of their *soubrette*, or sending by her or Hutton, who was equally careful of the young charges, some kind message, and so betake himself to rest—but no—not a bit of it.

"Now, Gilbert," said he, "just do me the favour to push that little table near the sofa—make me one glass of white wine negus—none of your—oh dear me! how my back aches!—none of your West India Sangaree—hot water—ah!—and we will have a quiet talk till the children come home—I cannot go to bed till I have seen Kitty—and—then—we have had no whist—ah!—Sniggs hasn't been here—no—nothing of that sort—and when Kitty tells us of all that has happened—and the—ah!—the party—she is such a capital mimic."

I did as I was desired—or, as I felt it, commanded—and then concocted a tumbler of a similar mixture for myself—the candles burned down—the fire grew dull—the room grew cold—I could hear the ticking of the clock in the hall.

"Gilbert," said my brother, "that's a dear woman—the schoolmistress—ah!—"

A gentle tap at the door interrupted my answer.

"Come in," said I.

"It's only me, Sir," said Foxcroft, my wife's maid.

"Do you want me," said I, hourly anticipating the event which was so materially to add to my respectability.

"No, Sir," said Foxcroft, "only my mistress says, as you mayn't come up stairs till late, if you would recollect that she wishes to have the carriage to-morrow about twelve."

"Certainly," said I, "I'll remember to order it."

And then she shut the door, and I returned to the side of Cuthbert, cut to the heart that poor Harriet, without meaning the slightest reproach, should have sent me a quiet, humble message to order her carriage, in order to preserve it from a seizure on the part of those—I will not designate them—who were now keeping me out of my bed to await their return from a place where they had no business to be, to hear the praises of her who had had no business to leave them there.

The candles, by which Cuthbert occasionally fancied he read, were already in the sockets—the lamp glimmering and flickering with a sort of sputtering noise, the certain *avant-courier* of the most unsavoury of smells—still hardly able to keep his eyes open, he went on muttering praises of the regularity and good order of the Montpellier establishment; while I, listening with the most earnest attention for the approach of the carriage, watched almost unconsciously the fast-fading fire in the grate. I began to get exceedingly cold—the lamp gave stronger evidence of its proposed departure, and I was driven to the necessity of lighting my bed-room candle, to escape the darkness with which we were threatened. Having done which, I dispatched the lamp somewhat after the principal of the butcher's wife, who called to her husband to come and kill a sick sheep before it died.

"Twang went the clock; one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—TWELVE.

"It is twelve o'clock," said I.

"What little rakes those girls are!" said Cuthbert; "I hope they won't tire themselves—poor dears! I dare say they are dancing—their sainted mother was very fond of reels—but—ah!—well—it is what we must all come to—poor Tom!—by the way, he didn't come in to wish us good night."

"He stayed with Harriet and Fanny," said I.

"It is getting very chilly," said Cuthbert; "stir the fire, Gilbert—hadn't you better ring for some coals?"

"Why," said I, obeying orders, "I suppose they cannot be much longer—midnight is late for the Rectory."

"I conclude Harriet is gone to bed," said Cuthbert, in a tone of voice which satisfied me that he would have been more interested in the fact of his own favourite cat having been made up for the night in her well-lined basket.

"Oh yes," said I, "two hours since, I should think—she is not by any means well." And then I thought of her "Come soon, love," which seemed to ring in my ears to a popular air, which I fancied I traced in the ticking of the clock.

"Yaah," said Cuthbert, "I'm getting sleepy myself."

"Hadn't you better go to bed?" said I.

"No, no," replied my brother, "not till I have bid Kitty good-night."

He then relapsed into silence, and, to say truth, I felt no inclination to disturb the tranquillity of the scene. A quarter after twelve—half past twelve; at which period I was about to suggest that something extraordinary must have happened, but suddenly checked myself, when I recollected that if Cuthbert's thoughts had been directed to the possibility of an accident, he would, with the fear of Blackheath before his eyes, have ordered out every man, woman, and child of the family, in search of his babes in the wood; so I waited, and, like the turnspit who, in the Spanish proverb, is made to console himself during his work on the ordinary treadmill, with the certainty that "the largest leg of mutton must be done in time," sat to listen for the ladies, and think of my wife. At length, just as I pictured Harriet buried in the happy depth of the first sleep, up drove the carriage. The footman, no doubt irritated by being kept up unusually late, and turned out for a second

time, long after midnight, rang the house-bell with a force and power which made it reverberate through the hall and staircase loudly enough to have waked the dead. This set the three dogs barking all in different keys. Hutton and the footman hurried to let in the revellers, upsetting one of the hall chairs in their haste; all of which disturbance was followed by the loudest possible banging down of the carriage steps, immediately under my wife's window; the uproar only concluding after the carriage-door first, and the house-door next, had been also banged to and fastened—the former accompanied by the imprecations of Wells's servant outside the house, and the latter by the inevitable rattling of chains and scraping of bolts within.

"Well, dearest," said Cuthbert, "you have made it late—have you been very happy?"

"Yes, Pappy," said Kitty, "very. Oh, you mustn't look at me—I'm such a figure! danced every bit of curl out of my hair! I couldn't get away before—it was all Bessy's doing—her Pa went to bed the minute he came back, but Master Buggins and his cousin Harry would have some more quadrilles, and so after that we had three of the new-fashioned waltzes—it was so nice, and made me so giddy, and so pleased, you can't think!"*

"And how were you entertained, Jenny?" said I, standing candle in hand, prepared for a start.

"I liked it very well, thank you, Uncle," said Jane, who looked as white as a sheet, with a pair of eyes as red as a ferret's.

"Gilbert," said Cuthbert to me, "what do you think this young lady has been whispering to me?"

"That she wants her maid, I suppose," said I.

"No," said Cuthbert, "something else; she says she should like a little bit of something to eat."

"Eat!" said I.

"Yes, uncle," said Kate; "we had only some lemonade and cakes, and that was at about half past nine, and we dined at two with Bessy, so——"

"Come, come," said Cuthbert, "ring the bell, Kitty, love, and we'll get you some cold fowl, or something of that sort,—you would not like anything warm?"

"I am afraid," said I, "they are not likely to get anything warm. I surmise that Mrs. Habijam (so was my cook named) is fast asleep."

Hutton made his appearance to answer the bell, for, as he must inevitably sit up to undress his master, and put him to bed, he had relieved my own butler.

"Hutton," said Cuthbert, "these young ladies want something to eat."

"Very well, Sir," said Hutton, in a tone which sounded like—very ill, Sir.

"Anything, Hutton," said Kate; "a bit of cold fowl and some tongue—nothing sweet."

"I'll go and see, Miss," said Hutton.

As I foresaw that Hutton, in order to put the young lady's commands

* It was just about the period at which Mr. Gurney wrote this portion of his papers that this irritating indecency, which has since been so universally adopted, was first introduced into English Society.—Ed.

into execution, must necessarily call up Mrs. Habijam, who acted as housekeeper, in order to get at the larder, and that my wearied butler must be "rousted out," to get at the wine, or whatever other liquid the sylphs might select for their regale; and as I beheld Hutton, by way of a preliminary, return to the room with a pair of new candles, I felt that, as my presence was even, if agreeable to the trio, by no means essential to their enjoyments, I ventured to take the liberty of saying that, as it was growing late, and I had an engagement early in the morning, I would wish them good night.

To my proposal I found not the slightest objection made by any one of the company; and accordingly, having shaken hands with my brother, and having been kissed boisterously by Kate, and gently by Jane, I betook myself to my room, where I found poor Harriet sitting up in her bed, wondering at the noise in the house at so late an hour, and fancying ten thousand things had happened, about which she had no opportunity of inquiring.

I will now describe my feelings, because they are not purely fraternal. The conclusion of the affair, however, was not the least annoying part of it, for it was certainly past two before Kate and her sister came dancing up-stairs to their room, singing one of the airs to which they had been whisked about by Master Buggins and his cousin Henry, so loudly as to wake poor Harriet from the second sleep into which she had happily fallen.

What seemed so particularly odd in the whole of the business was, that the day on which so disagreeable an event had occurred in Wells's family should have been fixed upon for what really was an unusual gaiety there. I found, however, that the little party had been arranged before the *dénouement* of the Merman affair, and while he was yet in the house; and that Mrs. Wells, with the proper spirit of her sex, resolved that the dismissal of the Lieutenant, which would be of course the talk of the whole place in a day or two, should not appear to have affected them, or made the slightest alteration in their arrangements.

I remember seeing once at a country fair a boy of about ten years of age in a scarlet jacket, much tinselled, a pair of dirty white trousers, with flesh-coloured stockings pulled up over them, his hair being flaxen, and matted, and his face dirty and painted, performing a hornpipe in front of a booth, a minute after his father had given him a most savage horsewhipping for some conduct, I suppose, militating against the laws and customs of the modern Thespians, the effect of which was very remarkable. The poor child was crying with pain, the tears running down his well-ochred cheeks, dancing as hard as he could, accompanied by periodical exclamations by his respectable parent of, "Jump, you dog,—go along, Sir,—higher, Sir," which overtopped the sound of the one fiddle upon which the child's eldest well-spangled sister was playing the tune.

The effect was at once ludicrous and painful, and somehow I could not help associating it in my mind with Mrs. Wells's uncommonly lively little party in the evening of the day of the defeat of all their well-laid schemes of settlement for Fanny.—However, I got to sleep at last; but little did I anticipate what was in store for me before I should sleep another night.

LUNACY IN FRANCE.

THE various institutions, scientific and literary, of Paris, have been often and minutely described; but to the institutions, private as well as public, for the disordered mind, justice has not been done. It is not true, though often asserted, that the thoughtful and serious English go mad much oftener than their neighbours: the number of the deranged in France is about thirty thousand to a population of thirty-two millions: in England, twenty thousand.

But though the number may be proportionate in the two countries, the *manner* of the madness is very dissimilar; and the stranger, in search of the characteristic traits of mind and temper, will find them as distinctly drawn, in as broad, as well as delicate touches, in these homes of fallen humanity, as in the theatre, the salon, or the café. I have been in the asylums of eastern countries—heavy, and not spacious buildings, with a court in the middle, a fountain, and a few trees. This small area of joyless suffering afforded an epitomé of the Turkish character, so quiet and grave, so dull and unambitious. The inmates sat and gazed through the bars of their home, and spoke sadly and slowly to the stranger: two or three played the guitar: others sat cross-legged from morning to night on the divan, or near the fountain, gazing continually on the gurgling waters: there was no violence, no fierce malignity, or hopeless passion. In his lone room, or on his wild and circumscribed walk, the Frenchman is also faithful to his natural temperament: there is less ‘method in his madness’ than in that of the Englishman, less thoughtfulness and stillness than the German, less passion than the Italian; but there is a buoyancy and even cheerfulness about him that leaves little room for melancholy.

I had long desired to visit the most celebrated private *Maison des Fous*; an opportunity at last presented itself under very favourable circumstances. About five miles out of Paris, near the banks of the Seine, is the small village of Ivery, pleasantly situated, calm, and almost sequestered: the Seine was so swollen by the late rains, that the more direct route by its side was inundated, and we drove a circuitous route. The October morning was very bright and beautiful: we were invited to breakfast at the asylum by its master, Mons. Esquirol, celebrated for the successful treatment of his patients, and his able writings on the subject. Arrived at the establishment, an iron gate opened on a winding gravel path, at the end of which, embosomed in trees, was the mansion, which consisted of a large *rez-de-chaussée*, containing a spacious salon, with various instruments of music, card-tables, chess, and backgammon. Adjoining was a large billiard-room, which opened into the *salle à manger*: all these apartments, &c., were for the convalescent during the day only: they slept in a separate dwelling. The higher story was occupied by the family of Mons. —, the nephew and assistant of Mons. Esquirol, consisting of his wife and three lovely children. This was the principal mansion, though it formed but one of the seven buildings comprised in the establishment. Another of these was tenanted by convalescent ladies, and a third by gentlemen: each patient had a salon and bed-chamber, in which, not even the English, and there were a few of our countrymen here, had any

cause to sigh for their native comforts ; there was so much real comfort in the interior of these rooms—situated in the middle of the gardens, with many trees around, the windows looking only on pleasing objects, on beds filled with flowers, &c. In the avenues were swings and various out-door amusements for the patients. The wife of Mons. ——— and her children dined every day with the convalescent in the *salle à manger* ; it being the opinion that their presence and company had a salutary and soothing influence on the patients. The sweet children and their mother were perhaps rather hazardingly seated, in the midst of so many partially, and half-deranged people, yet no accident has ever occurred. The latter are not allowed steel knives ; they use silver ; and each guest is carefully attended by his servant, who stands behind his chair. The company consists of ladies and gentlemen ; a more gay and cheerful party is not often met with. “ You would not think,” said Mons. E., to whom they are much attached, “ that it was a table of mad people.” Pure wine is not allowed, being greatly diluted with water : animal food, sparingly, vegetables and fruit, freely. In respect of dress, manners, &c., this is anything but a repast of mad people : each guest is well, and some are tastefully dressed : an air of politeness is studiously maintained.

At one o'clock an excellent breakfast was served : the host, his nephew, a Roman savant of some celebrity, and ourselves, comprised the whole of the party. The conversation turned wholly on mental aberrations, a wide and doubtful field, into which Mons. Esquirol entered, with a tone of calm and shrewd observation, that it was delightful to listen to. A member of the Sorbonne, the Institute, and the eminent medical societies of Paris, he is of a temperament peculiarly fitted for his office ; kind, gentle, humane, and devoted to the care and cure of derangement, with an anxious enthusiasm. In his manner of treatment he has been very successful : three English gentlemen left the asylum last year perfectly restored. A foe to severity, restraint, and harshness towards the patient ; he observed that they were too prevalent in some of the asylums of England ;—that, in the wanderings of a vigorous as well as weak intellect, it was easy to “ break the bruised reed.” Seventy years of age, small of stature, and slender, his gray eyes beaming with intelligence, each day is chiefly occupied in this work ; visiting, besides, the great asylum of Charenton, and another, and giving lectures on the subject of madness in two or three schools ; his round of duties is immense. The Roman savant, who was just returned from England, related several anecdotes of Italian madmen, among whom, he said, there was a wilder display of the passions than by any other people so visited. “ Love,” he observed, “ often turned the brains of the Italians, even of the men.”

“ Ah !” said Mons. E., “ love seldom drives a Frenchman mad : I never yet received a patient with such a malady. A Frenchman often kills himself in a sally of passion or feeling ; but is seldom in love long enough to go mad about it.”

After breakfast, it was proposed to visit the other buildings and the grounds. In the billiard-room, through which we passed, five gentlemen, well dressed, were playing billiards with great earnestness ; each of them was attended by a servant who stood behind and very near them, and whose business it was to have an incessant care of their mas-

ters, to follow them wherever they went, in the apartments or walks, to watch the turn of the eye, &c., and be responsible for their safe behaviour. They are well paid, for the service is an anxious one, and an absence of a short time only from their charge is punished by dismissal.

It was a novel sight, of five handsomely-dressed madmen, two or three of them young, all in good condition and cheerful, playing billiards with as high a zest as if the world was to them all it once was—gay, bright, full of passion, intellect, hope. They were all men of independent fortune—for the poor and dependent cannot enter here; six thousand francs is the annual sum paid for each patient. One of them, as we for a moment looked on the singular scene, suddenly paused as he was about to strike the ball, then quickly advanced and addressed us;—spoke eagerly of going to Paris the next day: this, our host said, was the burden of the song of almost every maniac of either sex, to go to Paris; they longed to do it, brooded over it, delighted to speak of it; and when restored to sanity, he warned the relatives not to take them to the capital, or suffer them to remain long among its excitements. Where this advice was disregarded, they were not unfrequently, he said, brought back to him in a few months.

A long garden, with serpentine gravel walks, conducted to two spacious square buildings—one appropriated to the men, another to the women; these were persons either incurable or in a very bad state, whose restoration must be the work of time.

The apartments stood within a corridor that ran all round the square, and afforded a sheltered walk to the unfortunate people, many of whom were moving restlessly about: in the middle of each square was a large grass plot. The neatness and cleanliness of the whole were admirable. The place had no air of restraint or confinement about it, and resembled one of the large kiosks or country-houses in the east, one story only in height.

We first entered the hall of the edifice allotted to the men: it was a curious display of gentlemanly derangement. Whoever doubts that it is very possible to be genteelly mad, as distinguished from vulgarly or coarsely mad, would be convinced by a few minutes' observation in this room. The maniac, laughing wild with woe—the pale moping misanthrope—were not here. A Spaniard and an Englishman sat among the French—the former was the gravest, the latter the saddest of the party.

A gentleman of Brittany, of an ancient family, was one of the most interesting—about thirty, handsome, of a florid complexion; the quick and suspicious glances of the eye alone indicated mental disorder. Politics and fanaticism combined had turned his brain: he had a good post under the government of Louis Philippe; resided in Paris, and bid fair to rise to an official situation, and be an ornament to his family, for his abilities were very good, as was evident even in his mad conversation. About three years since he went home to Brittany to pass a few weeks with his family: they were all fierce Carlists, he was a vehement Philippist. Daily disputes arose between the parents, and the son, and his brothers; they were sometimes aggravated to mutual wrath and bitterness of feeling: he heard the king derided and contemned every day; he was but one among many, for his family connexions were all Carlists. His mind was at last affected by this continual strife with his

relatives, and he returned to Paris, with embittered feelings and a clouded fancy that did not however incapacitate him for his office. He soon after fell in with the St. Simonians, attended their societies, imbibed their views, at which he eagerly grasped, as if they contained a solace and support for his fleeting intellect; they only augmented its delusions; and in a few months his family were obliged to convey him to the care of M. Esquirol. At the end of a year he was sent forth, cured; went to Paris, contrary to the advice of the former, and resumed his situation. The St. Simonians were ruined; Père Enfantin in prison; and their extravagances no longer exposed to danger the restored maniac; but the far more dangerous excitement of politics was in full force, and beset him on every side: he again became the partisan. The day previous to our visiting the mansion, he went mad in the gardens of the Tuileries, in some political discussion, and was instantly conveyed by his friends to his former abode—perhaps for many years, for a second visitation or relapse is more difficult to heal than the first. He was now the orator of the madman's hall; his religious fanaticism seemed to be forgotten; it had never been so strong as his political, which was the sole theme of his declamation. Seated on a lofty bench that looked like a rostrum, his right hand gently waving, and two or three at intervals listening to his words, this unfortunate youth harangued slowly and distinctly on his favourite topics.

His manner, not his matter, seemed to interest his companions. It is a sad and lonely feature in this mental malady that it has no companionship: a deranged person, however calmly or even cleverly he may talk, can rarely interest any of his fellow-sufferers in his own loved subject—he cannot impart to them any sympathy in his own wild or well-sustained enthusiasm.

This was the first morning of the returned Philippist in his desolate home. At times, in the midst of his declamation, his quick, anxious glances around seemed to denote a consciousness of his infirmity; yet it was evidently a luxury to him, though he spoke to careless ears, to talk about politics: the Spaniard, standing with folded arms at his side, alone listened with attention. “Has he been long thus?” I asked of the latter. With a sweet smile the dark-eyed and calm Spaniard told the history of the other's derangement, how long he had formerly been here, &c. “And yourself,” I said, “have you been long here?” “Six months ago,” he answered, “I was afflicted with a complaint in the chest,” (laying his hand gracefully on it,) “and came here on account of the great healthiness of the air; there is nothing else the matter with me.”

There was a young man of twenty years of age, with a mild and intelligent countenance, who walked continually up and down the hall, talking softly at times to himself, and making signs with his fingers on his forehead or in the air. Devoted by his parents from early life to the priesthood, he was sent very young from his home to be educated, made a rapid progress in his studies, and was contented with his destination, for he was very strictly brought up, and as yet knew nothing of the joys and allurements of the world. His parents congratulated themselves on their son's temper and prospects; they had two other sons, and could not afford to establish the youngest also in business or in a profession. The mother was what rarely now exists in French

families, a devoted Catholic, cleaving to her faith rigidly and fondly; from his infancy she had dedicated her youngest-born and favourite child to the church. About two years ago he was allowed to come to Paris to pass a few weeks with his uncle: he formed an acquaintance with two or three young men who visited at the house; they accompanied him to the various sights and lions of the city. All was new, brilliant, and beautiful to the student, whose feet should never have been suffered by his parents to approach the walls; the warning of Esquirol to his convalescent patients to go not or tarry not in Paris would have saved the young recluse from inexpressible misery. His companions by degrees led him to scenes of gaiety and indulgence; by degrees he loved them. He felt that the power of this world was greater within him than the powers of the world to come. It was helpless agony of mind, to which no one could minister. He returned to his home, and after a long conflict told his parents that he dared not become a priest, for he was sure he could not live a strict and holy life, and that it would never be in his power. They were astonished at these tidings, which did not, however, move them one jot from their purpose; the mother was even more inexorable than the father. It was strange how she strove, with tears, prayers, and warnings, to turn back his feelings and desires to their former course; and when she saw it could not be without a cruel violence to her son, she tormented him by her reproaches, and made the iron enter deeper into his soul. Pity, love, sympathy from those he loved might have done much; but they were not offered to him, or if offered, were so mingled with regrets and suspicions, that their balm was taken away. His countenance was ingenuous and candid, fresh coloured, with a light blue eye; it had nothing of the monk or of the cloister about it. The experience of a few weeks in Paris had taught him the secret of his own heart, which he had not known before. He had long looked forward with joy to a country life, to the duties of his charge, first as a *curé*, and then as a *vicaire*, for his family had influence in the church; he loved that life and those duties still, but he shrunk from the lonely, companionless lot. The anguish of his mind was more than he could bear; self-condemnation was not wanting; from his earliest life he had been the child of his faith, of its ceremonies, its terrors and its requirements; he could not cast them off at will—he could not wrench their long influence from his memory and fancy.

Reason at last gave way, and the wretched mother saw her son taken to a mad-house. The internal strife still lasted; the constant restlessness of manner, the quick strides up and down the hall, and movements of the lips. This was not religious madness; but rather an intolerable longing after the world—a too sudden transition of the senses and feelings acting on great tenderness of conscience; and he was yet only twenty years of age. By the long and soft whisperings, and the frequent signs of the cross on his brow, it was evident that he held much communion with himself. In spite of his youth and healthy appearance, his case is perhaps the most desperate of any—far more so than that of the pale Spaniard, the relapsed Philippist, or the sad Englishman, because in his shattered mind there is remorse for the past and hopelessness for the future—fearful guests to bring to an asylum, even to so gay a one as that of Mons. E.

On the opposite side of the room, seated at a long table, his head leaning on his right hand, was an English gentleman. All around him were either excited, cheerful, or calm; to all of them he was a striking contrast; Melancholy seemed to have marked him for her own; he never lifted his head or his look at the declamations of the Philippist, or seemed to notice the demeanour or movements of any fellow-madman. Abstracted from everything, his long pale face, worn thin by thought, was bent towards the table on which his eyes also were fixed. I addressed him; he lifted his head and looked at me with a sickly smile, and murmured that he should walk on the grounds presently; again he leaned his head on his hands, and sank into his quiet musing mood. He was the most forlorn-looking being there; it was a pitiable lot—a man of fortune evidently, from his demeanour and manner, torn from his family, and friends, and home, to be the associate of madmen, and yet not their associate—for he lived, and dreamed, and rambled in a world of his own—a silent, sad, almost speechless world. Yet this may be a hasty judgment. “The disorders of the brain,” observed M. Esquirol, “are a mystery: though I have devoted half a century to their development they are still a mystery.” And this poor Englishman, outwardly so forlorn, might at this very moment be feeding on absent things; precious imaginings of home might be flitting across his fancy, dear phantom memories. I shall never forget the trembling eagerness, the impassioned hope, with which a young woman ran up to the iron-railing of the grounds where she was walking, and implored me to use my influence that her three children might be brought to her that she might see them again; her cheek wildly flushed, and her eyes flashed—but it was with a mother’s love.

On leaving this apartment, an iron gate conducted to a pleasure-ground, allotted to the exclusive use of the persons we had just seen, and others in the same state, not convalescent, who walk here whenever they wish, each of them attended by his servant. The system of M. Esquirol encourages free exercise and fresh air as often as possible, as most salutary to the spirits and frames of the patients, to banish sullenness and loneliness, and keep them cheerful and in good temper. He is as averse to confinement and indolence as to severity and restraint. This pleasure-ground would tempt the sane as well as insane to walk often and long; it looks on the Seine, beautifully flowing in a broad stream; at this time its waters had inundated the fields and meadows, and looked like a lake, out of whose bosom trees and groves arose, and cottages seemed here and there like little isles. The gravel walks led down to some distance, a long and pleasant walk.

In the middle of this ground, a green mound arose from its grassy bed, like a miniature and graceful hill; on its summit was a pleasure-house that commanded a delightful and extensive view. Here the unfortunate patients often sat and surveyed the fine and animated scene; the Seine and the boats going from the interior to Paris; the villages on the shores, the plains and forests beyond. Surely the contemplation of such a scene must have a salutary influence on the imagination, even in its diseased state. Our host observed that in many of the asylums of England there was not sufficient space of gardens or grounds to exercise and amuse the patients; he considered a large, agreeable, and diversified area, that should resemble the country in freedom, and

the garden in taste and luxury, was invaluable to an asylum. The air in this spot is remarkably salubrious; indeed, the aspect of the place was rather that of the park and grounds of a wealthy Englishman than that of a *Maison des Fous*. To the relatives of the inmates it must be consoling to reflect that so much enjoyment, taste, and comfort is mingled in the bitter cup they have to drink; debarred from no recreation, of music, of active and varied exercise, of books. A love of reading has, in general, little place within such walls; even men of well cultivated minds are seldom very desirous to take up a volume, or peruse it more in form than reality. The mind of the deranged person seems to fly off from all attempts to concentrate it on any fixed subject, even the lightest. They require to be tempted to read by the materials being put in their way, and by a selection suited to their former tastes and vein of thought. Here all had books; in every room there were shelves, on which were many volumes of general literature: whatever kind of reading the patient might desire was provided; even political pamphlets were freely afforded. It may be thought that the latter were likely to minister to a malady begun by political excitement, that the Philippist or Carlist patient would but feed the fuel that inflamed him; but mental occupation of any kind is a blessed resource, and is here encouraged by every possible means. We saw several of the patients reading attentively: it was an interesting as well as singular sight, rarely perhaps beheld in our English asylums, private or public, where the employment of the mind is too much disregarded; books are deemed useless things in a madman's hands, and are seldom supplied. Why should this be? the resources of these poor people are so few, that it is a mercy to multiply them, as well as to divert, if possible, the thoughts but for a short time from the one fearful wound.

The patients love to walk in these beautiful grounds, whose iron gate allows no other inmates, even the partially convalescent, to mingle with them. Many of them must be conscious of the beauties of nature, for they will often gaze long and with great apparent pleasure on the landscape before them. The pipe and snuff are allowed to those who are fond of them, or accustomed to their use: the Turkish lunatic, by his fountain side, was not half so luxuriously placed as these patients in their tasteful summer-house on the green knoll, with every charm of water; field, and wood on every side. But Mons. E—— observed that he did not much approve of smoking, he found it sometimes too exciting to the patient.

In this building was a suite of bathing-rooms, of which a copious use is prescribed: in passing by, we perceived the billiard-player, who had so suddenly addressed us, reclining in a bath much at his ease, and holding a folio volume in both hands at about a foot from his face, to whose pages he was earnestly attentive. This man's case was incurable: he gave little trouble, dressed well, and could amuse himself; but there was a weakness in the nerves of the brain which no treatment could heal. We entered the apartment of a more interesting person,—an English gentleman (not the sad one in the hall) of fortune, young, well-looking, stout, and well-made, and apparently in excellent health; the room was carpeted, and well-furnished; some volumes were on the table near the fire, and a chess-board, with which he often amused himself; he had just left the apartment. A few minutes after—

wards, passing by his bed-room, the door of which was open, we could not help pausing to look at him. He was well worth looking at: the *beau idéal* of a mad Englishman; a man of taste even in sadness—a fashionable lunatic; but there was something deeper than fashion in his looks and manner; he seldom spoke, perhaps he was too proud—more probably he had a consciousness of his state,—his eye seemed to say so,—and there is nothing so appealing, so painful as the look of a man who knows that his intellect is departing. He was seated on a chair, a looking-glass was on the table beside him, in which he was contemplating his own features in a fixed attitude as he reclined in the chair. Perhaps those features awakened thoughts of the past, of his own better state, or of those who had loved to gaze on that face and trace a resemblance there: he had a wife and two children in England in an affluent home. Is it possible that, even in derangement, there is not some communion of the spirit with those to whom it has cleaved, and still cleaves, in every interval of light and mercy that returns to it? He turned and looked fixedly at us: what proud sorrow was in that look! There was firmness mingled with its loneliness; gradually another expression came of a more equivocal kind—a sad, dark, and malignant expression, as if he hated to be thus gazed on, and we were injuring him deeply. We understood afterwards that he was slowly recovering from his malady, was solitary, yet fastidious in his habits: would play chess for hours by himself, yet was evil-disposed, and of a gloomy temper. In some of the rooms are pianos for the more musically-disposed patients, on which they often amuse themselves for hours. There was another department in this interesting establishment which we also saw, and under the immediate guidance of its chief, on whose valuable time we had already trespassed too long. The dinner hour to all Paris drew near, but not to these unfortunate inmates, who have no fixed hour for their repast, which they never take in company, but separate, each at the hour he fancies. We next visited the edifice appropriated to the mad ladies, respecting which and its inmates an account may hereafter be given.

SONNET.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

Ye chosen lab'ers of th' Almighty Lord,
 Who in his sacred vineyard, patient toil,
 To save his fruitage from the threaten'd spoil;
 What, though by impious spirits sore abhorr'd,
 Because, from early dayspring, ye have warr'd,
 To keep the trust committed to your guard,
 Through heat and burthen of the sinful mire;
 Quail not, nor faint—the wicked shall not foil
 The Lord's anointed—though, aloft they bear
 The rebel standard—threat'ning to assail
 Our sacred altars—lay our priesthood bare,
 The holy champions never must despair:
 Unsheathe the Spirit's sword, it shall not fail,
 Nor 'gainst our blessed Church shall gate of Hell prevail.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAPTER VI.

"THIS then is the chamber which has so long been closed," said Amine, on entering it the next morning, long before Philip had awakened from the sound sleep produced by the watching of the night before. "Yes, indeed it has the air of having long been closed." Amine looked around her, and then examined the furniture. Her eyes were attracted to the birdcages: she looked into them;—"Poor little things," continued she, "and here it was that his father appeared unto his mother. Well, it may be so,—Philip saith that he hath proofs; and why should he not appear? Were Philip dead. I should rejoice to see his spirit,—at least it would be something. What am I saying—unfaithful lips, thus to betray my secret? The table thrown over:—that looks like the work of fear;—a workbox, with all its implements scattered,—only a woman's fear: a mouse might have caused all this; and yet there is something solemn in the simple fact that, for so many years, not a living being has crossed these boards; even that a table thus overthrown shall so remain for years,—it is not natural, and therefore has its power on the mind. I wonder not that Philip feels there is such a heavy secret hanging to it; but this room must not remain in this condition. It must be occupied at once."

Amine, who had long been accustomed to attend upon her father, and perform the household duties, now commenced her intended labours.

Every part of the room, and every piece of furniture in it, was cleaned; the cobwebs and dust cleared away; the sofa and table brought from the corner to the centre of the room; the melancholy little prisons removed; and, when her work of neatness was complete, and the sun shone brightly into the opened window, the chamber wore the appearance of cheerfulness.

Amine had the intuitive good sense to feel that strong impressions wear away when the associations are removed. Her object was to make Philip more at ease, for with all the fire and warmth of blood inherent in her race, she had taken his image to her heart, and was resolved to win him. Again and again did she resume her labour, until the pictures about the room, and every article looked fresh and clean.

Not only the birdcages, but the workbox, and all the implements were removed, and the piece of embroidery, of which the taking up had made Philip recoil, as if he had touched an adder, was put away with the rest. Philip had left the keys on the floor. Amine opened the beaufets, cleaned the glazed doors, and was busy rubbing up the silver flaggons when her father came into the room.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Mynheer Poots; "and is all that silver,—then it must be true, and he has thousands of guilders; but where are they?"

"Never do you mind, father, yours are now safe, and for that you have to thank Philip Vanderdecken."

"Yes, very true; but as he is to live here—does he eat much—what will he pay me? He ought to pay well as he has so much money."

Amine's lips were curled with a contemptuous smile, but she made no reply.

"I wonder where he keeps his money; and he is going to sea as soon as he can get a ship. Who will have charge of his money when he goes?"

"I shall take charge of it, father," replied Amine.

"Ah—yes—well—we will take charge of it; the ship may be lost."

"No, *we* will not take charge of it, father, you will have nothing to do with it. Look after your own."

Amine replaced the silver in the beaufets, locked the doors, and took the keys with her when she went out to prepare breakfast, leaving the old man gazing through the glazed doors at the precious metal within. His eyes were riveted upon it, and he could not remove them. Every minute he muttered, "Yes, all silver."

Philip came down stairs; and as he passed by the room, intending to go into the kitchen, he perceived Mynheer Poots at the beaufet, and he walked into the room. He was surprised, as well as pleased, with the alteration. He felt why and by whom it was done, and he was grateful. Amine came in with the breakfast, and their eyes spoke more than their lips could have done; and Philip sat down to his meal with less of sorrow and gloom upon his brow.

"Mynheer Poots," said Philip, as soon as he had finished, "I intend to leave you in possession of my cottage, and I trust you will find yourself comfortable. What little arrangements are necessary I will confide to your daughter previous to my departure."

"Then you leave us, Mr. Philip, to go to sea. It must be pleasant to go and see strange countries—much better than staying at home. When do you go?"

"I shall leave this evening for Amsterdam," replied Philip, "to make my arrangements about a ship; but I shall return, I think, before I sail."

"Ah! you will return. Yes—you have your money and your goods to see to; you must count your money—we will take good care of it. Where is your money, Mr. Vanderdecken?"

"That I will communicate to your daughter this forenoon before I leave. In three weeks at the furthest you may expect me back."

"Father," said Amine, "you promised to go and see the child of the burgomaster. It is time you went."

"Yes, yes—by-and-by—all in good time; but I must wait the pleasure of Mr. Philip first—he has much to tell me before he goes."

Philip could not help smiling when he remembered what had passed when he first summoned Mynheer Poots to the cottage, but the remembrance ended in sorrow and a clouded brow.

Amine, who knew what was passing in the minds of both her father and Philip, now brought her father's hat, and led him to the door of the cottage; and Mynheer Poots, very much against his inclination, but never disputing the will of his daughter, was obliged to depart.

"So soon, Philip?" said Amine, returning to the room.

"Yes, Amine, immediately. But I trust to be back once more before I sail; if not, you must now have my instructions. Give me the keys."

Philip opened the cupboard below the beaufet, and the doors of the iron safe.

"There, Amine, is my money; we need not count it, as your father would propose. You see that I was right when I asserted that I had thousands of guilders. At present they are of no use to me, as I have to learn my profession. Should I return, some day, they may help me to own a ship. I know not what my destiny may be."

"And should you not return?" replied Amine, gravely.

"Then they are yours—as well as all that is in this cottage, and the cottage itself."

"You have relations, have you not?"

"But one, who is rich; an uncle, who helped us but little in our distress, and who has no children. I owe him but little, and he wants it not. There is but one being in this world who has created an interest in this heart. Amine, and it is you. I wish you to look upon me as a brother—I shall always love you as a dear sister."

Amine made no reply. Philip took some more money out of the bag which had been opened for the expenses of his journey, and then locking up the safe and cupboard, gave the keys to Amine. He was about to address her, when there was a slight knock at the door, and in entered Father Seysen, the Priest.

"Save you, my son; and you, my child, whom as yet I have not seen. You are, I suppose, the daughter of Mynheer Poots."

Amine bowed her head.

"I perceive, Philip, that the room is now opened, and I have heard of all that has passed. I would now talk with thee, Philip, and must beg this maiden to leave us for awhile alone."

Amine quitted the room, and the Priest, sitting down on the couch, beckoned Philip to his side. The conversation which ensued was too long to repeat. The Priest first questioned Philip relative to his secret, but on that point he could not obtain the information which he wished; Philip stated as much as he did to Amine, and no more. He also declared his intention of going to sea, and that, should he not return, he had bequeathed his property—the extent of which he did not make known—to the doctor and his daughter. The Priest then made inquiries relative to Mynheer Poots, asking Philip whether he knew what his creed was, as he had never appeared at any church, and report said that he was an infidel. To this Philip, as usual, gave his frank answer, and intimated that the daughter was anxious to be informed, begging the Priest to undertake a task to which he himself was not adequate. To this request Father Seysen, who perceived the state of Philip's mind with regard to Amine, readily consented; and, after a conversation of nearly two hours, they were interrupted by the return of Mynheer Poots, who, perceiving Father Seysen as he entered, darted immediately out of the room. Philip called Amine, and having begged her as a favour to receive the Priest's visits, the good old man blessed them both and departed.

"You did not give him any money, Mr. Philip?" said Mynheer Poots, when Father Seysen had left the room.

"I did not," replied Philip; "I wish I had thought of it."

"No, no—it is better not—for money is better than what he can give you; but he must not come here."

"Why not, father," replied Amine, "if Mr. Philip wishes it? It is his own house."

"Oh yes, if Mr. Philip wishes it; but you know he is going away."

"Well, and suppose he is—why should not the Father come here? He shall come here to see me."

"See you, my child!—what can he want with you? Well, then, if he comes, I will not give him one stiver—and then he'll soon go away."

Philip had no opportunity of further converse with Amine; indeed he had nothing more to say. In an hour he bade her farewell, in presence of her father, who would not leave them, hoping to obtain from Philip some communication about the money which he was to leave behind him.

Philip arrived in two days at Amsterdam, and made the necessary inquiries, and found that there was no chance of vessels sailing for the East Indies for some months. The Dutch East India Company had long been formed, and all private trading was at an end. The Company's vessels left only at what was supposed to be the most favourable season for rounding the Cape of Storms, as it has been designated by the early adventurers. One of the ships which were to sail with the next fleet was the *Ter Schilling*, a three-masted vessel, now laid up and unrigged.

Philip found out the captain, and stated his wishes to sail with him to learn his profession as a seaman; the captain was pleased with his appearance, and as Philip not only agreed to receive no wages during the voyage, but to pay a premium as an apprentice learning his duty, he was promised a berth on board as the second mate, to mess in the cabin; and that he should be informed whenever the vessel was to sail. Philip having now done all that he could in obedience to his vow, determined to return to the cottage; and once more he was in the company of Amine.

We must now pass over two months, during which Mynheer Poots continued to labour at his vocation, and was seldom within doors, and our two young personages were left for hours in company. Philip's love for Amine was fully equal to hers for him. It was more than love,—it was a devotion on both sides, each day increasing. Who, indeed, could be more varied, more charming, or more attractive than the high-spirited, yet tender Amine. Occasionally the brow of Philip would be clouded when he reflected upon the dark prospect before him; but Amine's smile would chase away the gloom, and, as he gazed on her, all would be forgotten. Amine made no secret of her attachment; it was shown in every word, every look, and every gesture. When Philip would take her hand, or encircle her waist with his arm, or even when he pressed her coral lips, there was no pretence of coyness on her part. She was too noble, too confiding, she felt that her happiness was centred in his love, and she lived but in his presence. Two months had thus passed away, when Father Scysen, who often called, and had paid much attention to Amine's instruction, one day came in as Amine was encircled in Philip's arms.

"My children," said he, "I have watched you some time;—this is not well. Philip, if you intend marriage, as I presume you do, still it is dangerous. I must join your hands."

Philip started up.

"Surely I am not deceived in thee, my son," continued the Priest, in a severe tone.

"No, no, good Father; but I pray you leave me now: to-morrow you may come, and all will be decided. But I must talk with Amine."

The Priest quitted the room, and Amine and Philip were again alone. The colour in Amine's cheek varied and her heart beat, for she felt how much her happiness was at stake.

"The Priest is right, Amine," said Philip, sitting down by her. "This cannot last;—would that I could ever stay with you: how hard a fate is mine. You know I doat upon the very ground you tread upon, yet I dare not ask thee to wed to misery."

"To wed with thee would not be wedding misery, Philip," replied Amine, with downcast eyes.

"'Twere not kindness on my part, Amine. I should indeed be selfish."

"I will speak plainly, Philip," replied Amine. "You say you love me,—I know not how men love,—but this I know, how I can love. I feel that to leave me now were indeed unkind and selfish on your part; for, Philip, I—I should die. You say that you must go away,—that fate demands it,—and your fatal secret. Be it so;—but cannot I go with you?"

"Go with me, Amine—unto death?"

"Yes, death; for what is death but a release? I fear not death, Philip;—I fear but losing thee. Nay, more; is not your life in the hands of Him who made all? then why so sure to die? You have hinted to me that you are chosen—selected for a task;—if chosen, there is less chance of death; for until the end be fulfilled, if chosen, you must live. I would I knew your secret, Philip; a woman's wit might serve you well: and if it did not serve you, is there no comfort, no pleasure, in sharing sorrow as well as joy with one you say you doat upon?"

"Amine, dearest Amine; it is my love, my ardent love alone, which makes me pause: for, oh Amine, what pleasure would I feel if we were this hour united? I hardly know what to say, or what to do. I could not hold my secret from you if you were my wife, nor will I wed you till you know it. Well, Amine, I will cast my all upon the die. You shall know this secret, learn what a doomed wretch I am, though from no fault of mine, and then you shall decide yourself; but remember, my oath is registered in heaven, and I must not be persuaded from it; keep that in mind, and hear my tale,—then if you choose to wed with one whose prospects are so bitter, be it so,—a short-lived happiness will then be mine, but for you, Amine —"

"At once the secret, Philip," cried Amine, impatiently.

Philip then entered into a detail of what our readers are acquainted with. Amine listened in silence; not a change of feature was to be observed in her countenance during the narrative. Philip wound up with stating the oath which he had taken. "I have done," said Philip, mournfully.

"'Tis a strange story, Philip," replied Amine: "and now hear me;—but give me first that relic,—I wish to look upon it. And can there be such virtue—I had nigh said, such mischief—in this little thing? Strange; forgive me, Philip,—but I've still my doubts upon this tale of *Eblis*. You know I am not yet strong in the new belief which you and the good Priest have lately taught me. I do not say that it *cannot*

be true: but still one so unfixed as I may be allowed to waver. But, Philip, I'll assume that all is true. Then, if it be true, without the oath you would be doing but your duty; and think not so mean of Amine to suppose she would restrain you from what is right. No, Philip, seek your father, and, if you can, and he requires your aid, then save him. But, Philip, do you imagine that a task like this, so high, is to be accomplished at one trial? Oh! no;—if you have been so chosen to fulfil it, you will be preserved through difficulty and danger until you have worked out your end. You will be preserved, and you will again and again return;—be comforted—consoled—be cherished—and be loved by Amine as your wife. And when it pleases Him to call you from this world, your memory, if she survives you, Philip, will equally be cherished in her bosom. Philip you have given me to decide;—dearest Philip, I am thine."

Amine extended her arms, and Philip pressed her to his bosom. That evening Philip demanded the daughter of her father, and Mynheer Poots, as soon as Philip opened the iron safe and displayed the guilders, gave his immediate consent.

Father Seysen called the next day and received his answer, and three days afterwards, the bells of the little church of Terneuse were ringing a merry peal at the union of Amine Poots and Philip Vanderdecken.

CHAPTER VII.

It was not until late in Autumn that Philip was roused from his dream of love (for what, alas! is every enjoyment of this life but a dream?) by a summons from the captain of the vessel with whom he had engaged to sail. Strange as it may appear, from the first day which put him in possession of his Amine, Philip had no longer brooded over his future destiny—occasionally it was recalled to his memory, but immediately rejected, and, for the time, forgotten. Sufficient he thought it to fulfil his engagement when the time came; and although the hours flew away, and day succeeded day, week week, and month month, with the rapidity accompanying a life of quiet and unvarying bliss, Philip forgot all in the arms of Amine, who was careful not to revert to a topic which would cloud the brow of her adored husband. Once, indeed, or twice had old Poots raised the question of Philip's departure, but the indignant frown and the imperious command of his daughter (who knew too well the sordid motives which actuated him, and who, in her ardent attachment, looked upon her father at such times with abhorrence) made him silent, and the old man would spend his leisure hours in walking up and down the parlour with his eyes riveted upon the beauties, the silver tankards in which now beamed in all their pristine brightness.

One morning, in the month of October, there was a tapping with the knuckles at the cottage-door. As this precaution implied a stranger, Amine obeyed the summons.

"I would speak with Master Philip Vanderdecken," said the stranger, in a half whispering sort of voice.

The party who thus addressed Amine was a little meagre personage, dressed in the garb of the Dutch seamen of the time, with a cap made of badger-skin hanging over his brow. His features were sharp and

diminutive, his face of a deadly white, lips pale, and his hair of a mixture between red and white. He had very little show of beard—indeed, it was almost difficult to say what his age might be. He might have been a sickly youth early sinking into decrepitude, or an old man, hale in constitution, yet carrying no flesh. But the most important feature, and that which immediately riveted the attention of Amine, was the eye of this peculiar personage—for he had but one; the right eyelid was closed, and the ball within had evidently wasted away; but his left eye was, for the size of his face and head, of unusual dimensions, very protuberant, clear and watery, and most unpleasant to look upon, being relieved by no fringe of eyelash either above or below it. So remarkable was the feature, that when you looked at the man, you saw his eye and looked at nothing else. It was not a man with one eye, but one eye with a man attached to it—the body was but the tower of the lighthouse, of no further value, and commanding no further attention, than as the structure which holds up the beacon to the venturesome mariner; and yet, upon further examination, you would have perceived that the man, although small, was neatly made, with hands very different in texture and colour from those of the common seamen—that his other features, although sharp, were regular, and that there was an air of superiority even in the obsequious manner of the little personage, and an indescribable something about his whole appearance which almost impressed you with awe. Amine's dark eyes were for a moment fixed upon the visitor, and she felt a chill at her heart for which she could not account, as she requested that he would walk in.

Philip was greatly surprised at the appearance of the stranger, who, as soon as he entered the room, without saying a word, sat down on the sofa by Philip in the place which Amine had just left. There was something to Philip ominous in this person taking Amine's seat; all that had passed rushed into his recollection, and he felt that there was a summons from his short existence of enjoyment and repose to a life of future danger, activity, and suffering. What peculiarly struck Philip was, that when the little man sat beside him a sensation of sudden cold ran through his whole frame. The colour fled from Philip's cheek, but he spoke not. For a minute or two there was a silence. The one-eyed visitor looked round him, and from the beaufets he riveted his eye upon the form of Amine, who stood before him; at last the silence was broken by a sort of giggle on the part of the stranger, which ended in

"Philip Vanderdecken—he! he!—Philip Vanderdecken, you don't know me?"

"I do not," replied Philip, in a half angry tone.

The voice of the little man was most peculiar—it was a sort of subdued scream, the notes of which sounded in your ear long after he had ceased to speak.

"I am Schriften, one of the pilots of the *Ter Schilling*," continued the man; "and I'm come—he! he!" and he looked hard at Amine, "to take you away from love"—and looking at the beaufets—"he! he! from comfort, and from this also," cried he, stamping his foot on the floor as he rose from the sofa—"from terra-firma—he! he!—to a watery grave, perhaps.—Pleasant!" continued Schriften, with a giggle, and fixed his one eye on Philip's face, with a countenance full of meaning.

Philip's first impulse was to put his new visiter out of the door ; but Amine, who read his thoughts, had folded her arms as she stood before the little man and eyed him with contempt, as she observed,

"We all must meet our fate, good fellow ; and whether by land or sea, Death will have his due. If Death stare him in the face, the cheek of Philip Vanderdecken will never blanch so white as yours does now."

"Indeed !" replied Schriften, evidently annoyed at this cool determination on the part of one so young and beautiful ; and then fixing his eye upon the silver shrine of the Virgin on the mantelpiece—"You are a Catholic, I perceive—Heh !"

"I am a Catholic," replied Philip ; "but does that concern you ? When does the vessel sail ?"

"In a week—he ! he !—only a week for preparation—only seven days to leave all—short notice !"

"More than sufficient," replied Philip, rising up from the sofa. "You may tell your captain that I shall not fail. Come, Amine, we must lose no time."

"No, indeed," replied Amine, "and our first duty is hospitality—Mynheer, may we offer you refreshment after your walk ?"

"This day week," said Schriften, turning to Philip, without making a reply to Amine. Philip nodded his head, and the little man turned on his heel and left the room, and in a short time was out of sight.

Amine sank down on the sofa. The breaking up of her short hour of happiness had been too sudden, too abrupt, and too cruelly brought about for a fondly-doting, although heroic, woman. There was an evident malignity in the words and manner of the one-eyed messenger, an appearance as if he knew more than others, which awed and confused both Philip and herself. Amine wept not, but she covered her face up with her hands as Philip, with no steady pace, walked up and down the small room. Again, with all the vividness of colouring, did the scenes half forgotten recur to his memory. Again did he penetrate the fatal chamber—again was it obscure. The embroidery lay at his feet, and once more he started as when the letter appeared upon the floor.

They had both awakened from a dream of present bliss, and shuddered at the awful future which presented itself. A few minutes was sufficient for Philip to resume his natural self-possession. He sat down by the side of his Amine, and clasped her in his arms. Then they remained silent. They knew too well each other's thoughts ; and, excruciating as was the effort, they were both summoning up their courage and steeling their hearts against the conviction that, in this world, they must now expect to be constantly separated, if not for ever.

Amine was the first to speak ; removing her arms which had been wound round her husband, she first put his hand to her heart, as if to compress its painful throbbings, and then observed—

"Surely that was no earthly messenger, Philip ! Did you not feel chilled to death when he sat by you ? I did, as he came in."

Philip, who had the same idea as Amine, but did not wish to alarm her, answered in a confused manner, wishing to remove such an opinion from the mind of his wife, at the same time that his conviction was the same as her own.

"Nay, Amine, you fancy—that is, the suddenness of his appearance and his strange conduct have made you imagine so ; but I saw nothing

in him but a man who, from his peculiar deformity, has become an envious outcast of society—debarred from domestic happiness, from the smiles of the other sex; for what woman could smile upon such a creature? His bile raised at so much beauty in the arms of another, he has felt a malignant pleasure in giving a message which he felt would break upon those enjoyments from which he has been debarred. Be assured, my love, that it was nothing more."

"And even if my conjecture were correct, what does it matter?" replied Amine. "There can be nothing more—nothing which can render your position more awful and more desperate. As your wife, Philip, I feel less courage than I did when I gave my willing hand. I knew not then what would be the extent of my loss; but fear not, much as I feel here," continued Amine, putting her hand to her heart—"I am prepared; and proud that he who is selected for such a task is my husband." Amine paused. "You cannot surely have been mistaken, Philip?"

"No! Amine, I have not been mistaken either in the summons or in my own courage, or in my selection of a wife," replied Philip, mournfully, as he embraced her. "It is the will of Heaven."

"Then may its will be done," replied Amine, rising from her seat. "The first pang is over. I feel better, now, Philip. Your Amine knows her duty."

Philip made no reply; when, after a few moments, Amine continued—

"But one short week, Philip——"

"I would it had been but one day," replied he; "it would have been long enough. He has come too soon—the one-eyed monster."

"Nay, not so, Philip. I thank him for the week—'tis but a short time to wean myself from happiness. I grant you, that were I to tease, to vex, to unman you with my tears, my prayers, or my upbraidings (as some wives would do, Philip), one day would be more than sufficient for such a scene of weakness on my part and misery on yours. But, no, Philip, your Amine knows her duty better. You must go like some knight of old to perilous encounter, perhaps to death; but Amine will arm you, and show her love by closing carefully each rivet to protect you in your peril, and will see you depart full of hope and confidence, and anticipating your return. A week is not too long, Philip, when employed as I trust I shall employ it—a week to interchange our sentiments, to hear your voice, your words (each of which will be engraven in my heart's memory), to ponder on and feed my love with in your absence and in my solitude.—No! No! Philip; I thank God that there is yet a week."

"And so do I then, Amine; and, after all, we knew that this must come."

"Yes! but my Love was so potent, that he banished Memory."

"During our separation, he will recall him, Amine."

"He is back already," replied Amine, with a sigh. Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mynheer Poots, who, struck with the alteration in Amine's radiant features, exclaimed, "Holy Prophet! what is the matter now?"

"Nothing more than what we all knew before," replied Philip; "I am about to leave you—the ship will sail in a week."

"Oh! you will sail in a week?"

There was a curious expression in the face of the old man in his endeavour to suppress, before Amine and her husband, the joy which he felt at Philip's departure. Gradually he subdued his features into a grave tone, and said,—

"Dat is very bad news, indeed."

No answer was made by Amine or Philip, who quitted the room together.

We must pass over this week, which was occupied in preparations for Philip's departure. We must pass over the heroism of Amine, who controlled her feelings—racked as she was with intense agony at the idea of separating from her adored husband. We cannot dwell upon the conflicting emotions in the breast of Philip, who left competence, happiness, and love, to encounter danger, privation, and death. How at one time he would almost resolve to remain, and at others, as he took the relic from his bosom and remembered his vow registered upon it, was nearly as anxious to depart. How Amine, as she fell asleep in his arms, numbered the few remaining hours she had to embrace her husband, and shuddered, as she lay awake and the wind howled, at the prospect of what Philip would have to encounter. It was a long week to both of them, and, although they thought that time flew fast, it was almost a relief when the morning came which was to separate them; for to their feelings, which, from regard to each other, had been pent up and controlled, they could then give vent—their surcharged bosoms could be relieved—certainty had driven out suspense, and hope was still left to cheer them and brighten up the dark horizon of the future.

"Philip," said Amine, as they sat together with their hands entwined, "I shall not feel so much when you are gone. I do not forget that all this was told me before we were wed, and that for my love I took the hazard. My fond heart often tells me that you will return; but it may deceive me—return you *may*, but not in life. In this room I shall await you—on this sofa, removed to its former station, I shall sit—and if you cannot appear to me alive—oh! refuse me not, if you can, to appear to me when dead—I shall fear no storm, no bursting open of the window—Oh, no! I shall hail the presence even of your spirit. Once more—let me but see you—let me be assured that you are dead—and then I shall know that I have no more to live for in this world, and hasten to join you in a world of bliss (if woman may, as your creed says, so do). Promise me, Philip."

"I promise all you ask, provided Heaven will so permit; but, Amine," and Philip's lips trembled, "I cannot—Merciful God! I am, indeed, tried. Amine, I can stay no longer."

Amine's dark eyes were fixed upon her husband—she could not speak—her features were convulsed—nature could no longer hold up against her excess of feeling—she fell into her husband's arms and lay motionless. Philip, about to impress a last kiss upon her pale lips, perceived that she had fainted.

"She feels not now," said he, as he laid her upon the sofa; "it is better that it should be so—she will too soon awake to misery."

Summoning Mynheer Poots, who was in the adjoining room, to the assistance of his daughter, Philip caught up his hat, imprinting one more fervent kiss upon her forehead, burst from the house, and was out of sight long before Amine had recovered from her swoon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Before we follow up Philip Vanderdecken in his venturous career, it will be necessary that we refresh the memory of our readers by a succinct recapitulation of the circumstances which had directed the enterprise of the Dutch towards the country of the East, which was now proving to them a source of wealth which they considered as inexhaustible.

Let us begin at the beginning. Charles the Fifth, after possessing the major part of Europe, for reasons best known to himself, retired from the world, and divided his kingdoms between Ferdinand and Philip. To Ferdinand he gave Austria and its dependencies. To Philip Spain; but to make the division more equal and palatable to the latter, he threw the Low Countries, with a few millions vegetating upon it into the bargain. Having thus disposed of his fellow-mortals, much to his own satisfaction, he went into a convent, reserving for himself a small income, twelve men, and a pony. Whether he afterwards repented his hobby, or mounted his pony, is not recorded; but this is certain—that in two years he died.

Philip thought (as many have thought before and since) that he had a right to do what he pleased with his own. He, therefore, took away from the Hollanders most of their liberties—to make amends, however, he gave them the Inquisition; but the Dutch grumbled, and Philip, to stop their grumbling, burnt a few. Upon which, the Dutch, who are aquatic in their propensities, protested against a religion which was much too warm for their constitutions. In short, heresy made great progress; and the Duke of Alva was dispatched with a large army to prove to the Hollanders that the Inquisition was the very best of all possible arrangements, and that it was infinitely better that a man should be burnt for half an hour in this world than for an eternity in the next.

This slight difference of opinion was the occasion of a war, which lasted about eighty years, and in which some hundreds of thousands were saved the trouble of dying in their beds. This long war ended in the Seven United Provinces being declared independent.—Now we must go back again.

From the time that Vasco da Gama had discovered the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, for a century the Portuguese had never been interfered with by other nations. At last the adventurous spirit of the English nation had been roused. The passage to India by the Cape had been claimed by the Portuguese as their right, and they defended it by force. For a long time they were too strong for any company to venture to oppose them, and the value of the trade was not so apparent to the governments as to induce them to seek a war upon the question. The English adventurers, therefore, turned their attention to the discovery of a north-west passage to India, with which the Portuguese could have no right to interfere, and the best part of the fifteenth century was employed in useless attempts. At last they abandoned their endeavours, and resolved no longer to be deterred by the Portuguese pretensions.

After one or two unsuccessful attempts, an expedition was fitted out and put under the orders of Drake. This courageous and successful navigator accomplished more than the most sanguine had anticipated. He returned to England in the month of May, 1580, after a voyage

which occupied him nearly three years—bringing home with him great riches, and having made most favourable arrangements with the King of the Molucca islands.

His success was followed up by Cavendish and others in 1600. The English East India Company received their first charter from the government, and now had been with various success carrying on the trade for upwards of fifty years.

During the time that the Dutch had been vassals to the crown of Spain, it had been their custom to repair to Lisbon for the productions of the East, and to distribute them through Europe; but when they quarrelled with Philip, to punish them they were no longer admitted as retailers of his Indian produce; the consequence was that, while asserting and fighting for their independence, they had also fitted out expeditions to India. They were successful: and in 1602 the various speculators were, by the government, formed into a company, upon the same principles and arrangement as that formed by the English, and which had been trading more successfully than the English for about the same period.

At the time, therefore, to which we are reverting, the English and Dutch had been trading in the Indian seas for more than fifty years. The Portuguese had nearly lost all their power, from the combinations formed by their rivals, with the powers of the East, who had suffered from the Portuguese avarice and cruelty.

Whatever may have been the sum of obligation due from the Dutch to the English in assistance received during their struggle for independence, it does not appear that Dutch gratitude extended beyond the Cape; for on the other side of it, Portuguese, English, and Dutch fought and captured each other's vessels without ceremony; and there was no law but that of main force. The mother-countries were occasionally called upon to interfere, but the interference up to the above time had produced nothing more than a paper war; it being easy to discover that all parties were in the wrong.

In 1650, Cromwell usurped the throne of England, and the year afterwards he thought it advisable to get up a war with the Dutch, demanding, among other points, satisfaction for the treatment of the English at Amboyne, which took place about thirty years before; also for the murder of his regicide ambassador, which took place in the same year. To prove that he was in earnest, he seized more than 200 Dutch vessels, and then the Dutch found themselves (very unwillingly) obliged to go to war. Blake and Van Tromp met, and the naval combats were most obstinate. In the "History of England" the victory is almost invariably given to the English; but in that of Holland to the Dutch. By all accounts, these engagements were so obstinate, that in each case—they were both well beaten. However, in 1654 peace was signed; the Dutchman promising "to take his hat off" whenever he should meet an Englishman on the high seas, a mere act of politeness which Mynheer did not object to, as it *cost nothing*. And now, having arrived at this state of things at the time of Philip's embarkation, we shall proceed.

As soon as Philip was clear of his own threshold, he hastened away with a speed as if he were attempting to escape from his own painful thoughts. In two days he arrived at Amsterdam, where his first object was to procure a small, but strong steel chain to replace the ribbon by

which the relic had hitherto been secured round his neck. Having effected this, he hastened to embark on board of the *Ter Schilling* with his effects. Philip had not forgotten to bring with him the sum of money agreed upon between him and the captain as the premium to be paid in consideration of his being received on board in so negative a quality, as well as a farther supply for his own exigencies. It was late in the evening when he arrived on board of the *Ter Schilling*, which lay at single anchor surrounded by the other vessels accompanying the Indian fleet. The captain, whose name was Kloots, received him with kindness, showed him his berth, and then went below in the hold to decide a question relative to the cargo, leaving Philip on deck to his own reflections.

And this, then, thought Philip, as he leaned against the taffrail and looked forward, this, then, is the vessel in which my first attempt is to be made. First, and—perhaps, last. How little do those with whom I am about to sail imagine the purport of my embarkation? How different are my views from those of others? Do I seek a fortune? No! Is it to satisfy curiosity and a truant spirit? No! I seek communion with the dead. Can I meet the dead without danger to myself and those who sail with me? I should think not, for I cannot join him but in death. Did they surmise my wishes and intentions, would they permit me to remain one hour on board? Superstitious as seamen are said to be, they might find a good excuse, if they knew my message, not only for their superstition, but for ridding themselves of one on such an awful errand. Awful indeed! and how to be accomplished? Heaven alone, with perseverance on my part, can solve the mystery. And Philip's thoughts reverted to his Amine. He folded his arms entranced in meditation, as, with his eyes raised to the firmament, he appeared to watch the flying scud.

"Had you not better go below?" said a mild voice, which made Philip start from his reverie.

It was that of the first mate, whose name was Hillebrant, a short, well-set man of about thirty years of age. His hair was flaxen, and fell in long flakes upon his shoulders, his complexion fair, and his eyes of a soft blue; although there was little of the sailor in his appearance, few knew or did their duty better.

"I thank you," replied Philip; "I had, indeed, forgotten myself, and where I was,—my thoughts were far away. Good night, and many thanks."

The *Ter Schilling*, like most of the vessels of that period, was very different in her build and fitting from those of the present day. She was ship-rigged, and of about 400 tons burthen. Her bottom was nearly flat, and her sides fell in (as she rose above the water), so that her upper decks were not half the width of the hold.

All the vessels employed by the Company being armed, she had her main-deck clear of goods, and carried six nine-pounders on each broad-side; her ports were small and oval. There was a great spring in all her decks,—that is to say, she ran with a curve forward and aft. On her fore-castle another small deck ran from the knight-heads, which was called the top-gallant fore-castle. Her quarter-deck was broken with a poop, which rose high out of the water. The bowsprit stayed very much, and was to appearance almost as a fourth mast,—the more so, as she carried a square spritsail and sprit-topsail. On her quarter-deck

and poop-bulwarks were fixed in sockets implements of warfare now long in disuse, but what were then known by the names of cohorns and patteraroes; they turned round on a swivel, and were pointed by an iron handle fixed to the breech. The sail abaft the mizen-mast (corresponding to the driver or spanker of the present day) was fixed upon a lateen-yard. It is hardly necessary to add (after this description) that the dangers of a long voyage were no little increased by the peculiar structure of the vessels, which (although they could make good way with a favourable breeze, with such top hamper, and so much wood above water,) could hold no wind, and had but little chance if caught upon a lee-shore.

The crew of the *Ter Schilling* was composed of the captain, two mates, two pilots, and forty-five men. The supercargo had not yet come on board. The cabin (under the poop) was appropriated to the supercargo; but the main-deck cabin to the captain and mates, who composed the whole of the cabin mess.

When Philip awoke the next morning he found that the topsails were hoisted, and the anchor short-stay apeak. Some of the other vessels of the fleet were under weigh and standing out. The weather was fine and the water smooth, and the bustle and novelty of the scene were cheering to his spirits. The captain, Mynheer Kloots, was standing on the poop with a small telescope, made of pasteboard, to his eye, anxiously looking towards the town. Mynheer Kloots, as usual, had his pipe in his mouth, and the smoke which he puffed from it for a time obscured the lenses of his telescope. Philip went up the poop ladder and saluted him.

Mynheer Kloots was a person of no moderate dimensions, and the quantity of garments which he wore added no little to his apparent bulk. The outer garments exposed to view were, a rough fox-skin cap upon his head, from under which appeared the edges of a red worsted night-cap; a red plush waistcoat, with large metal buttons; a jacket of green cloth, over which he wore another of larger dimensions of coarse blue cloth, which came down as low as what would be called a spencer. Below he had black plush breeches, light-blue worsted stockings, shoes, and broad silver buckles; round his waist was girded, with a broad belt, a canvas apron which descended nearly to his knee in thick folds. In his belt was a large broad-bladed knife in a sheath of shark's skin. Such was the attire of Mynheer Kloots, captain of the *Ter Schilling*.

He was as tall as he was corpulent. His face was oval, and his features small in proportion to the size of his frame. His grizzly hair fluttered in the breeze, and his nose (although quite straight) was at the tip fiery red from frequent application to his bottle of schnapps and the heat of a small pipe, which seldom left his lips, except for *him* to give an order, or for *it* to be replenished.

"Good morning, my son," said the captain, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a moment. "We are detained by the supercargo, who appears not over-willing to come on board; the boat has been on shore this hour waiting for him, and we shall be last of the fleet under weigh. I wish the Company would let us sail without these *gentlemen*, who are (in my opinion) a great hindrance to business; but they think otherwise on shore."

"What is their duty on board?" replied Philip.

"Their duty is to look after the cargo and the traffic, and if they kept to that it would not be so bad; but they interfere with everything else, and everybody, studying little except their own comforts, and play the king on board of the ship, knowing that we dare not affront them, as a word from them would prejudice the vessel being again chartered. The Company insist upon their being received with all honours. We salute them with five guns on their arrival on board."

"Do you know anything of this one, whom you expect?"

"Nothing, but from report. A brother captain of mine (with whom he has sailed) told me that he is most fearful of the dangers of the sea, and much taken up with his own importance."

"I wish he would come," replied Philip; "I am most anxious that we should sail."

"You must be of a wandering disposition, my son: I hear that you leave a comfortable home, and a pretty wife to boot."

"I am most anxious to see the world," replied Philip; "and I must learn to sail a ship before I purchase one, and try to make the fortune that I covet." (Alas! how different from my real wishes, thought Philip, as he made this reply.)

"Fortunes are made, and fortunes are swallowed up, too, by the ocean," replied the captain. "If I could turn this good ship into a good house, with plenty of guilders to keep the house warm, you would not find me standing on this poop. I have doubled the Cape twice, which is often enough for any man; the third time may not be so lucky."

"Is it so dangerous, then?" said Philip.

"As dangerous as tides and currents, rocks and sandbanks, hard gales and heavy seas can make it,—no more! Even when you anchor in the bay, on this side of the Cape, you ride in fear and trembling, for you may be blown away from your anchor to sea, or on shore among the savages, before the men can well put on their clothing. But when once you're well on the other side of the Cape, then the water dances to the beams of the sun as if it were merry, and you may sail for weeks with a cloudless sky and a following breeze, without starting tack or sheet, or having to take your pipe out of your mouth."

"What ports shall we go into, Mynheer?"

"Of that I can say but little. Gambroon, in the Gulf of Persia, will probably be the first rendezvous of the whole fleet. Then we shall separate: some will sail direct for Bantam, in the island of Java; others will have orders to trade down the Straits for camphor, gum benzoin, and wax; they have also gold and the teeth of the elephant to barter with us: there (should we be sent) you must be careful with the natives, Mynheer Vanderdecken. They are fierce and treacherous, and their curved knives (or cresces, as they call them) are sharp and deadly poisoned. I have had hard fighting in those straits both with Portuguese and English."

"But we are all at peace now."

"True, my son; but when round the Cape, we must not trust to papers signed at home; and the English press us hard, and tread upon our heels wherever we go. They must be checked; and I suspect our fleet is so large and well appointed in expectation of hostilities."

"How long do you expect your voyage may detain us?"

"That's as may be: but I should say about two years;—nay, if not

detained, as I expect we shall be, by the factors for some hostile service, it may be less."

Two years, thought Philip, two years from Amine; and Philip sighed deeply, for he felt that their separation might be for ever.

"Nay, my son, two years is not so long," said Mynheer Kloots, who observed the passing cloud on Philip's brow. "I was once five years away, and was unfortunate, for I brought home nothing, not even my ship. I was sent to Chittagong, on the east side of the great Bay of Bengala, and lay for three months in the river. The chiefs of the country would detain me by force; they would not barter for my cargo, or permit me to seek another market. My powder had been landed, and I could make no resistance. The worms ate through the bottom of my vessel, and she sank at her anchors. They knew it would take place, and that then they would have my cargo at their own price. Another vessel brought us home. Had I not been so treacherously served, I should have had no need to sail this time; and now my gains are small—the Company forbidding all private trading—But here he comes at last; they have hoisted the ensign on the staff in the boat; there—they have shoved off. Mynheer Hillebrant, see the gunners ready with their linstocks to salvo the supercargo."

"What duty do you wish me to perform?" observed Philip. "In what can I be useful?"

"At present you can be of little use, except in those heavy gales in which every pair of hands is valuable. You must look and learn for some time yet; but you can make a fair copy of the journal kept for the inspection of the Company, and may assist me in various ways, as soon as the unpleasant nausea, felt by those who first embark, has subsided. As a remedy, I should propose that you gird a handkerchief tight round your body so as to compress the stomach, and make frequent application to my bottle of schnapps, which you will find always at your service. But now to receive the factor of the most puissant Company. Mynheer Hillebrant, let them discharge the cannon."

The guns were fired, and soon after the smoke had cleared away, the boat, with its long ensign trailing on the water, was pulled alongside. Philip watched the appearance of the supercargo, but he remained in the boat until several of the boxes with the initials and arms of the Company were first handed on the deck; at last the supercargo appeared.

He was a small, spare, wizened-faced man, with a three-cornered cocked hat, bound with broad gold lace, upon his head, under which appeared a full-bottomed flowing wig, the curls of which descended low upon his shoulders. His coat was of crimson velvet, with broad flaps. His waistcoat of white silk, worked in coloured flowers, and descending half-way down to his knee. His breeches were of black satin, and his legs covered with white silk stockings. Gold buckles at his knees, and in his shoes. Lace ruffles to his wrists, a silver-mounted cane in his hand, and the reader has the entire dress of Mynheer Jacob Jansz Von Stroom, the supercargo of the Hon. Company, appointed to the good ship 'Ter Schilling.

As he looked round him, surrounded (at a respectful distance) by the captain, officers, and men of the ship, with their caps in their hand, the reader might be reminded of the picture of the "Monkey who had seen the World" surrounded by his tribe. There was not, however, the least inclination on the part of the seamen to laugh, even at his

flowing, full-bottomed wig: respect was at that period paid to dress; and although Mynheer Von Stroom could not be mistaken for a sailor, he was known to be the supercargo of the Company, and a very great man. He therefore received all the respect due to so important a personage.

Mynheer Von Stroom did not, however, appear very anxious to remain on deck. He requested to be shown into his cabin, and followed the captain aft, picking his way among the coils of ropes with which it was encumbered. The door was opened, and the supercargo disappeared. The ship was then got under weigh, the men had left the windlass, the sails had been trimmed, and they were securing the anchor in board, when the bell of the poop cabin (appropriated to the supercargo) was pulled with great violence.

"What can that be?" said Mynheer Kloots (who was forward), taking the pipe out of his mouth. "Mynheer Vanderdecken, will you see what is the matter?"

Philip went aft, as the pealing of the bell continued, and opening the cabin-door, discovered the supercargo perched upon the table, pulling the bell-rope, which hung over its centre, with every mark of fear in his countenance. His wig was off, and his bare skull gave him an appearance peculiarly ridiculous.

"What is the matter, Sir?" inquired Philip.

"Matter!" spluttered Mynheer Von Stroom; "call the troops in with their firelocks. Quick, Sir. Am I to be murdered, torn to pieces, and devoured? For mercy's sake, Sir, don't stare, but do something;—look, it's coming to the table! Oh dear! oh dear!" continued the supercargo, evidently terrified out of his wits.

Philip, whose eyes had been fixed on Mynheer Von Stroom, turned them in the direction pointed out, and, much to his astonishment, perceived a small bear upon the deck, who was amusing himself with the supercargo's flowing wig, which he held in his paws, tossing it about, and now and then burying his muzzle in it. The unexpected sight of the animal was at first a shock to Philip, but a moment's consideration assured him that the animal must be harmless, or it never would have been permitted to remain loose in the vessel.

Nevertheless, Philip had no wish to approach the animal, whose disposition he was unacquainted with, when the appearance of Mynheer Kloots put an end to his difficulty.

"What is the matter, Mynheer?" said the captain. "Oh! I see: it is Johannes," continued the captain, going up to the bear, and saluting him with a kick, as he recovered the supercargo's wig. "Out of the cabin, Johannes! Out, Sir!" cried Mynheer Kloots, kicking the breech of the bear till the animal had escaped through the door. "Mynheer Von Stroom, I am very sorry,—here is your wig. Shut the door, Mynheer Vanderdecken, or the beast may come back, for he is very fond of me."

As soon as the door was shut between Mynheer Von Stroom and the object of his terror, the little man slid off the table to the high-backed chair near it, shook out the damaged curls of his wig, and replaced it on his head; pulled out his ruffles, and, assuming an air of magisterial importance, struck his cane on the deck, and then spoke.

"Mynheer Kloots, what is the meaning of this disrespect to the supercargo of the puissant Company?"

"God in Heaven! no disrespect, Mynheer;—the animal is a bear, as you see; he is very tame even with strangers. He belongs to me. I have had him since he was three months old. It was all a mistake. The mate, Mynheer Hillebrant, put him in the cabin, that he might be out of the way while the duty was carrying on, and he quite forgot that he was here. I am very sorry, Mynheer Von Stroom; but he will not come here again, without you wish to play with him."

"Play with him! I! supercargo to the Company, play with a bear! Mynheer Kloots, the animal must be thrown overboard immediately."

"Nay, nay; I cannot throw overboard an animal that I affection much, Mynheer Von Stroom; but he shall not trouble you."

"Then, Captain Kloots, you have to deal with the Company, to whom I shall represent this affair. Your charter will be cancelled, and your freight money will be forfeited."

Kloots was, like most Dutchmen, not a little obstinate, and this imperative behaviour on the part of the supercargo raised his bile. "There is nothing in the charter that prevents my having an animal on board," replied Kloots.

"By the regulations of the Company," replied Von Stroom, with an important air, falling back in his chair, and crossing his thin legs, "you are required to receive on board strange and curious animals, sent home by the governors and factors to be presented to crowned heads,—such as lions, tigers, elephants, and other productions of the East;—but in no instance is it permitted for the commanders of chartered ships to receive on board, on their own account, animals of any description, which must be considered under the head and offence of private trading."

"My bear is not for sale, Mynheer Von Stroom."

"It must immediately be sent out of the ship, Mynheer Kloots. I order you to send it away,—on your peril to refuse."

"Then we will drop the anchor again, Mynheer Von Stroom, and send on shore to head-quarters to decide the point. If the Company insist that the brute be put on shore, be it so; but recollect, Mynheer Von Stroom, we shall lose the protection of the fleet, and have to sail alone. Shall I drop the anchor, Mynheer?"

This observation softened down the pertinacity of the supercargo; he had no wish to sail alone, and the fear of this contingency was more powerful than the fear of the bear.

"Mynheer Kloots, I will not be too severe; if the animal is chained, so that it does not approach me, I will consent to its remaining on board."

"I will keep it out of your way as much as I can; but as for chaining up the poor animal, it will howl all day and night, and you will have no sleep, Mynheer Von Stroom," replied Kloots.

The supercargo, who perceived that the captain was positive, and that his threats were disregarded, did all that a person could do who could not help himself. He vowed vengeance in his own mind, and then, with an air of condescension, observed—"Upon those conditions, Mynheer Kloots, your animal may remain on board."

Mynheer Kloots and Philip then left the cabin; the former, who was in no very good humour, muttering as he walked away—"If the Company send their *monkey* on board, I think I may well have my *bear*." And, pleased with his joke, Mynheer Kloots recovered his good humour.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Must then hope no more be cherish'd
 Is the dear illusion o'er?
 Has my fancy's idol perish'd?
 Have we met to meet no more?
 Meet no more with long-wish'd meeting,
 Led by passion's blind control;
 With timid gladness, conscious greeting,
 Glance, the tell-tale from the soul?
 Yes, the pride of rank and station,
 Ruthless rent those tender ties!
 On their altar an oblation,
 Young affection bleeds and dies!
 Yet, had I some floweret found thee,
 Drooping in life's lowliest dell,
 Tho' a diadem had crown'd me,
 I had prized thee, loved thee well.
 I had rear'd that flower dejected,
 Proud to claim it for mine own;
 I am left to droop neglected,
 Fade unseen, and die unknown.
 Truth unheeded, feeling slighted,
 Weeping memory aye shall mourn;
 Buds of hope untimely blighted,
 Heart from heart for ever torn.
 Hearts, from which might still be flowing
 Sweets of love that never cloy,
 Buds of hope that might be blowing
 Into fruits of ripen'd joy.
 If the fatal past recalling,
 Fancy should her picture spread,
 Sure thy pity's dew-drop falling,
 Would repay the streams I shed.
 Oh! could but my heart enshrine it,
 Sacred should the relic be;
 Its breaking throb should but resign it,
 With my life, and love, and thee.
 Yet, be hush'd, that fond complainer,
 Silent its corroding woe;
 May no tear for me profane her,
 She, no taint of sadness know!
 Never o'er her path may sorrow
 Blow his pleasure-withering blast;
 But laughing joys hail every morrow,
 Each a brighter than the past.
 'Till she own a lover dearer,
 Yet—could she be held more dear?
 Reward him with a love sincerer,
 Yet say—could he be more sincere?
 Then o'er the maze of fate unfolding,
 May Hymen's torch beam purest fire;
 Tho' it dim these eyes beholding,
 Tho' it light my funeral pyre.

A DAY ON THE NEILGHERRY HILLS.*

BY AN OLD FOREST-RANGER.

THE unlucky "Heels" had disappeared in the distance, and the recall of the huntsman's bugle had brought together the scattered hounds as old Lorimer scrambled up the steep hill-side, mounted on his shaggy little pony, "Marble."

"Come, gentlemen," cried he, as he pulled off his green hunting-cap, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, "don't let us lose time; the hounds are all assembled, and we have still plenty of work before us. Our next beat is to be the large wood, at the back of this hill, where we have twelve deer marked down. You all know your stations there, I believe. And, after that, we shall try the rocky glen, below the 'Todah Mund,'† in hopes of finding that large bear which gave us the slip last Saturday. You must really exert yourselves this time, lads, and not let him escape again. I hear that the old black-guard has taken a fancy to human flesh of late, and has carried off a Todah woman and a child within the last three days. So, die he must; if we hunt him for a week. As to the hogs, we have given a tolerably good account of them. This old boar and three fat sows have been sent to the shades. So let's mount and be off. Ha! Charles, my boy, give me your hand; you stood up to that old boar like a man; and the way in which you handled your spear made me forget the disgrace you brought upon my trusty rifle by that first shot of yours. Oh, you young dog, it was a devil of a miss that! a most palpable miss—worthy of my friends the 'thistlewhippers!' You shut both your eyes when you fired that shot, eh?—did you not, you young dog, eh? Well, well—never look ashamed, boy—I have seen older hands than you make as bad a miss before now, and trust to their heels rather than a spear afterwards. Eh! Doctor—do you recollect that wounded sow that gave you such a devil of a *gruelling*, up the hill at 'Ralliah,' last week? Faith, you may thank your long legs and the ounce of lead I lodged in her shoulder for being now in a whole skin."

"Indeed then, Sir," replied the Doctor, a lanky, raw-boned Scotchman, with a very *pawky* expression of countenance, "thae same lang legs o' mine are no ill things at a pinch; and in my opeenion are mair to be lippeden till than the best spear amang them a'. But, at the same time, I was muckle indebted to you, Sir, for that bit lead ye put into the beast. It was just in the nick o' time, for I was sair taigled wi' thae lang leather spats—thae leggins, as ye ca' them; mair fit for an Indian savage than a Christian man. And the muckle beast was just at the grippin o' me when ye cowpet her. Gude preserve us frae a' lang-nebbit things!—it gars me grue to think o't! The wild 'grumph!' 'grumph!' 'grumph!' o' the rampawgin deevil just ahint me—and me expectin' every moment to feel her muckle white teeth play chack through my hurdies. Ay, ye may laugh, lads; but, faith, it was nae laughin' sport to me—and that ye'll ken, the first time ony o' you tries a race wi'

* Continued from p. 478, vol. xlix.

† A "mund" is a small cluster of huts inhabited by the Todahs—the Aborigines of the Neilgherry Hills.

ane o' thae wild swine. They're just perfect deevils incarnate! My certie! ye're waur aff wi' ane o' them than Tam O'Shanter wi' Cutty Sark at his heels—for she only pou't aff the grey meere's tail; but faith, lads, it's your ain tail that's in danger when ye come to grips wi' a wild soo!"

This speech of the Doctor's elicited a roar of laughter from his companions, in which he good-humouredly joined; and the whole party mounting their ponies cantered over the hill to take up their positions for the next beat.

The scene is now changed to one of those wild solitary valleys through which the superfluous water of the hills makes its escape, and rushes on its headlong course down the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. From hence the glowing plains of the Carnatic are seen extended like a living map 8000 feet below the spectator. The valley itself presents a scene of wild and savage grandeur, contrasting beautifully with the luxuriant palm groves and voluptuous sunshine of the low country, over which the eye wanders, for many leagues, till it is lost in the dreamy indistinctness of the distance, where earth and sky become blended in a red fiery haze. Light fleecy clouds are hurried swiftly across the heavens, and shivered, as it were, against the craggy peaks of that granite mountain, which towers high amidst the region of storms, whilst all around is hushed, silent, and motionless, as the sleep of infancy. The only sound which breaks the death-like stillness is the wild, unearthly cry of the great black monkey—a deep, loud "wooh!" "wooh!" which rising suddenly, and at long intervals, from the gloomy recesses of the wood, has a strange, startling effect, and suggests to one's mind the idea of a stray satyr calling to his mates.

Mansfield and Charles have just taken up their position behind the shelter of a palmira bush.

The former, accustomed to such scenes, is sitting with his ponderous rifle across his knee, his thumb resting on the cock, and his head turned a little on one side, watching, with the unwearied patience of an Indian hunter, to catch the faintest sound; whilst the more romantic Charles, allowing his weapon to lie idly by his side, gazes with rapture on the glorious view, and, if I am any judge of physiognomy, is thinking more of his pretty cousin than of the deer.

The hounds have opened on the scent. "Down! down!—crouch like a panther!" whispered Mansfield, seizing Charles by the arm, and pulling him more behind the shelter of the bush. "Do you remark that crackling amongst the dry branches just below us? It is a deer, and he will break at that opening where you see a beaten path like a sheep-track. It is their regular run; keep your eye upon the spot, and watch."

"I see him," whispered Charles, cocking his rifle, and making a motion to rise. "I see his antlers moving above that bush of wild jasmine."

"Stay, stay, my boy—not so fast," replied Mansfield, smiling at the eagerness of his young companion. "It requires a little more experience than you have had, to judge whereabouts a stag's shoulder should lie, when nothing but the points of his horns are visible. Don't fire till you can see his body. He is listening intently to the hounds, and does not observe us, so there is no hurry. Now then he moves—now!"

A sharp crack—a dull plashing sound—the noble stag plunges madly forward—and over, over, over he rolls, staining the green herbage with his life-blood, which gushes fast from a rugged hole in his side.

Mansfield's peon springs forward with the bound of a tiger, and, muttering a short prayer, like a good Mussulman as he is, buries the long glittering blade of a hunting-knife in the throat of his victim. The "stricken deer" gasps painfully for breath—his wide nostril is distended—his bloodshot eye rolls wildly for a moment—his limbs quiver in the last agony—he heaves a long shuddering sigh, and dies.

This was the first deer that Charles had ever seen fall, and his heart smote him as he witnessed its dying struggles.

Is not this rather a cruel amusement? whispered conscience. Does not your savage nature relent as you see that graceful creature weltering in his blood, and, in the last agonies, bending his dark languid eye upon your face, as if asking, What have I done to deserve this? Do you not almost wish that the fatal ball had sped less truly to its mark?

Mansfield, who had watched the working of his companion's features, as he gazed pensively on the dying stag, here interrupted him with a gentle tap on the shoulder.

"I can read your thoughts, boy; and they do credit to your heart. Even I, old sportsman as I am, can sympathize with you in a feeling which many men affect to call weakness, but which I consider merely as a proof of a good heart, and one which no man need be ashamed of. I can look unmoved on the dying struggles of the foaming boar. I even experience a sort of savage satisfaction, as the last faint growl rattles in the throat of the surly bear; and the expiring roar of the vanquished tiger is music in my ears. But I never yet slew a deer that a feeling of pity, such as you now experience, did not immediately succeed the burst of exultation which invariably accompanies a well-directed shot; and yet, the very next moment, I was exerting my utmost skill to accomplish the death of some other animal, and felt all the disappointment of a baffled tiger if my ball did not take effect. We are strange unaccountable animals in this respect. But I am satisfied it is not cruelty—it is not a thirst for blood which inspires us with a love for the chase. No! it is a far nobler feeling;—a species of ambition—a love of enterprise; the pleasure arising from which depends entirely on the difficulties to be surmounted in the attainment of our object. What satisfaction, for instance, would it give a sportsman to be turned loose in a park, full of fallow deer, where, if shedding blood were his object, he might gratify that propensity to his heart's content? None whatever. There are no difficulties to be surmounted, and he would look upon himself in the light of a butcher. But after a long day's stalking through a Highland glen—after making a round of many weary miles to get down the wind of the ever-watchful red deer—after creeping through the heather like a snake, and wearing his knees to the bone amongst the coarse gravel of a dry watercourse,—how breathless that moment of intense anxiety to the sportsman when he first ventures to raise his head above the sheltering bank, and finds the object of all his labour, a noble stag of ten tines, still feeding quietly in the very spot where he first observed him! And, oh! the electric thrill of exultation, when the crack of his rifle is answered by that dull soft *thud*, grateful to the sportsman's ear as the voice of her he loves; and the proud

stag, bounding high into air, falls gasping on the bloody heath!—Bah! the sensations of a young lady on receiving her first proposal are nothing to this. But, hark! the merry music of the hounds comes sweeping by us on the blast, and scatters all my romantic and moralizing ideas to the four winds of heaven. Hurra!”

But ’twere long to tell of all the deer that fell in the course of this beat. Suffice it to say that many proud antlered heads bowed before the unerring rifle of Mansfield; and that the worthy Doctor expended more than his usual allowance of ammunition, with even less than his usual success.

The party had assembled at luncheon by the time Mansfield and Charles joined them; and, as they approached, their cars were saluted by the loud tones of old Lorimer’s voice, swearing as usual by “the beard of the Prophet,” and “the bones of his ancestors,” while he vented his wrath, in no very measured terms, against the unfortunate Doctor.

“Well, you d—d long slip of anatomy, you expect to get something to line your ungodly maw, do you, after the good service you have done us to-day? Bones of my ancestors, man! it might grumble long enough before you filled it with venison of your own killing, although, to do you justice, you are as good a shot at a venison-pasty as any one I know. Why, you vender of ratsbane! what the devil were you thinking of, to let all those deer pass you? Fifteen shots have I seen you fire this blessed day—fifteen shots, by the beard of the Prophet! and not a hoof to show for them. Hang it, man, that last hind passed so close, you might have thrown salt on her tail, and yet, after four shots, away she went, bounding over the hills like a kangaroo, with half of the hounds at her heels; and when we shall get them back again the devil only knows. Speak, you misbegotten son of Esculapius! Why don’t you speak, and let us hear what you have to say for yourself?”

The Doctor, who was well accustomed to the old gentleman’s eccentric ways, and knew him to be one of those privileged characters who say and do whatever they like, without giving offence to any one, sat very coolly exploring the inmost recesses of a venison-pasty, whilst he listened with imperturbable gravity to this harangue. At length, bolting an enormous mouthful, and washing it down with a long pull at the *brandy-panee*, he thus replied, still keeping his knife ready to resume his attack on the pasty.

“Ca’ cannie, Sir!—ca’ cannie! For any sake, dinna be puttin yer-sell throughither that gaet. It’s no good for the digestion. It’s an unco bad thing for a person o’ your plethoric habit to be giving way to sic violent emotions sae soon after meals. Do you no ken, Sir, it’s very apt to bring on a fit o’ apoplexy? Gude preserve us! but he’s gettin awfu’ red in the face! It’s amaist black! I’m thinkin, Sir, I’ll need to tak some blude frae you. Just bide a wee till I get my lance,” continued the Doctor, coolly turning up his sleeves, “I’ll no be a crack.”

“You and your lance be hanged!” roared the old gentleman, trying to look fierce, but quite unable to suppress a laugh. “Sit down, you vampire, and say your say without farther circumlocution.”

“Weel, then, Sir,” replied the Doctor, eyeing a savoury morsel which he had just empaled on his fork. “Weel, then, I’ll just tell you, in

three words, that it was your ain fault, and ne fault o' mine, that se mony o' the deer jinkit past me this same day."

"My fault, Sir! how the devil do you make out that it was my fault?"

"Deed, then, Mr. Lorimer, it was just your faut, and nobody else's. Ye will persist in garrin me aye shoot wi' a single bullet, and ane o' thae bits o' rifles, that lets ne mare crack than a pen-gun; although I've threippet on you till I'm wearied, that I hae no skill o' sic like newfangled weapons, and am no fit to hit a peat-stack wi' ane o' them. But just gie me a gude honest fusce, wi' plenty o' pouther, to gar it tell against a body's cheek, and a nievefu' o' grit shot on the top o' that, and I'll cation mysell to ding as mony staigs as ony o' you,—no exceptin yoursell, Sir; or that cheil Mansfield, wha maks sic a phraze aboot his rifle gun, and his lang ranges. As to the lang ranges, I'll maybe no kill a beast on the ither side o' ane o' thae glens, whare ye need the prospec-glass to see whether it's a dun deer or a grey soo that ye'r firin at. But, faith, there's no mony o' them 'ill gi' me the jink if ance they come within a christianlike distance."

What answer old Lorimer would have given to the Doctor's heretical plan of employing "plenty o' pouther, and a nievefu' o' grit shot," is unknown, although, I suspect, he was just on the point of consigning the Doctor and his fusce to the bottomless pit. But, luckily for them, Ishmail at this moment stepped forward, with his usual profound salaam, to report that the stray hounds had been collected.

The fragments of the luncheon were quickly disposed of, the cigars lighted, and the whole party moved off in the wake of Ishmail and his hounds, to beat that famous glen, below the Todah-Mund, which every Neilgherry sportsman must recollect, as being the favourite resort both of bears and tigers.

It is rather a ravine than a glen. A deep rent in the side of the mountain, so narrow that the light of day can hardly penetrate. The rocky sides rise abruptly to the height of 500 feet, rugged and splintered, as if torn asunder—and no doubt they have been—by some grand convulsion of nature.

The bottom is clothed with an almost impenetrable underwood of tangled bamboo; whilst along the sides a few gnarled, misshapen trees, chiefly rhododendrons, shoot out from amongst the crevices of the rocks, stretching their fantastic branches, all glowing with scarlet flowers, across the ravine, and weaving their snake-like roots into every fissure which affords the slightest prospect of moisture; their moss-grown bark and distorted limbs proving how hard a struggle they must have to extract sufficient nourishment from the niggardly soil.

The information which old Lorimer had received of his friend the bear's man-eating propensities, made him more than ever anxious to ensure his destruction.

All the known outlets were strongly guarded, and on every high peak of rock which commanded a good view might be seen the motionless figure of a native, perched like some huge bird of prey, and watching with eagle glance to prevent the possibility of any animal stealing away unobserved.

All being stationed at their respective posts, the gallant Ishmail contemplated the distribution of the forces with a grim smile of satisfaction,

and fiercely twirling his long moustache, which curled upwards to his eyes, shouted, in a loud clear tone, to the dog-keepers, "Chor do!"* At the signal twenty impatient hounds bounded from the leash, and dashed into cover. "Have at him, my little tigers! Whose dogs are we that he should laugh at our beards? By the hump of the holy camel, he shall this day be made to eat dirt. Show your ugly snout,—meet me if you dare,—you old grey-headed *hantchoot*.† I defile your mother's grave, and spit on your father's beard;" so saying, Ishmail drew his heavy *tulwar*, or native sword,—and wrapping his *cumberbund*‡ tightly round his left arm to act as a shield in case of necessity, stalked, with an air of determined resolution, into the gloomy jungle.

"There goes old Ishmail, with his whiskers bristling like an enraged tiger-cat," exclaimed Mansfield, laughing, as he watched these proceedings from his place of concealment amongst the rocks. "His blood is fairly up now, and he is determined to make the bear show his grey muzzle, even if he drives him out at the point of the sword. Hark! they have found already."

Deep and angry now arose the baying of the eager hounds from out the gloomy depths of the ravine, and wildly did the prolonged echoes reverberate the sound. But it was no longer the musical chime with which they swept along on the hot scent of the flying deer.

The sound was now stationary, and the short angry barking of the dogs was mingled with an occasional yell of pain, announcing that some unfortunate hound had suffered for his temerity, in attempting to close with his formidable antagonist.

"What an obstinate old brute!" exclaimed Mansfield, as he stretched forward over a projecting rock, in hopes of getting a glimpse of what was going on in the thick jungle below. "I never, in my life, met with a bear that stood so much bullying; they generally start at once, and make a running fight of it."

A tremendous roar followed by a despairing death-shriek now arose with fearful distinctness above the confused baying and howling of the dogs. For a moment there was a death-like silence, as if every living thing had been paralyzed by that voice of thunder. Then a strong rustling amongst the tangled bamboos,—a deep, surly growl, mingled with a stifled throttling cry,—a faint groan, and again the baying of the hounds was resumed, but less eagerly than before, and in a whining, undecided tone, betwixt anger and fear.

The shouting of the terrified beaters was now heard in all directions, and next moment many of them were seen rushing from the jungle, and scrambling up the face of the rocks; whilst, with frantic gestures, they waved to their companions below to fall back.

"By heavens, I thought so," shouted Mansfield, starting to his feet, and instinctively grasping his rifle, as the well-known roar of a tiger reached his ear.

"Thought what?" asked Charles, astonished at the unusual excitement of his stoical companion.

"Why, that we have caught a Tartar, that's all;—slipped the poor dogs at a tiger, instead of a lubberly old bear. Thank God, the beaters are all out of danger now, except the poor fellow whose death-shriek we

* Let loose.

† Translation not fit for "ears polite."

‡ A shawl or sash worn round the waist.

heard, and he is, no doubt, beyond the leech's aid. But we must bestir ourselves, else the brute will not leave a hound alive."

In the enthusiasm of the moment Mansfield had slung his rifle across his shoulder, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Charles, was about to attempt the desperate experiment of scrambling down the face of the rock, and shooting the tiger in his lair; when his motions were arrested by the voice of Ishmail.

"Stop, Sahib! In the name of the holy Prophet, stop! What madness has seized you?" shouted the poor fellow in Hindostanee, as panting and smeared with blood he scrambled painfully to the top of the rock.

"Ishmail, my boy, you are wounded!" exclaimed Mansfield, running towards him. "It was not you whom the tiger struck down just now?"

"No, Sahib. Men do not climb rocks after being knocked down by a tiger. It was poor Asmodine, my helper, whose cry you heard. I was standing close by him; he received the weight of the blow, and is now amongst the houries, praise be to Allah; whilst I have escaped with a slight scratch on the shoulder." Here Ishmail pulled aside his tattered garments and exhibited a wound, which looked as if inflicted by a gardener's rake, and from which the blood flowed in long purple streaks over his oily skin.

"Faith, Master Ishmail, that same slight scratch will require some square yards of Dr. Macphce's plaster before you are in marching order again. But, Ishmail, what is to be done? Is there no chance of driving the brute from his stronghold?"

"Sahib, the tiger is no fool, he will not come out to eat your highness's bullets."

"But he is tearing the dogs to pieces, man; and, unless we assist them, he will not leave one alive. I think I could manage to get down to that ledge of rock above him, and shoot him as he lies."

"No, Sahib; had that been possible he were dead ere now. But I have examined the place well: he lies in a sort of cave directly under that ledge of rock, so that it is impossible to get a view of him, except from the level ground directly in his front. May dogs defile his father's beard! he has chosen his ground well. Nothing but rockets can force him to leave it; and, please Allah, it shall not be for want of rockets, if he lives to see the sun set to-morrow. But at present we must leave him, Sahib. It would be the act of a madman to attack him in his den."

"But the dogs, Ishmail?"

"He will kill no more dogs, Sahib. Our three best hounds, the only ones who had courage to close with him, have already been destroyed, and the others are only baying him at a prudent distance. They will be glad enough to leave him when they hear the recall sounded."

"Alas! poor Asmodine, yours has been a cruel death. But it shall not go unrevenge." So said old Lorimer, as he turned from regarding the mangled corse of his faithful follower, and wiped a tear from his bronzed cheek.

His companions had dragged the body from the jungle at the risk of their lives. And the Doctor, after examining the wounds, had just reported him dead. The remains of the poor fellow presented a ghastly spectacle, and a fearful example of the destructive powers of a tiger. The fore part of the skull was crushed in like an egg-shell, and evi-

dently by the mere weight of the paw, for there was no mark on the head either of teeth or claws. The glazed, bloodshot eyes were forced from their sockets: and a thin stream of black blood flowed from each nostril, and trickled slowly down the sunken, lead-coloured cheeks. Besides this, it appeared that the tiger had seized him with his teeth; the whole of the throat and the skin of the breast being torn away, leaving the root of the tongue exposed, and the bare muscles of the chest still quivering with convulsive twitches, although it was evident, from the nature of his wounds, that the poor fellow's death must have been almost instantaneous.

"Rodney, Racer, and Speaker killed, Sahib, and others badly wounded," said Ishmail, as, with the important air of an officer on duty, he advanced to make his report, after having mustered the hounds.

"The devil fly away with these cursed tigers," replied Lorimer. "This makes seventeen hounds that I have lost by them since last May. Couple up the dogs, Ishmail; I have not the heart to put them into cover again to-day. See that those which are wounded be carefully carried home in *cumbleys**, and have this poor fellow's body removed into camp. And now, gentlemen, we had better mount and jog homewards. We can do no more to-day: but to-morrow.—"

Here he raised his voice, shook his clenched fist, and stamping on the ground—

"By the bones of my ancestors, if we live to see to-morrow, the infernal tiger shall pay dearly for this day's work.—Ishmail, you will see that there are plenty of fire-works provided."

"Hookum, Sahib†," replied Ishmail, sternly, casting a sidelong glance at his mangled shoulder, and grinding his teeth.

"But the bear," asked Mansfield; "must we let him slip through our fingers, Sir?"

"I am sorry to say, Mansfield, he has done so already. The scouts report that the brute stole away whilst we were tackling the tiger, and he is, no doubt, far beyond our reach.—Burmah, my horse."

Burmah, a little dark, square-built, bushy-whiskered Mahratta, approached, leading the powerful grey Arab horse which his master had ridden in the morning, now fresh and well groomed. And, as he patted the glossy arched neck of the noble animal, he addressed him in the most extravagant terms of endearment, such as a nurse lavishes on her child; whilst the sagacious creature, as if grateful for his caresses, pricked his small ears, and rubbed his velvet muzzle against the naked shoulder of his groom.

Most of the party had mounted, and the beaters were beginning to move off, bearing the mangled body of their companion slung on a bamboo, together with the wounded dogs, and as much of the game as they could conveniently carry; when Mansfield, who had for some minutes been gazing intently at a distant hill, shouted to his peon, in a voice which made him start—

"Abdallah, my spy-glass—quick, man—quick!"

"What see you?" asked Lorimer.

"Can't say exactly, Sir; but it looks devilish like our friend the bear."

* A coarse sort of blanket worn by the lower classes in India.

† It is an order, Sir.

"Impossible, man ! He could never be such a fool as to take across that open line of country."

"By Heavens ! it is though," cried Mansfield, with exultation, handing the glass to Lorimer ; "and on ground where we can ride him, too. He is making for the large wood above Nidiwuttum. But he has two long miles of open country before him, and the devil is in it, if little Bundoolah does not lay me alongside of him before he reaches it. Here's at him, at all events—who'll follow?"

So saying, he sprang to the saddle, snatched a spear from one of the beaters, drove in his spurs over the rowel, and sitting well back, with a strong pull at Bundoolah's head, dashed down the rocky hill-side at the top of his speed.

Old Lorimer rode too heavy to attempt a racing pace over such break-neck ground. And the rest of the party, with the exception of Charles, being mounted on little short-legged hill-ponies, had no chance.

Charles, however, was well mounted, and his young blood boiled to rival the daring feats of Mansfield, the pride of the Mysore country. Glancing around him in search of some weapon, his eye rested on the ornamented hilt of Ishmail's sword.

"This will do famously," cried he, as Ishmail handed him his *tulwar* with an ironical smile, which seemed to say, "It will do all *your* work as well as anything else—a broomstick might serve your turn, for that matter."

But this was lost upon Charles, who eagerly clutched the sword, and waving it triumphantly around his head, rattled down the hill in hot pursuit of his companion.

"You'll find that a queer tool to tackle a bear with, my hearty," shouted old Lorimer, laughing, as he and the rest of the party followed at a steady canter. Charles only answered by another wave of his sword and an extra dig of the spurs.

But we must follow Mansfield. The tremendous pace at which he rattled over the ground soon brought him up with the chase. He was now within fifty yards of the bear, who, finding that matters began to look serious, was shambling along at his best pace, his foaming jaws distended, and his tongue lolling far out of his mouth. Three strides more would have brought him within spear's length. But Bundoolah began to show symptoms of distress. And there being no rival at hand to dispute with him the honour of the first spear, Mansfield pulled up for a moment, to let his panting horse gather fresh wind before going into action with an enemy who, in all probability, would try the mettle both of horse and rider.

The spear which Mansfield had snatched up in his hurry was not exactly such a one as a sportsman would have selected from choice. It was a heavy unmanageable weapon, headed with about half a ton of iron, well covered with rust, and not much sharper than the fluke of an anchor. A small touch of the file would do no harm here, thought Mansfield, as he felt the point with his finger, and thought of the razor-like edge of his favourite hog-spear ; but never mind, I must only give it the more powder. "Now then, Bundoolah, we'll try it."

So saying, he gathered up the reins, fixed himself well in the saddle, and closing his heels, the trusty Bundoolah bounded forward like an antelope. A true son of the desert, he feared neither beast nor devil,

and dashed up to the bear without hesitation, in spite of the growl of defiance with which he was saluted. Taking a steady pull at his horse's head, and closing his left heel, ready to wheel off as the blow was struck, Mansfield poised his harpoon-like spear, and drove it with his whole strength into the broad back of his surly antagonist.

"That's through your d——d black hide, tough though it be, else there's no virtue in iron——No, by the Lord——no blood!" and Mansfield ground his teeth with vexation, as the blunted spear glanced off the bear's shaggy hide, only inflicting a slight scratch. The enraged brute turned on his pursuer with a tremendous roar. Quick as thought Mansfield wheeled off to avoid the charge; but in doing so his horse stumbled; and ere Bundoolah could recover himself, the gigantic fore paws of the bear were clasped round his neck, his teeth firmly fixed in his throat, and horse and rider rolled together on the ground.

At this critical moment Charles appeared in sight, thundering over the stones at headlong speed—his horse in a lather of foam, his bloody spurs driven to the head at every stride, and his sword-blade flashing in the sun, as he waved it over his head.

Half mad with excitement, the impetuous boy never dreamt of gathering his horse together as he neared the bear, but dashed at him at speed, and with a slackened rein. The consequence was, that the animal—terrified by the smell of blood, and the piteous groaning of poor Bundoolah, as he lay gasping in the deadly embrace of the bear—bounded suddenly to one side, reared up on end, and spun round. Charles, although a good horseman, was taken by surprise, lost his balance and fell. Nothing daunted, however, he instantly scrambled to his feet, rushed towards the bear, who still continued to hold down the struggling horse, and buried his sword up to the hilt in his body.

The wounded monster quitted the horse, and rushed, open-mouthed, at his new assailant. Charles sprang back to avoid the first rush, and watching his opportunity, when the bear reared on his hind legs, plunged the sword deep into his chest. Fortunately for Charles it pierced his heart. The enormous brute fell heavily forward; a stream of black blood gushed from his mouth; and the much-dreaded bear, the man-eater, the monarch of the rocky glen, lay at the feet of his conqueror, a harmless mass of black fur and bear's grease.

"Hurra!" shouted Mansfield, who was just beginning to recover from the stunning effects of his fall, and had raised himself on his elbow, "killed him, by the Lord, and killed him well, too—Charles, you are a lucky dog; I would have given a month's pay to have struck that blow—but you may thank your good stars that you happened to touch his heart, for these infernal bears have as many lives as a cat, and had you stabbed him in any other part, he would have had your head half way down his throat before I could have come to your assistance. However, all's well that ends well—so lend me a hand to rise, Charles—Ha! confound it, how stiff I am. I verily believe Bundoolah must have rolled over me, for I feel as if my back were broken."

Mansfield, although stunned and severely bruised, had escaped all serious injury, and was quite fresh by the time the rest of the party came up.

"Ishmail's old *tulwar* has proved a better weapon for tackling the

bear than you expected, my venerable uncle," cried Charles, pointing with an air of triumph to the dead brute.

"Ishmail's tulwar!—Why, you little bantam-cock, you don't pretend to say that you killed the bear!"

"And why not?" replied Charles, coolly wiping the bloody sword, and returning it to Ishmail.

"The devil you did! but how did you manage it?—and what was Mansfield about with his spear? It was wont to be a deadly one."

"It played me false this time, however." And Mansfield proceeded to relate the particulars of the adventure. In the mean time the Doctor was stooping over the dead bear, and examining the tremendous muscular development of his limbs with great interest.

"Od, but it's an awfu'-like beast," muttered he, half soliloquizing. "Did any leevin ever see the like o' thac fore-paws—they're as grit as my waist, and fit to squeeze the life out o' a bull, let alone a Christian—and to think o' that bit slip o' a laddy fechtin him wi' a sword! Od, it's just past belief—It minds me o' the story o' Dauvid and Goly-o'-Gath."

The rest of the party having duly admired the size of the bear, the length of his claws, and the richness of his fur, there was nothing further to be said on the subject; so "boot and saddle" was the word. A spare pony was provided for Mansfield, poor Bundoolah being too severely wounded to be fit for work—and in five minutes they were all cantering homewards.

Night had closed in before they reached the cantonment; and the chill mountain-breeze whistled bleak and cheerless through the woods; but a good dinner and a bright fire awaited them—and one there was who fondly hoped that the smile of beauty would greet his return; so with light hearts they pushed merrily forward, smoking their cigars and talking over the adventures of the day.

I remarked that evening that Master Charles succeeded in getting up a very comfortable little flirtation with the blooming Kate; and from the sunny smile which danced in her deep blue eye, and played around her pretty mouth, as she listened to his half-whispered conversation, I felt satisfied that the flaming account of his exploits, given by Mansfield at dinner, had not been lost upon her. Charles retired to rest with his head and heart brimfull of love; and that night his pillow was beset by fleeting visions of blue eyes and bear-skins, tigers, turtle-doves, and true-love-knots.

So ended a Day on the Neilgherry Hills.

KOONDAH.

We may perhaps hear more of our friends hereafter.

FLIRTATION.

“ Or, sans nous amuser à ces gueux de rois, si tu veux être libre, n'aye jamais une femme.” Moyen de Parvenir.

OUR readers of course know the now somewhat hackneyed joke of Tom Sheridan,—“ whose wife shall I take ?” In a somewhat similar sense to his, we are to be understood in saying, with old François Beralde, *n'aye jamais une femme*. What that facetious writer's objections may have been to a wife of one's own, as an obstacle to personal freedom, it is not to our present purpose to inquire. Most (married) men will find an answer of their own at hand ; and as for our female readers, if they also cannot give a tolerably shrewd guess,—why, “ plague of their bringing up.” The grievous restraint upon independence of which we are about to treat, does not arise *e vínculo matrimonii*, but from the far more cruel thralldom which falls upon the unfortunate Damon who enters upon “ a flirtation.”

And pray, Sir, what is a flirtation ?

We shall not be so discourteous as pettishly to ask where that man could have passed his days, who is under the necessity of putting such a question ; though it would sorely embarrass us to give a more direct and categorical reply. At first sight, nothing appears more simple to define, nothing more obvious to comprehension, than a flirtation. But no sooner do we set about the task of making a foreigner (or a native still more strange to the usages of his country) understand the true and genuine import of the word, than we feel ourselves, (like the philosopher of antiquity, who was asked to define the great first cause,) flung back upon ourselves, and compelled to ask for a delay, before we venture upon an answer. A flirtation, indeed, is one of those curious phenomena which baffle all ingenuity to circumscribe by language ; and we are obliged to content ourselves with an appeal to experience, as of a something *quod nequeo dicere et sentio tantum*. The reason is plain : a flirtation is the last quintessential result of the moral, political, social, and animal complex, called English society. It is a transaction resulting from so many springs of action, thoughts, desires, appetites, and habitudes,—from such conventional principles, and acquired tastes,—from such a jumble of ethical fictions, and physical facts, that to define it properly, would be to trace the history of the country and its constitution, and to follow the genesis of its ideology, from the days of King Lud to this present year of grace, 1837. Nay, to do common justice to the theme, we should unite the lore of a black-letter lawyer with the physiology of Mr. Lawrence ; and combine the critical acumen of a Horne Tooke with the metaphysical intuition of a Locke.

It is sufficient to call to mind that a flirtation is a social relation subsisting between two individuals of the highest and most cultivated classes of our country, of persons who have undergone the last influences of what is called the world, and who are in every respect the furthest removed from the children of nature, in order at once to com-

prehend the whole extent of the difficulty: for, whatever in the parties is common to man, and therefore intelligible to man, has undergone

A change

Into something new and strange.

And to infer from the naked generalities of ordinary humanity, to the acquired particularities of the subjects of a flirtation, would be a setting at nought the commonest elements of logic.

No wonder, then, that those who are not bred to the usage, should so frequently fail to perceive all the nice distinctions of the phenomenon, or should be so much at a loss to comprehend the frequent references to it which pervade the polite conversations of our English *salons*. It was but the other day, that we were thrown into the uttermost perplexity by the abrupt *qu'est ce que c'est qu'une flirtation* of an intelligent Frenchman; and marvellous were the periphrases by which the company endeavoured to enlighten him on the subject—or, in other words, to describe the indescribable. Upon our return to the quietude of the study, our whole thoughts were directed to the untying of this knotty point; and the first suggestion, as usual in similar cases, was a reference to Johnson: for long and frequent disappointment has not broken our Englishman's habit of looking for instruction in that quarter. But the "right, not left," and "left, not right," of the great lexicographer, was a Drummond light, when compared to the obscurity in which he finds and leaves "flirtation." To flirt, he tells us, is, according to Skinner, a word formed from the sound (of what?); and he defines it, as meaning "to throw anything with a quick elastic motion:"

"Dick, the scavenger,

Flirts from his cart the mud in Walpole's face."

This is a regular floorer; what could the most ingenious Frenchman, what could the whole erudite *Quarante*, with their *esprit comme quatre*, make of that? Just, for instance, fancy the slight, the delicate, the sylph-like Lady Di. Phthisic flirting, (that is, throwing with a quick elastic motion,) the entire sixteen stone sixteen of that patriotic alderman, Sir Pelion Heavisides, (though it were no further than from one cushion of an ottoman to another;) the whole unwieldy mass falling, *dab*, like the scavenger's mud: *quelle idée!* And then as to the word being formed from the sound, you might watch for an entire opera night Lord Lazy Lackaday, and Lady Selina Silence, who flirt as if they had returned from a trip to the cave of Trophonius, without detecting an audible manifestation; though, like the man in the fairy tale, you could hear the grass grow as you walk.

So far, then, so *bad*; but let us try once more. To flirt, has yet another signification,—namely, "to move with a quick pace," as, for instance,

"Permit some happier man

To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.*"

As far as the kissing of hands goes, that might pass upon a foreigner; but every Englishman knows that nobody kisses hands now-a-days, except at levee, nor has done so since the days of Sir Charles Grandison. Nay, it is even thought by some persons perfectly good *ton* to flirt with

a pretty woman with your hat on ; though we could never bring ourselves exactly to do that. But the matter grows much worse as we proceed : what on earth could a foreigner make of moving a lady's fan at a quick pace ; unless, indeed, it were to throw it into the fire, a circumstance which could hardly take place without the flirtation coming to an abrupt close.

To flirt, we are further told, is "to jeer, to gibe at one," a thing which well-bred people seldom venture upon, before each other's faces. It implies, also,—oh, confusion worse confounded !—"to run about perpetually." Now every one knows, that knows anything, that the worst attribute of a flirtation is its tendency towards blocking up doorways, and monopolizing snug corners, for a whole evening together. Lastly, to flirt is "to be unsteady and fluttering;" and there we must admit a slight approach to daylight. We have seen some very young ladies in a terrible flutter on such occasions, biting their glove, or tearing a rose-bud, leaf by leaf, as they listen ; or perhaps giggling through a long night's flirtation, from very delight. But, unfortunately for the hypothesis, old stagers are never thus *affected*. They sit as quiet and as demure, in the very height of the paroxysm, as if they were at sermon, or listening to the reading of their defunct husband's will in their own favour. Once more, then, we are flung all aback ; and Johnson is—a goose.

Turning from the verb to the substantive, by a most portentous blunder, (as a reviewer would call it,) the Doctor tells us that a flirt is "a young hussey," for which statement he quotes the authority of Addison. "Several young flirts about town had a design to cast us out of the fashionable world." Here, indeed, is the well known exclusiveness of high society, *totidem verbis* ; and we concede that the patronesses of Almack's are often amongst the most thorough-paced goers in a regular flirtation ; but then this is a mere accident, and by no means to be confounded with the essence of the thing. Flirting is the especial business of the married and the middle-aged ; and whenever "young husseys" venture on the practice, they clearly mistake their vocation ; and they are sure to spoil their market by such rashness. On the other hand, nothing tends (except in the very, *very* great) to cure any tendency to exclusive airs, more directly, than the getting into a good brick-and-mortar flirtation. Flirting women are too dependent on the forbearance of society, to dare being offensive. In order to pass muster, they must acquire an *à plomb*, and a quietude of manner, as respects themselves ; and practise a conciliatory abstinence from all provocation to retort, as respects their bearing towards others.

But if the verb and the concrete substantive are thus misunderstood, the Doctor's attempt to define "a flirtation" is utterly unintelligible. This, he says, is a cant word among women ; and he instances a passage in the "Guardian," which declares that "a muslin flounce, made very full, would give a very agreeable flirtation air." Now, a muslin flounce, made very full, is, or not long ago was, a perfect *banalité* ; and a flounce without a petticoat would have been scarcely less heterodox to fashion, or less offensive to delicacy, than a petticoat without a flounce. The squire's wife and her cook-maid were flounced in common ; and flirtation had no more to do with the matter, than Tenterden steeple with the Goodwin Sands. Or, granting that such a connexion could

by any ingenuity be imagined, would it not be by the lady's conferring the flirtation air on the founce, rather than by the influence of the founce on the lady? But the entire theory is an absurdity; nor could better be expected from such an authority. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to He-cuba?" His own *chère moitié* never could have had an opportunity of teaching (like history) by example, what manner of thing a flirtation might be: and if she had, the effort would but have been love's labour lost; for it stands on perpetual record that Mrs. Thrall carried on what was very like a flirtation with Piozzi, under Johnson's very nose, without his entertaining a suspicion of what was going forward.

He, therefore, who would learn something about a flirtation, must look elsewhere for his information than in dictionaries and encyclopædias. The shortest way, perhaps, of conveying a proximate notion of the subject would be by the method of exclusion; by describing what a flirtation *is not*: and first, a flirtation is not what is usually called "paying one's addresses to a young woman." *Simile non est idem*. So much the reverse is it of such a ceremony, that when a "man of wit and pleasure about town" is so far abandoned of gods and married women, as to attempt a flirtation with a spinster, his first notion (if he stands in any fear of duelling pistols, and actions *per quod servitium amisit*,) is to tell the lady, in so many words, *I am not a marrying man*. The most approved practice, indeed, is to take every possible opportunity for insinuating into the unwilling ears of the party the disgraceful truth, in order that, under any circumstances, there "shall be no mistake." There are a thousand means of effecting this. The reference to example does well enough: as for instance—"There's Jack of ours, he can afford to marry whom he pleases;" (and here you may sigh deeply, and look as many unutterable things as you can throw into one pair of eyes.) "Lucky dog! his father cut his throat when Jack was in petticoats,—long minority,—entailed estate, &c. &c." And then, if you are in a splenetic humour, you may add,—"but Jack's not to be had. He knows better than to marry: it's no go with him; *that* the mammas may depend upon." Another time you may let drop, just for information sake, as Jeremy Diddler says, that "my governor left me 500*l.* a-year, in the funds; tolerably good thing for a younger brother; keeps my cab and my cob with an occasional trip to Paris or Vienna. Very well for a bachelor, you know; but 'twouldn't do to marry on; it wouldn't pay for my wife's shoes. No, no; can't marry, by Jove." Or, if you have a case in point at hand, you may take the opposite tack,—"*There goes that fool, Bob Martingale. He ran off the other day with a deuced pretty girl;—lots of accomplishments and all that: but he'll not get a shilling;—fifth daughter of the third son of a Scotch Earl. He must sell out, of course; or else he'll be cut by the whole regiment. Our men don't drive women in buggies.*" With a few such occasional speeches as these, you may flirt with a girl for a whole season together, ride with her in the morning, dance with her at night, turn the pages of her music-book, walk with her in the shrubbery, and suffer no other mortal to approach her; and if she is fool enough to draw inferences from such conduct, rather than believe your own express declarations, and if she breaks her heart at your not "popping the question," when, in the month of August, you leave her for the grouse,—your conscience,

of course, is clear. She was a purchaser with notice, and you behaved to her with the utmost honour and propriety.

But if flirtation does not tend towards matrimony, neither does it at all approach to the nature of a French *liaison*. The essence of a flirtation consists far less in facts than in forms. It may mean something, or it may mean nothing, "thereafter as it may be." That, however, is nobody's business but the parties concerned; only, in the former case, they must take care not "to be blown:" for then the flirtation is at an end, one way or other; either by a cut, or an honourable marriage with the detected lady. Such cases, moreover, are exceptional: the generality of flirtations are altogether for the world; publicity is their essence, and the *scire tuum nihil est* the great maxim by which their course is directed. Still less is a flirtation to be confounded with the *cecisheism* of Italy; which, though equally open and above-board, is a matter of no consequence or regard in the world. It occasions no talk, it excites no scandal, and it does not drive any one mad with unsuccessful rivalry. The *cecisheo* has even been known to figure in the marriage settlement, which has not, we believe, as yet occurred in the case of the English male flirt. The Italian scheme, therefore, is wholly wanting in those points which give the charm to a flirtation. Nothing, indeed, is more common than for the parties in a flirtation to separate by mutual consent, when the world ceases to look on, and fixes its attention upon some newer or more scandalous candidates for notoriety.

From the various lights thrown out in the course of these remarks, it must be apparent that one cause of the difficulty in defining a flirtation is the various forms it assumes. A flirtation with a *missey* is a very different thing from a flirtation with a married woman; a flirtation by the night is by no means identical with a flirtation by the season; and both differ amazingly from those solid substantial connexions which take place between ladies of or about forty, and gentlemen some fifteen or twenty years older, and which go on uninterruptedly even to the verge of the grave. There is, however, one feature common to all, and that is the absence of any very deep feeling. The mainspring of a flirtation being vanity, the moment it degenerates into passion, it changes its entire nature. The prettiest flirtations are ever carried on by people who are *blazés*, and apathetical to *ennui*. Such a pair will draw the eyes of the largest circle on themselves by the air of *empressement* on the one part, and of absorption on the other, which they assume, while the matter in discourse between them shall not exceed the polish of the gentleman's boot, or the cut and fancy of the lady's sleeve. In nine instances out of ten, the advances to a flirtation are made by the lady; and the secret charm by which she swindles a man out of his time and attentions is the patience with which she listens to his endless babble about himself. An observer of the by-play, who marked the gentleman's regards immoveably fixed on the lady's eyes, as though he would penetrate through them to her very soul, while he screens his face from the company with his hand, by way of giving assurance to the world that he has something to conceal, would hardly imagine that the interesting communication he was making related only to his horse, or his dog, the wall he leaped, or the heads of game he bagged last Wednesday. This, at least, is generally the conversation with a youngish man; if he verges more on middle-life, his discourse is of the

coulisses, or of the dress he is to wear at the approaching fancy ball. In very confirmed and well-established flirtations, we have known the lady's interest canvassed in behalf of an unacknowledged daughter; or she has been made the *confidante* of the uneasiness of the gentleman's *ménage* in Lisson Grove or Brompton. Sometimes she is told of heavy losses at play, and of the *absolute necessity* of contracting a marriage with some "stale piece of virginity who has got the siller," or some *pursy* dowager of a deceased nabob, in which the lady is expected to assist. A flirtation is occasionally a mere affair of politics. A lady is let loose at some half-witted vote who is to be converted, as a hawk is flown at a pigeon; or a minister is held in the chains of a "diplomatic woman," in order that he may trust her with his secret, or be directed by her in his policy.*

But whatever may be the nature of a flirtation, it is, while it lasts, a most engrossing piece of business; and when it has settled into a habit, the man is a slave for life. A passion may have its ebbs and flows; but a flirtation moves on more steadily, *lubitur et labetur*, morning, noon, and night, to the end of the chapter. Every hour has its occupation. There is the billet before breakfast, the ride before dinner, the gossip at the carriage-door at Howell and James's. There is the morning lounge to be visited, the horse to be bought, the *bouquet* to be bespoken, the diamond necklace to be fresh set, and the pattern chosen. Then at night, the opera-box, the assembly, the *crocchio ristretto* in the boudoir, or the midnight supper with the *coterie*, all take their turns, and must be attended with unflinching punctuality. The business of a flirtation being to kill time, it must leave no waking part of the twenty-four hours without its office and "limited service." From the thralldom of matrimony there are many decent means of escape. Let a wife be as *exigeante* as she may, she may be shaken off; but break up the continuity of a flirtation, and it is dissolved for ever; and then, as the Frenchman said, when asked to marry his mistress, "Where shall I pass my evenings?" In vain may a man lope, by bolting into the country, to get a temporary rest from his labours: he may as well remain where he is. Quires of closely-written note-paper must atone for the absence; and an official frank alone will cover the infinite quantity of nothings which must be daily forwarded to satisfy the vanity and the indolence of his *délaissée*.

So much, then, for the exoteric portion of our subject. As for the interior and more recondite matter which is hidden from the garish eye of day—but we must be discreet,—

"Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,
Et ce n'est pas pecher que pecher en silence."

Notwithstanding, therefore, the glitter and brilliancy we could throw upon our pages by the blanks, dashes, and asterisks, with which we could illumine this portion of the subject, we refrain. We are sorry for it, but we really cannot help ourselves.

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* A friend, who has cast an eye on the M.S., objects to this paragraph as a trap to the fair sex. He holds, that a flirtation is never thus innocent; and that its natural termination is—what we will not mention. With the young, he thinks such frivolous conversations rather marks of the heartlessness, than the prudence of the parties, while with the more advanced, they argue their corruption. This, however, is his opinion: *non meus hic sermo*.

SCENES IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

No. III.—OLD TIMES AND MODERN TIMES.*

THREE or four days passed together, had tended very much to reconcile the London fine gentleman and the old English country squire to each other; and Sir George Oldstyle began to think that the stay of Captain Morland at Carperby Hall, if it did not add much to the good Baronet's own enjoyment, seemed to enliven the whole family, and make them display many little talents and accomplishments of which he never suspected them to be possessed. Even Lady Oldstyle had been bitten by the mania for sketching which the Captain had introduced, and having entirely neglected that pursuit since her marriage, seemed to resume it again with all a convert's zeal. Paint-boxes and easels were summoned from the dust in which they had been reposing for the last twenty years; and the care-worn face of the veteran artist might daily be seen bending over a not very promising sketch of the view from her windows, her whole soul wrapped up in her painting, and her whole body in a much-smeared brown Holland pinafore. Sir George, as he came home from his daily walk, or shooting, would shrug his shoulders, ask her how she got on, and declare that "She looked for all the world like an old nun on an Ash-Wednesday," though whether he ever met the object of his comparison cannot be discovered.

As for Miss Oldstyle, encouraged by Captain Morland, who was passionately fond of music, she quite travelled out of the region of Pleyel's sonatas, and Haydn's and Handel's symphonies, in which she had been confined during all her home performances, and ventured to give, with all the effect which the mode in which they are now set for the piano-forte allows, some of the more modern operas. Sir George at first listened with uneasiness to the strange melodies that met his ear, and was half inclined to interdict them; but after he had made one unsatisfactory trial of the similarity of his guest's taste with his own, by letting him hear "The yellow-haired Laddie, with brilliant variations," (his own favourite piece,) which the Captain, however, did but "damn with faint praise," and two of Bach's most famous overtures, which did not appear to kindle a spark of enthusiasm, he gave up the point in despair. Very soon, however, when his ears got accustomed to the airs, he found that he could even reconcile himself to hear the finest bits of Rossini, Weber, or Bellini, played in the best style and spirit; and if he did not himself ask for "*Souave e bel contento*," "*Vieni fra queste braccia*," or "*Vien diletto*," it was only because, as he himself confessed, he never could recollect their *outlandish* names.

Captain Morland, too,—but let Captain Morland speak for himself, and that cannot better be done than by giving some extracts from a letter which he addressed from Carperby Hall to Lady G——, with whom he carried on a very innocent correspondence. After mentioning the motives of his visit, and the events on the first evening of his arrival, he goes on:—

"I am glad I did not write to you sooner, as I should have given you a different, and, certainly, not so true an account of the family as the

one which I now send. I thought, from what I first saw of him, that my host would turn out a regular old bear, determined always to have his own way, and that way one peculiar to himself. I *still* think, that, even supposing he *is* always right, he might show a little less contempt, and a little more tolerance for those who are wrong. They say, you know, 'la jeunesse est âpre et intolérante à la vieillesse bien plus que celle-ci ne l'est envers elle ;' whether or not this be true on a grand scale, and in the great world, it certainly is just the contrary here. I could like Sir George if he were twice as odd and singular in his ways and notions as he is ; whereas, I am sure that my great crime in his eyes is my not seeing things exactly in the same light as he does ; and, in short, not being able to change my whole self in a few days. I know you will say that, as it *is* only for a few days, I might easily, according to the good old rule, ' me parer a ses yeux de ses inclinations, donner dans ses maximes, ensenser ses défauts, et applaudir à ce qu'il fait.' Perhaps all this would be wiser, but you know I cannot do it, I must be *myself* or nothing at all ; I must be either liked as I am, or go to others who are more charitable in their judgments, and more easily pleased. With all his oddities, however, Sir George is really a very good, kind-hearted, old fellow, and we are getting better friends every day ; indeed, I am in especial favour to-day, from having arranged to go out shooting with him for the first time to-morrow.

" Of Lady Oldstyle, I need not tell you much : she seems to me to be one of those ' excellent persons when you *know* them,' those ' cold people ' who are

" Beyond all price,

When once you've conquered their confounded ice,"

those domestic ladies whose sphere is home, and whose happiness is by their own fireside. She belongs, in short, to a class quite above my ken, but not, as you see, beyond my admiration. She used, at first, to open her eyes in mute astonishment as I conversed with Miss Oldstyle on ordinary topics of the day, which one hears constantly discussed with young ladies, but which, it seems, in this old-fashioned place, are supposed to be quite beyond the comprehension of a girl of seventeen. She is now, however, entirely engrossed by her painting, in the pursuit of which she shows more enthusiasm than I could have supposed her capable of ; and though she is working at it in the same room, leaves me to what is as good as a *tête-à-tête* with the fair Fanny.

" Having mentioned that young lady's name, I cannot any longer put off the pleasure of describing her to you ; and when I have done so, it will be unnecessary for me to add that all my conversations with her, even those that have most astonished the good mother, have been of the most harmless nature, merely her opinions on such subjects as her quickness of mind and purity of heart would appear most likely to have induced and enabled her to think. Of her personal appearance I will not say much, as *I* am not in love with her, nor *you* likely to see her—a long description therefore would be a pleasure to neither of us. I need only say that she is a *fair* beauty, with quite enough of good looks to make any one find out her other good qualities. Her quiet, simple dignity of manner—her *voir argentée*,

" Soft, gentle, and low ;
An excellent thing in woman"—

and the natural way in which she shows whether she approves, or is really interested in what one is saying, make a conversation with her the most delightful thing in the world. With *her*, a smile of approval and a look of attention are not mere matters of course, nor to be extracted by observations which even he who makes them knows to be utterly unworthy of either. In consequence of all this, and in order to have a little more of the *new* sort of pleasure I am enjoying in this house, I have determined to extend my stay for a few days longer. You will, of course, on hearing this, jump at the conclusion that I am already in love with Miss Oldstyle: you would, however, take a much greater jump than I have as yet done. No, no; in the first place, and that is the most important point, I doubt very much whether she could like me: I am sure she could not and ought not to like me as I am now. In the second place, being the only child, she will be a great fortune, and though I have determined to push my way into wealth and consideration, it shall not be by means of a rich wife. This, at least, I feel most sincerely, now that I am not in love; whether I could have strength of mind enough to keep to it if I were, I know not; better therefore flee the temptation before I give way to it, as others would then judge of me as I should *now* judge of myself.

"I have not said *anything*, and will not say *much* to you, of the little Fanny's religious feelings. You know that we have always agreed in not entertaining any great partiality for your *serious* fashionables in London, who introduce their favourite subject of conversation by the head and shoulders, amid the most incongruous topics, and who 'contrive a double debt to pay,' 'toujours en règle avec l'église, et avec le monde.' Fanny is not one of these; but after silently observing her through the whole of yesterday (Sunday), in which I accompanied the family party (as I found it was thought a matter of course that I intended to do so) to both churches, I was quite charmed at the unaffected pleasure with which she seemed to *enjoy* the whole day. I do sincerely believe that *that* one day has been from her youth upwards (and long may it so continue) to her the happiest day of the week; and that if she is prevented by the weather, or any unforeseen occurrence, from getting to her humble little church, she is as much disappointed as many a débutante I know, when her vouchers for Almack's are refused."

The above extract from Captain Morland's letter has been given, because it affords a pretty accurate idea of the relative position and feelings towards each other, of the different inmates of Carperby Hall. If it does not exhibit the exact state of his mind as regarded Fanny, it at least tells all that he was inclined to confess to one of his most intimate friends, nay, perhaps, as much as he had ascertained himself.

The morning had now arrived which was fixed on for Morland's first shooting expedition with Sir George. As he could not quite reconcile himself to losing the sight of Fanny at the breakfast table on one of the few mornings that now remained to him, he had particularly requested Sir George that they should not start till after the usual breakfast hour, observing that, "Now that the birds were wild, if they were disturbed at their feeding while the dew was on the ground, they would not get at them all day." Sir George, who was in high good-humour at the Captain's accompanying him, readily agreed, saying, "Anything to please you, my young friend, even to pursuing country sports at London hours."

As they finished breakfast, Morland almost regretted his agreement to go shooting, on hearing Miss Oldstyle arranging a sketching expedition, in order to make the most of what promised to be a beautiful day. It was while he was sitting silent, and not in the best of humours, that the Baronet tapped him on the shoulder, saying,

"Come, my young sportsman, the dew is off the ground now, suppose you go and equip yourself for the field."

"I'm quite ready, Sir George, I have nothing to do but to get my gun."

"What, are you going out as you are? I thought you were smarter than usual this morning, but I had no idea you were dressed for shooting."

"Why, to tell you the truth," Morland answered, "I only adopt these boots and trowsers because I think they answer the purpose of protection quite as well, and are not such an encumbrance as the gaiters which you think so necessary; and as to being smart, if I were less so I should not think myself fit to appear at a lady's breakfast table."

"Well, well, Morland, I was not attacking you, therefore you need not defend yourself."

"I did not suppose you were, and therefore was not defending myself."

Morland had certainly got the best of the little war of words; but it was one of those victories of which one is heartily ashamed the minute one has gained them; and it was only, perhaps, an additional proof of his interest in Fanny, that he should have been so touchy about being quizzed before her. The ladies had now left the room, and the gentlemen were preparing to set out, when a servant entered:—

"If you please, Sir George, there is Widow Warren would be very glad to be allowed to see you in your justice-room about Nanny Porrit, who, she says, has been calling her all the names—"

"There you see, Morland," said the poor Baronet, with a look of despair, "you see the consequence of waiting till the dew is off the ground. However, (with a more resigned expression,) one's time belongs to one's country; and we must do our duty at any sacrifice." So saying, the martyr to his country's cause, already equipped in full sporting costume, retired to give an audience to Widow Warren.

Morland betook himself to the library to await Sir George's release: here he found the ladies, Lady Oldstyle already occupied with her painting, and her daughter reading, or rather turning over the leaves of a somewhat formidable looking volume. Morland, in order not to appear unoccupied, opened the first book on which he happened to lay his hands, an odd volume of Goldoni's plays. He had not got far when Miss Oldstyle addressed him.

"If I do not interrupt you, Captain Morland, I want to ask you to recommend me a book to read, it is so difficult to hear of one in this place."

"That I will do with great pleasure if you will promise not to think yourself bound to read it."

"That is a very odd bargain to make: why do you say that?"

"Because I must recommend you something which will do credit to my learning and taste, and which will show my high opinion of yours,

and then, perhaps, after all, it may be a very dull book, or at least you may think so."

"Oh, no, I am sure I shall like anything that you *really* recommend; but if I do not, I will certainly take advantage of my promise not to go on with it."

"Well then," said Morland, "on those terms I will think of something; but let me ask you what book you have there which does not seem to interest you much?"

"Oh, no, that it certainly does not. It is a book Dr. Dawkins recommended to me, and is called 'Who wrote Eikon Basilike?' which is a question I certainly have not the least wish to solve."

"Why then do you go on *wading* through it?"

"Oh, because as I asked him to recommend me something, I should not like to tell him I had not read it."

"There, you see, it is as I said; but why cannot you say you have read it, and been much amused?"

"No, no," said she, laughing, "I could not do that."

"Why, you do not mean to say that you set your face against what are called white lies, which make up the civil speeches of society?"

"No, of course not. I do not object to mere speeches which are not meant to deceive any body; but, merely to save myself a little trouble, I cannot tell him that I have read what I have not read, and like what I don't like,—I am sure, with all your powers of argument, you could not argue that *that* would be right!"

"Why, did you never hear the story of the man who was going to descend into a coalpit for the sake of being able to say he had done so, and was asked—Why cannot you *say so now*?"

"Yes, as that is a north country story, I do happen to have heard it, but I always thought the questioner showed a great want of principle."

"Surely, Miss Oldstyle, you do not test a *bon môt* by the strict rules of morality?"

"No, I am not quite so foolish as that; and it is hardly fair of you to suspect me. It was only when you tried to make an argument or an authority of your good story that I objected to its sound morality. But I dare say you think me very old-fashioned in my notions."

"Not at all, my dear Miss Oldstyle; I have only felt what I hope I shall always feel, the impossibility of arguing against my own conviction. I agree with you perfectly. Nay, I even go beyond that, and say that if I discovered that any lady whom I looked up to and admired, showed an habitual disregard of truth in trifles, my admiration and respect for her would very soon vanish, though my pleasure in her society, and my partiality for her other good qualities, might remain the same."

"I observe, Captain Morland," said Fanny, "that you speak merely of ladies; do you not think that gentlemen are to be bound by as strict rules; should you be as scrupulous yourself in saying anything that could deceive?"

"Whether I should, or should not," said Captain Morland, avoiding her question, "I consider that Women ought always, in everything, to be better than Men."

"I am afraid that we have no reason to suppose they are so," said Fanny, smiling; and she added, more seriously, "why should we expect one class of human beings to be better than another?"

"Why, my dear Miss Oldstyle, one would think you had been studying Italian in the book I found on your table, and which I opened at the following passage:—'*Le donne sono di carne como siamo noi e, da loro non bisogna sperare più di quello che siamo noi capace di fare.*' Think of a man, and that man an Italian, talking of women being flesh and blood like ourselves, and incapable of better things than us! Not better than us!" he continued, with increasing warmth; "why then do any but fools, or poets, or lovers, call them angels? Angels, because they have pretty faces—or graceful figures—or sweet voices? Nonsense; no, if they are angels, it is because they have holier and purer spirits than us; because"——

At this moment Sir George opened the door, and with a "Well, Morland, I have got rid of Widow Warren," cut short his rhapsody. And time it was that he did so, for Lady Oldstyle had already been attracted from her painting by what she considered his very curious style of conversation, and was exclaiming to her daughter, "A very extraordinary young man that; he seems almost mad, my dear," while the extraordinary young man was discussing with great gravity, and in the most matter-of-fact manner, with Sir George the probability of finding partridges in turnips, or on the stubble.

"Where shall we meet the beaters?" said Morland, who was used to the Norfolk shooting.

"Oh," said Sir George, "the birds won't require them much. No, no, I have told the keeper to meet us with one trusty pointer, Old Ponto, and if the partridges should lie close, I'll back him for finding them: and what is more important at this part of the season, he'll not put up any that are disposed to give us a chance."

Sir George was soon quite delighted with his young friend's performance, as he saw him bring down a bird with each barrel, from the first covey they found. He exclaimed in triumph, "Well, I must confess, the shooting is among the few things that are improved in modern times; I go on with my old flint and steel, because I fancy I can judge my distances better with what I am used to, though I often employ the time that occurs between pulling my trigger and my gun going off in cursing my own obstinacy."

As for Captain Morland, it was just the sort of shooting that he liked best. The game was as plentiful as he had ever found it in Norfolk; and when he compared the pacing across and across one large turnip field after another in a flat uninteresting country, with the endless variety he was now enjoying, he could not doubt a moment which to prefer. If he had been a mere slaughterer of partridges, perhaps he might have decided differently. To him, however, the mixture of hill and dale, of field and wood, now at the moor edges, treading the springy heather, now at an abrupt cover-side, now by some winny brake, and always in the enjoyment of the most romantic and ever-varying prospects,—all this would have been ample compensation, even if the game had been less abundant.

It was one of those hot days which a "Michaelmas summer" so often affords in these northern latitudes; and towards the afternoon Sir George suddenly turned down a grassy path, leading into one of the narrowest and most abrupt of the wooded valleys which they had been skirting during their sport.

"Now, Morland," said Sir George, "we will see whether you are as good a hand at emptying the bag as at filling it. Bring out the luncheon."

In a few minutes they were seated under the shade of a tree, whose leaves were still as green as in the height of summer, and by the side of a clear rushing stream which had for the last two hours been employing its cooling energies on a bottle of Carperby ale, which had been inserted in it for that purpose. Morland, as he contemplated the whole scene, the waving banks of wood, with the tints of the foliage only slightly changed in the more exposed parts, the winding and rocky stream, the distant blue mountains, and, in the foreground, the picturesque group of keepers, dogs, and shooting pony, felt, in his double capacity of artist and sportsman, that this was the very poetry of shooting.

Luncheon over, they crossed to the other side of the dale. As they came into the second field, Sir George, pointing to a farmer who was overlooking the loading of a cart of turnips, exclaimed, "I declare, there's old John Dale, I must make you acquainted with John Dale."

"And pray who is John Dale?" inquired Morland.

"Oh, he's a landed proprietor like myself; one of the small freeholders here: the land on which we are now shooting belongs to him. He is one of the few still left of the good English yeomen of the olden time."

The further discussion of his character was cut short by the approach of old John Dale himself, who, as soon as he spied the party, hastily made up to them. He was tall and upright, though apparently nearer seventy than sixty; in dress, very little above the appearance of a labourer, and with a countenance in which might be traced a mingled expression of good humour, simplicity, and shrewdness.

He advanced straight to Sir George, and held out to him the horny palm of a very capacious hand, which Sir George shook very heartily, with a "Well, John, how are you?"

"Oh, quite nicely, thank you, Sir George. Ise secr Ise glad to see you on my groound again. I was most afraid you wern't coming t'year."

All the time he was speaking, he was casting inquiring glances at Morland, the result of which appeared in the following exclamation:—

"Why, that'll be t'Captain surely," followed by another offer of his hand, which Morland good-humouredly shook.

"Why, we've all heard tell of you, Captain, hereabout; but I never coonted on seeing you with t'gun in your hand. I fancied you were more for tacking t'likeness o't'country, or talking to t'young lady, than for any matters of sporting."

Morland turned rather red at this accusation. The Baronet, however, came to his aid, saying, "Well, John, if you have left us any game on your farm, you will soon see that the Captain can handle his gun as well as any man." And in effect, a bird just then got up,—rather a wild shot,—Morland immediately fired, and with his usual success.

"Well, you've settled him *whoever*," said old John, "*you've shot him to all contents and porpoises*," his favourite expression at any particularly good shot. We will not, however, give any more of his wild North-Riding dialect, except to mention one little speech which had

some influence on the fortunes of two of the characters introduced in this sketch.

Sir George and his young friend had, at old John's particular request, gone "to sit down" a minute in his farm-house. As they were leaving, Morland, who was some little distance behind Sir George, heard a speech of John Dale's, which was only meant for his wife's ear. "Well, he's a fairish sort of a chap, and I can't say but Miss Oldstyle might do worse; but after all, such an estate as Carperby"——

Morland heard no more; but even that set him a musing, and during the rest of their way home, Sir George found him rather a silent companion. As, however, they were passing through a small wood near the house, he remarked to the old gentleman, that it wanted thinning.

"Thinning!" cried Sir George; "no, no, I shan't let an axe in to the woods. I'll have no hacking there. Fanny's husband shan't have to complain of finding stumps instead of trees."

In the mood in which Morland was, it was easy for him to fancy that more was intended by this speech than met the ear, nay, that it was addressed to him in a tone of meaning. The most insignificant events often lead to the most important decisions. And so it was now that the foolish speech of the old farmer, and the careless and unmeaning expressions of his host, determined him on hastening the day of his departure. Could it be that all the farmers of the place were already ascribing to him interested motives; nay, perhaps, that Sir George himself had already formed an opinion (whether favourable or unfavourable, he knew not) on his claims, and all this before he, who was most concerned, had made up his mind, still less had reason to suppose that the young lady cared about him?

They were now nearly arrived at the day which he had originally announced as the term of his stay among them: he determined to keep to it, though, as nothing had lately been said on the subject, he was aware that a fresh announcement to that effect would be necessary. Nor was an opportunity long wanting. Sir George, pursuing the subject which had last been mentioned, said,

"When you try our pheasant shooting, Morland, you will see the advantage of these covers which you talk of thinning."

"My dear Sir George, I fear I shall not see your pheasant shooting; you know I mentioned to you that the 30th must be the day of my departure, so that I shall just miss it."

"The 30th, my dear Morland!" said Sir George, in a tone of consternation; "why, that is the day after to-morrow!"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Well, I'm sure you can't be going to leave us so soon as that."

"Why, the fact is, Sir George, I have already trespassed so long on your hospitality, that"——

"Oh, if you begin to make fine speeches, I'm afraid you really are going," said the good old Baronet, who had his own opinion, without knowing where he got it, of the friendship that "useth an enforced ceremony." He, however, added, more kindly, "It really comes quite as a surprise on me, and you'll break the ladies' hearts; Lady Oldstyle may as well burn her easel at once; and poor little Fanny must brush up all the old cramped sonatas, which you have made her quite forget, and almost taught me to despise."

"I am sure you'll believe me, Sir George, when I say I am very, very sorry to go; but I fear I cannot arrange it otherwise."

"Well, if it must be so, it must," said his host, as they reached the house; "and I must announce it to the ladies, but they will think it terrible bad news."

Poor Fanny had been meditating much in the course of the morning on the conversation that had taken place with Captain Morland in the library. His animated tones and manner, and her good mother's animated comments on it after he had left the room, had given it more importance than it might otherwise have possessed in her eyes. His absence, too, all the morning, had been very much in his favour, as she was constantly missing the additional charm he had added to all her occupations. His gay spirits, his cultivated mind, his clear judgment, and polished manners, made him so different from anything she was in the habit of meeting at home, that a new character of enjoyment seemed to be added to her everyday life, while she wondered that she had ever been able to get on so happily and so contentedly without it. She had settled plans in her mind for the next few days;—celebrated cascades to be visited; passages in books which she wished him to read to her; and questions which she was anxious to discuss with him. In her mother's little room, which was now lighted merely by the flickering fire-light, was poor Fanny seated in a corner, engaged in such thoughts as the above, *mille dorate chimere* occupying her mind, when Sir George entered in his shooting dress, and communicated his intelligence to the ladies. Lucky it was for poor Fanny that there was only the fire-light, and her position a corner to which that light did not penetrate. Lady Oldstyle was loud in the expression of her regrets: Fanny was quite silent.

"And what does my little Fanny say?" inquired Sir George, from the arm-chair, into which he had thrown himself.

Fanny was still silent.

"I think she must be asleep," said the good mother; "we have been sitting here in the dark some time without talking."

"Well, I must go and dress," said Sir George, leaving the room; whether it was from suspecting the real state of the case cannot be ascertained. Hardly had the door closed upon him, when a long deep sob, which seemed to have been suppressed to the latest possible moment, was heard to issue from the *dark corner* of the room.

"Fanny, my dear Fanny, what is the matter?" exclaimed Lady Oldstyle.

"Only, my dear Mamma, that I am such a mere child, that I cannot see all that has been so delightful, ending so suddenly without weeping; but I am quite ashamed of myself."

"It certainly is very childish, my dear," said the matter-of-fact Lady Oldstyle; "but now go and dress, and mind you wash those red eyes."

Morland, who had quite fallen into the punctual habits of the house, was the first to make his appearance in the drawing-room before dinner. He was standing by the fire, and secretly almost reproaching himself for having been so precipitate in his decision, when the door was opened, and Fanny entered. Not to have spoken to him about what had just

been communicated to her by her father, would have appeared like affectation of indifference ; she therefore said, in a tolerably calm tone of voice,

"Is it true, Captain Morland, as Papa has told us, that you are going to leave us so soon as the day after to-morrow?"

"I am afraid it is," he answered ; "and am therefore more than ever anxious that nothing should occur to prevent our sketching expedition to-morrow. I hope you and Lady Oldstyle will keep to your engagement ; I should be so sorry to be disappointed of that, and on my last day too."

"Is it really necessary," said she, "that it should be your last day ? Are you obliged to go on the 30th?"

"Why, yes," he answered, in the tone of composure which the habits of society enable a man to assume when he is in reality most disturbed, "I have some visits to pay, and engagements to fulfil, before I go home."

The tenor of this speech, and the tone in which it was uttered, instantly restored her to temporary composure ; and she answered, "If that is the case, we cannot have a word more to say, for there would be no hospitality in trying to persuade you to break your other engagements."

Just then the rest of the party joined them, and dinner was soon announced, so that nothing more passed on the subject.

The evening was, upon the whole, very unsatisfactory. All were more or less under the mixed feelings to which any sudden event which has the effect of changing in a moment one's plans and intentions, is sure to give rise. Morland was much constrained ; and poor Fanny, notwithstanding all her resolutions to the contrary, but too often found her eyes wandering towards his countenance, as if to read there the secret of his apparent inconsistency. Lady Oldstyle made the, to her, unusual exertion of venturing a few observations on sketching in general, and on their grand expedition which had been so long fixed for the next day. The former were allowed to drop unnoticed ; the latter only produced from Morland the most vehement expression of his hope, "that they should have a fine day for it, notwithstanding the very threatening sunset."

Sir George attempted an attack or two on Morland, for "being quite knocked up with his day's shooting ;" but as the latter only smiled languidly, without making the least attempt to defend himself, the poor Baronet was obliged to give it up, from mere want of contradiction. Under these circumstances, it will not be surprising that, as if by common consent, one of the two remaining evenings to be passed together was curtailed by an early move of the whole party to their respective chambers.

"L'homme dont le destin se sert pour éveiller l'amour au cœur d'une jeune fille ignore souvent son œuvre, et le laisse inachevée." So says one who is no mean authority in these matters ; and such seemed to be the case at this moment at Carperby Hall. If the heart of the gentle Fanny was not as yet entirely given to Morland, she certainly felt towards him very differently, and yet hardly less strongly than she did towards those who had been the objects of her love from her earliest childhood. And yet he was going away with regret, certainly, nay,

almost wishing to recall his resolution, yet still leaving that unaccomplished which might have secured his happiness for the rest of his life.

It was not ignorance of the real state of the case, for he could not mistake the expression of her eyes, as he caught them more than once, in the course of the evening, fixed upon his countenance; still less was it heartlessness or insensibility to her merits. Whatever was the real cause, suffice it to say that, though he might have put off the day of his departure,—for it was not yet too late, there was nothing to prevent him,—still the result of his meditations, after a sleepless night, was, that unless the ensuing day's expedition should produce anything to alter him, he would set off on the 30th.

Fortune, however, did not seem inclined to favour him: the day opened with heavy clouds, which soon came down in rain: and the weather became so bad, as not only to put an end to all thoughts of their sketching party, but even to prevent Sir George from getting out of doors. The consequence was, that he thought himself on his last day bound to devote himself entirely to his guest, and the greater part of it was (as Morland and Fanny most sincerely thought) *wasted* in billiards. When not so engaged, Sir George was always in the room, and generally occupied, with the assistance of a modern "Paterson," and an old "Cary," in chalking out the best route for his young friend's journey the next day. As the good Baronet found himself somewhat puzzled by the leaps which those excellent compilers of roadbooks oblige the fireside traveller to make from page to page, he managed, by dint of recommencing his calculation of distances on each of these occasions, to make this friendly labour occupy the greater part of the afternoon. The constant attention of poor Morland was secured by such exclamations as, "Just come here, Morland, what does this mean?" or, "Just help me here to get from Garstang to Preston: you see I'm doing it all for you."

This day therefore wore away, like the night before, without any further explanation of their mutual feeling: and if the evening was not passed under the same constraint as the last, the change in that respect could hardly be considered a gain to the cause of true love. Their efforts through the day to control their feelings had so far succeeded, that even Fanny found herself talking with more calmness than she could have expected, of the party that was likely to be assembled at Preston Castle, where Morland's first visit was to be paid.

The next morning, however, at their early breakfast before his departure, the hurried manner, the assumed lightness of tone, exchanged at intervals for one of deep sadness, showed that they were both aware that they were in a few minutes to part for an indefinite time. Morland had indeed promised to renew his visit next year, and both looked forward with confidence to meeting in the London season. But in either, or both of these expectations, they might be disappointed; and what a number of events might happen in the meantime. Even when Morland went round to bid them goodbye, his parting from Fanny was undistinguished from all the rest, except, perhaps, by a warmer pressure of the hand, and a more hearty "God bless you." In another minute he was in his carriage; and as it drove from the door where Sir George was standing, the good old man, who had that delicacy of mind which

is better than delicacy of manners, and who had appeared to notice nothing of what passed between the young people, exclaimed to himself, "Ah! it could not have ended so in the good old times, when I was a young man! The son of my old friend, too!"

When he returned to the breakfast-room, he found the chair which Fanny had been occupying vacant. He made no inquiries about her, but seated himself by Lady Oldstyle, who was already fully occupied in finishing her breakfast.

Before we bid farewell for some time to the party thus broken up, let us give a word on the situation of each member of it at the time we leave them.

Sir George, though he missed the excitement which even the difference in their ways of thinking and acting had afforded him during Morland's stay, was in some degree consoled by the delights of pleasant shooting, which happened to commence the very next day.

Lady Oldstyle persevered for a few days after his departure in her out-of-doors sketching, and in-doors painting; but finding that it required a whole day's hard labour to bring up the arrears of dairy accounts, of weekly bills, and of soup tickets, which had, in consequence, accumulated, she, with a sigh, consigned her paints and easel to the store-room from which they had been rescued.

Captain Morland himself might be seen on the evening of his departure discussing the different topics of the day in the midst of a very gay and fashionable party assembled at Preston Castle. Still, the remark of Lady Harriet Barton, after he had been there two or three days, that "Captain Morland was grown rather absent, certainly not altogether himself," may serve to show that, amid the gaudy tulips and delicate hot-house flowers that bloomed at Preston Castle, he could not banish from his remembrance the lily of Wensley-dale.

And what shall we say of Fanny,—poor Fanny, who had no such distractions to divert her thoughts from dwelling on the last fortnight,—a fortnight that formed a new epoch in her life? In vain she tried to return to her old habits. She could think but of the occupations of the last few days; she referred back to the striking passages in books which he had read aloud to them; she played over again the music to which he had directed her attention; she read, and re-read the book, which at her request he had recommended to her; and recalled to her mind their different conversations together. All this she could do, and derive a sort of painful consolation from it; but when she tried to find enjoyment in the simple pleasures which had been her delight but one short, short fortnight previously, she found that her feelings had in that period undergone a change (which with some occurs later, with some earlier,) from those of the child to those of the woman, and that all things wore a new aspect. To the future she might possibly look for happiness, though at this moment she hardly dared to do so; but the joys of *old times* were past.

THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER;

A RHINE SKETCH.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYE-WAYS."

It is a pleasant arrangement among the peasantry of all countries, that the "daily bread" for which the fathers work so hard is brought to them by one of their children. This may appear a small matter; but time and circumstances often give great importance to small matters. The precision with which the German labourers rest from their toil at ten o'clock in the morning would of itself make one attach an exclusive value to that chosen hour. The thought that so many thousands of rural workmen are at that given moment reposing on the broad lap of nature, picturesquely served by their sons or daughters, and taking their simple refreshment with wholesome appetites and thankful hearts, is a pleasant thought. It puts one in good humour with human nature. It is pleasanter still to look closely on some group in your field or your garden so employed, and the preparatory hand-washing in the nearest fountain or stream might prepare you to expect a ceremony more elaborate than that of sitting down to eat a section of dry brown bread—poetically called *black*—for the national motto of Germany, *Schwarz-brod und Freiheit*, is as much an exaggeration of fancy with regard to the food as to the freedom.

This is the *morgen-brod* of Germany; and the *abend-brod* is an *entremêt* for four o'clock—a connecting link between dinner and supper. Now, happy is the man whose wife can afford to send him a jug of coffee at these middle meals; and happy was Johan Reisacher. Not that he had a wife at the time I knew him, but just a maiden sister who made his bed, his soup, and his coffee, with due attention and regularity. He *had*, however, a daughter—the child of his old age, the consolation of the widower, his every-day companion out of school-hours, the knitter and mender of his stockings, and the Hebe of his *abend-brod*.

Susannah Reisacher was one of those hardy, straight-forward, strong-built, and sober-minded children that we meet with now and then; and at the first glance we assure ourselves that, be their condition what it may, they will inevitably make the best of it, and thrive progressively through life, without any other distinction than that of always doing their duty. Susannah fully bore out the promise of her countenance. She was one of the most diligent and orderly scholars of Sasbach school, the most attentive to the duties of household affairs, and steady beyond comparison in those she owed to her old father and her elderly aunt. She was twelve years old when she first attracted my notice; and her father had been ferryman of Sasbach, in the district or parish of Breisach, for more than double that number of years. And it must be confessed that old Reisacher had the appearance of one who had been blown about by the east winds of life. He looked more worn than his threadbare gray jacket, and yet there was an air of precaution and economy about him that promised an unusual length of days both to himself and to his wardrobe. He was the oracle of his village, and a remarkable man in his way. He could ascertain when a dog or a cow had been

looked at by an evil eye; and, if invoked, would counteract this spell, by burning certain withered leaves at midnight, in presence of the afflicted quadruped. He could, moreover, stop the gaping mouths of insignificant wounds by the mysterious utterance of two or three sentences (which no one ever heard); and these (when assisted by cobwebs or certain chewed leaves) had been known to produce miraculous results.

But I must not trust myself with the precise detail of his many superfluous accomplishments. Let those already mentioned suffice; and let him stand out in my picture as a part and parcel of a group in which he does not form the principal figure—an adjunct of that deep-rolling river on which my scene is laid, in which he enthusiastically gloried, from a conviction that he somehow (he knew not *how*) belonged to it or it to him. He often used to say, as he looked on it in its angry moods, that it was “*gästlich schön*,” which is, being interpreted, “horribly beautiful;” and such it certainly was on the day that forms the epoch of my *sketch*.

It was within a few minutes, more or less, just four o'clock, on the 15th of September, 1831, when I resolved to cross by the Sasbach ferry, and resume my evening walk on the other side of the river; for the mid-day meal had been long over, and, like all eaten bread, soon forgotten. But, on approaching the well-known boat, I paused to observe the innocent appropriation of the hour, on the part of my old acquaintance and his young attendant. There stood Susannah in the middle of the boat—her feet and legs unconscious of shoes and stockings; and there sat old Johan, at one end of it, indulging in all the garrulous greetings common to the proprietors of wrinkles and gray hairs. The coffee-jug, which he at times applied to his lips, seemed to liquidize his imagination; and, from his smiles and gestures, I could fancy him in a diluted state of feeling, altogether amiable. The *schwarz-brod* remained beside him for graver discussion. But just at this moment I was unfortunately perceived, and the meal came to an untimely end.

With all the ready bustle of one who wisely and habitually considers his business as of more importance than his ease, friend Reisacher rose from his seat, laid his hand on the oar, declared himself ready, with his usual obstinate activity; and, on my stepping into the boat, he proceeded to make his angular transit, first against the current, and then with it, with geometrical precision; and in five minutes we were at the opposite side of the river, which moved on in a sullen swell reflecting the dark and heavy autumn clouds that rolled slowly above. During those five minutes I had proceeded in tempting the venerable *connoisseur* to accompany me to a village not quite half a league from the ferry, for the purpose of looking at a wood-ranger's horse, which, making liberal allowance for the errors of its education and its potato diet, was very much the sort of animal that I had a mind to purchase.

To ask the opinion of Johan Reisacher on such a matter was to bind him to you for ever. But I scarcely know what unlucky prophecy, or abortive imprecation might have followed the rejection of his advice if once solicited. There was a self-opinionated stubbornness about him, that never forgave a slight offered to his judgment. But I am again

dipping into his character, when it is his daughter's conduct I want to describe.

"Susannah, child," said the old man, "keep the boat here, and wait for me, I shall be back in *three little half-hours*. Let no one persuade you to cross, for the wind is rising, and the current is very strong; and the weather seems upon the change: I feel that we shall have a squally evening. But I shall be with you in time to take you home, and excuse you from your good aunt Lena's scolding for staying out so long." And so saying, he drew up, coiled the rope round a tree hard by, and away we went, the weather-seer carefully avoiding to look up at the sky (which could have told any fool that bad weather was coming) lest his atmospheric sagacity might appear less profound than he meant me to believe it.

Susannah took out her blue worsted stocking, and multiplied its parallelograms, comfortably indifferent to the cold gusts that swept across the valley.

But after a time, the heavy cloud which old Reisacher preferred not seeing, and the chilling wind which his daughter seemed determined not to feel, began to burst and hiss; and a sudden stop was put to one of my companion's vainglorious panegyrics on his own infallibility of judgment in matters of horse-flesh, by a loud crash of thunder.

"There will be a storm," said I.

"Aye, indeed there will; but I scarcely thought it would be so bad as what is coming," replied Johan, thoughtfully, and staring full in the face of the lowering sky. "Yet the child need not get wet for all that, unless she likes it; for is not there the old tarpaulin and the oars, whereof she may make a covering?"

I saw clearly that old Reisacher was appealing to himself, rather than to me, so I waited until his inclination prompted him to step out faster on our way to the wood-ranger's house, which we at last reached, as nearly wet through as it was possible to be. The wood-ranger was at home, but the horse was not; and the storm increased, and so, at last, did the father's anxiety about his only child.

"I must go back," said he, gazing from the eminence we stood on, back towards the Rhine; "Susannah will be frightened. Pray look at the river, Sir, I never saw it more furious, and never so suddenly aroused. It is *gästlich schön*! Isn't it?"

"It is a fine sight to look at from this safe distance," said I; "but it has few charms for the poor fellows in that boat, that is tossed about so roughly."

"'Tis true for you, Sir; I doubt if it be not in great danger," observed Johan, eyeing keenly the wave-buffed little craft to which I called his attention. It was heavily laden with a large freight of firewood, so heavily, that, even in the smoothest weather, the gunwale would have touched the water's edge. It was in the middle of the river, endeavouring to force its way up against the stream, by the aid of a square and tattered-looking sail, but every effort of the men who managed it was baffled by the extreme violence of the waves, which we could plainly see washing clear over it from stem to stern.

"I'll just wish you good evening, Sir, and hurry on to the ferry: and I hope the boat may have succeeded in passing it before I arrive, for

that ledge of rock just above the station is hard to steer past in such a dreadful squall," said my companion, with benevolent anxiety. But I was not disposed to part with him thus. The danger to which the unhappy boatmen were exposed, was attraction sufficient to lead me closer to the scene; and old Johan and I proceeded rapidly together on our way back, hurried silently forward by the force of mere excitement, and never losing sight of the struggling vessel, which, though it made scarcely any way, was nevertheless gaining on us, as we approached the ferry in a now nearly parallel line with the river.

Every moment that led us nearer, showed us the increasing peril of the frail craft; and I thought I could distinguish at times a despairing cry for aid from the two men who were imperfectly managing her, and whose gestures, as she was heavily tossed to and fro by the angry swell, spoke a plain story of terrified helplessness. A hollow in the road made us lose sight of her for a few minutes; and as we ascended again, in breathless impatience, we caught a new view, which confirmed our worst forebodings. The boat, either from the rudder being unshipped, or the man at the helm being washed down by a wave, had turned completely round, and was swept across to almost the other side of the river, by the strong side wind, and the violent eddy. Every wave threatened to swamp it altogether; and it was drifting fast into the ledge of rocks alluded to by Reisacher, and over which there was now a foam of breakers scarcely to be believed by any one who has not seen the Rhine in one of its angriest moods. We were now within a few hundred yards of the ferry.

The cries for help were less frequent, for there was to all appearance no help at hand. Four or five peasants, men and women, stood at different points on the banks, throwing up their hands, and screaming unavailing advice or consolation to the poor boatmen; and now and then the dismal echo of their shouts was felt rather than heard, as I and my old companion ran along the slippery road.

In a few minutes more the boat drifted into an eddy most particularly dreaded by the old ferryman.

"It's all over with her now; and there she goes, sure enough!" exclaimed Reisacher, as a powerful wave caught the boat under the side, and turned it keel upwards.

"They must be lost before we can reach the river," added he, catching at the railing by the roadside, overcome by agitation and exertion, while I stopped to recover my breath, and stared down into the river from the precipitate bank. The rain now swept in sheets up the stream, and almost hid every object upon it; but I fancied I distinguished, like a phantom boat in the mist, old Johan's little skiff, striving to plunge through the waves, and rocked like a cradle by the opposing influence of wind and tide.

"No, it cannot be! Yet—yes, it is, it is Susannah striving to steer towards the wreck!" exclaimed I, involuntarily. The old man's eyes, dim from age, but their vision quickened by affection, were fixed, like mine, in straining scrutiny; and when his gaze was sure of its object, he cried out in a tone of bitterest anguish—

"Oh, my child! my Susannah! It is her—it is the boat. She will perish. Oh, save her! save her! *Herr Gott!*" And with incredible

speed he darted away from our resting-place. I soon overtook him, and supported him on my arm, as he tottered, panting and exhausted, to the tree against which his little skiff had been erewhile coiled. We now saw it within fifty yards of us on the boiling surf, and the heroic child—her young heart buoyant with pity's life-blood—working her helm-like oar with all her strength, and looking pale and stern at the rain and the waves, which drenched her through and through,—at the furious wind, which had loosened her long hair, and sent it streaming around her,—and at the broad lightning, which gave, at intervals, a supernatural hue to her whole person. She was, in a minute or two more, in the power of the formidable current, in which the half-drowned men now clung to their capsized boat, and she was in nearly as much danger as they were. It was a moment of actual distraction for her father, and of indescribable awe to me. I never shall forget the sensation of that fearful interval of suspense.

The gray-headed old man now gasped convulsively; and, wildly stretching forth his arms, he flung himself on the earth, as if to shut out the scene of almost inevitable death. The despairing men were, with hoarse, faint voices, hailing and cheering on the intrepid girl, and giving what anatches of instruction they could utter as to the means of approaching them. But, alas! the utmost strength of a child, fortified, as it must have been, by a powerful feeling of religious confidence and a noble courage, was insufficient for so severe a struggle; and I had the deep anguish of seeing the wreck, and the forlorn brothers who hung upon it with a fierce yet enfeebled grasp, swept by within a dozen yards of the ferry-boat.

At this moment old Reisacher started up, and he would have plunged into the merciless river, had I not forcibly held him back; but, screaming louder than the storm, his voice now reached Susannah, and it seemed at once to paralyze all her power and skill. She cast her looks by turns on the wretched objects she would have saved, and on the half-maddened parent, who seemed rushing in a frantic effort to assist her.

At this crisis, Martin Buckholz, one of the brothers, perceiving that their combined hope of safety depended entirely on the possibility of his gaining the ferry-boat—for his companion could not swim—he resolved to trust himself, inexperienced, exhausted, and encumbered as he was, to the chances of the torrent. He slipped down into the water, struck out his new-nerved arms to buffet every wave, and rolling and plunging with the fierce energy of despair, he little by little approached the skiff. Susannah regained her presence of mind, and she laboured at her oar with renewed strength and redoubled efforts. She soon met the bold swimmer: he grasped the prow—heaved himself up the side—caught the oar from his preserver's hands—and though now a considerable distance from the heavy-rolling wreck, he came up with it just as his brother was fainting from exhaustion and terror, and lifted him safely into the skiff.

And how to describe old Reisacher's delight, quick following his despair, as he saw the ferry-boat bounding triumphantly across the waves, with its miraculously-rescued freight;—the tears, the blessings, the thanksgivings—the love, the pride, the gratitude!—all fell down in

plenteous showers upon the head of his child, or rose up to Heaven in fervid but silent thought.

Susannah—calm, modest, and apparently unconscious in the midst of all our united praise and admiration—was destined to the conviction that she had done a virtuous and heroic action, without knowing, at the time, its uncommon merit.

The Grand Duke of Baden, on hearing the circumstance, was pleased to bestow a gratuity of two hundred florins on our little heroine, together with a medal, as a special mark of distinction, bearing the inscription, "She trusted in God." She was, when I last saw her, a year after the adventure, receiving the full benefit of an excellent education; for some voluntary subscriptions procured her many additional advantages; and she walked at the head of her village schoolfellows, in their daily promenades, with a step as composed, and a look as unassuming, as before the event which has given her name its local immortality.

But since the year 1831 friend Reisacher has lost his old sister, and given up the ferry. But the gratitude of Martin and George Buckholz does not allow him to want the comforts of a house in his old age; and I should not be at all surprised to hear at any day (for Susannah is now seventeen) that the gratitude of Martin, who is still unmarried, was about to give a still more permanent expression of his attachment to the younger remaining member of the female branch of the Reisacher family.

THE ORPHANS OF CASTLE MENZIES.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

MAY-DAY is come!—While yet the unwilling Spring

Checks with capricious frown the opening year,

Onward, where bleak winds have been whispering,

The punctual hours their ancient playmate bear;

But those who long have look'd for thee, stand by,

Like men who welcome back a friend bereaved,

And cannot smile, because his sadden'd eye

Doth mutely tell them how his soul is grieved:—

Even thus *we* greet thine alter'd face to-day,

Thou friend in mourning garb!—chill, melancholy May!

To thee the first and readiest smiles of Earth,

Lovely with life renew'd, were always given,—

To thee belong'd the sunshine and the mirth

Which bathed all Nature with a glow from Heaven,—

To thee the joy of Childhood's earnest heart,

His shouting song, and light elastic tread,

His brows high arch'd, and laughing lips apart,

Bright as the wreath that bound his rosy head:—

Thou wert of Innocence the holiday,

Thou garlanded and glad!—thou ever-blooming May!

Yet will I not reproach thee for thy change :
 Closed be the flower, and leafless be the tree !
 Smile not as thou wert wont ; but sad, and strange,
 And joyless, let thy tardy coming be !
 So shall I miss those infant voices less,
 Calling each other through the garden bowers,
 Meeting and parting in wild happiness,
 With steps that fell as light as blossom-showers :—
 My little Orphan'd Ones, who, far away,
 Breathe, amid cloud-capp'd hills, a yet more wintry May !

Ah, boys ! your play-ground is a desert spot,
 Revisited alone, and bathed with tears ;
 And where *ye* pass your May-day, knoweth not
 The mother who hath watch'd your dawning years.
 The task is given to a *woman's* heart,
 (Ever the hardest to a woman's sorrow,)
 Fiercely to tear the bud and tree apart,
 And give each cheerless day a cheerless morrow.—
 The sunshine of your looks hath pass'd away,
 And what to me is Spring, and what the breath of May ?

Mine is no more the joy to see ye come,
 And deem each step hath some peculiar grace !
 Yours is no more the mother's welcome home,
 Smiling at each beloved, familiar face !
 The eyes that watch ye *now*, watch but to guard,
 Sternly they keep what cruelly was won ;—
 The eyes that watch'd ye *then*, had their reward
 In the deep love of what they look'd upon.
 Oh ! I am thankful that this dreary May
 Recalls not, save by name, that brighter, happier day !

I should have felt more mock'd, if there had been
 More peace and sunshine round me,—had the grove,
 Clad in transparent leaves of tender green,
 Been full of murmur'ing sounds of Nature's love ;—
 I should have wept more bitterly beneath
 The frail laburnum trees, so faint and fair,—
 I should have sicken'd at the lilac's breath,
 Thrown by the warm sun on the silent air ;—
 But now, with stern regret I wend my way—
 I know, thee not, thou cold and unfamiliar May !

But oh ! young blossoms of life's chequer'd Spring,
 Rude is the grasp that rends ye from the bough,
 Leaving the promise other years may bring
 Coldly beneath a stranger's eye to grow !
 It was not worth the sacrifice of youth,
 The suffering and the care of years gone by,
 To learn how little kindness and truth
 Dwell in the semblance of humanity ;
 Or feel the hopelessness of life's decay,
 While mock'd with joyous names,—like *thine*, thou tardy May !

MEMOIR OF LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

(With a Portrait.)

IN a delicious little history, which is rendered more delicious by the assumption forced upon us, that it is the real history of her own childhood,* Miss Landon frankly informs us that she was "not a pretty child." Now this candour will not appear at all surprising, if we reflect that the lady, when making the confession, perfectly well knew what all the world is aware of—to wit, the change that invariably takes place between childhood and maturity, whereby the pretty become plain and the plain pretty—on the principle which fate or fortune so frequently illustrates in daily life, of "win first, lose last." It might be superfluous to warn those who knew her of her want of prettiness in childhood; but, as far as the public are concerned, it was a wise acknowledgment, for they have been indulged with very few opportunities of seeing a portrait of their poetical favourite. The truth is, she has been writing incessantly since she first began to write; and sitting for one's picture is very like sitting still and doing nothing—which by no means suits her genius and temperament.

Miss Landon is the first and greatest, if not the only example, of the achievement of an enduring and universal fame, in the character of an Initialist. All literary England was ringing with her music and her praises before her name had transpired at all. Stanzas had been inserted, and books published, ere then, without a name; and great was the renown which at that very time Sir Walter Scott was anonymously winning; but nobody had successfully initialized, until L. E. L. arose—nobody had dreamt of spelling fame in three letters that expressed no meaning at all. Yet they became known almost at once. How immediately they fixed themselves in the memory, and how deeply they took root!—even while their unnamed owner was but a mere contributor to a literary journal, without the questionable distinction of having produced a single volume of verses. It was as impossible, after a very little while, to mistake the initials L. E. L. for any other three letters in the alphabet, as to confound the name of Byron with that of Campbell, or Moore's with Wordsworth's. The *Improvisatrice* had not finished her first song, when public feeling perhaps, rather than public opinion, ushered the youthful singer into the presence of the chosen poets of the time, assured by the very truth of the emotions which her strains awakened, that the development of her fine faculty would establish the claim to a seat among the elect; and thenceforth, the magic three, the "L.S.D." of the world of matter of fact, have not been better known than the "L. E. L." of the world of poetry.

The youthful dreamers of that day, who, startled by the rapidity as well as the richness of the song, and charmed by the linked sweetness that was not merely long-drawn-out, but seemed to have no end, were

* See the lately published volume called "Traits and Trials."

half inclined to imagine that "L. E. L." might be, in some unknown tongue, the name of sylph or naiad—that the fair poet's inkstand was a lily, her ink dew, and her pen the wing-feather of a real phoenix—these youthful devotees have seen their graceful and gallant fancies dissipated one by one, and were long ago convinced, even before the first portrait appeared, that there was an actual mortal lady in the case, and that L. E. L. really meant Letitia Elizabeth Landon! But beyond that they knew very little, nor can we tell them much more. What we have heard we will relate.

The family, whose name is now identified with so much that is poetical in our literature, has a singularly green and flourishing testimonial of its age and respectability, still visible in the church of Jedstone Delamere, in Hertfordshire. There, at this day, round the tomb of one of the Landons, may be seen a growth of hazels—fresh and luxuriant as any in the open air, and sacred as those of Wordsworth, which by his heedless and eager hand

" Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being —"

and made him feel that there is "a spirit in the woods." This scene of green and beautiful repose is in strong contrast with the active and, in the end, unprosperous life of Miss Landon's father, who was a partner in the well-known army-agency house in Pall-mall—the interest in which had previously been possessed by Mr. Adair. The good fortune of this gentleman did not, unluckily, descend to Mr. Landon, whose sole treasure at his death consisted in that of which he and the world were alike ignorant, the gift of genius which nature had conferred upon his daughter. Of this father, thus "blessed unaware," and unconscious of the glory of his fortune amidst its seeming ruin, there is a trait recorded by which he may be pleasantly remembered. We find it in an incident related in the "History of a Child," to which we have above alluded. Little L. E. L. was excessively fond of a favourite dog of her father's, and the dog was just as fond of repairing at a certain hour to a certain spot, to wait the return of its master. Rather than part company with her pet, the child went with him one day, and waited too. When she heard the sound of the horse's hoofs, she was half inclined to run away; but her stay was rewarded, for her father took her in his arms, and kissed her as he said, "So you have been waiting for me!" and then, hand in hand, both walked very happily across the park.

The next day, and the next, and the next, child and dog were in attendance; kisses and caresses were bestowed, and were no doubt an exceeding great reward to both; but little L. E. L. was luckier far one day, for her father, on approaching the gate, held up to her eager and delighted eyes—eyes that had been accustomed to read almost in the cradle—four volumes bound in russia, and adorned with many pictures. These were—the "Arabian Nights!" "The delight of reading those enchanted pages," says L. E. L., "I must even to this day rank as the most delicious excitement of my life." And then she adds, (being very much mistaken)—"I shall never have courage to read them again—they would mark too decidedly, too bitterly, the change in myself." Now with respect to this change—without recurring again to the con-

fession of a want of beauty in childhood!—we unhesitatingly venture to assert that it is all for the better, if L. E. L. would but ask herself in what it consists; and as to not reading the “Arabian Nights,” why she ought not, by the same rule, to look again on the primroses and violets that so charmed her childish mind—or on a beautiful pointer, or the blue sky, or anything that formed part of the paradise of her infancy.

The first scene of that paradise was Hans-place, Chelsea, where she was born, and where she resided during several years of her life;—which, by the way, she ought not to have done, as that too must have marked the bitterness of the change—had there been more than imaginary bitterness in it. Much of her earlier time was passed under the guardianship of her grandmother. Is it not of L. E. L. we have heard it related, that, upon seeing a little girl of her own age crying, and finding that the cause of grief was the death of a grandmother, she turned anxiously to the servant and said—“I’ve got two grandmamas; shall I have to cry for them both?” If this be true, there was a tendency when a child to economise in the article of sorrow, which subsequent indulgencies and habits of gloomy reflection are provokingly contrasted with. So far we are bound to admit the distressing change, without allowing that it ought to be distressing; and can only wish that L. E. L., whenever she sits down to verse or prose, would commune with her own mind, with the view of ascertaining how little misery will do for the occasion—how few may be the tears absolutely required for any given calamity in life that is natural and inevitable. What sighs people might save if they chose! to the immense improvement of their own sympathies, and the incalculable advantage of the unhappy people they mourn for!

It was at an early age that Miss Landon became an inmate of the school of the Misses Lance in Hans-place, and with those ladies she continued to reside until recently, when they gave up their establishment. The house has been a temple for tuition ever since it was built, and can boast of other gifted scholars, as well as its latest and most gifted. It claims Mary Russel Mitford as one who was educated within its walls. Lady Caroline Lamb was also there for a time.

As to the period when L. E. L. first began to write poetry, we can only pretend to fix it with any tolerable certainty by saying, that it did not occur till after she was ascertained to have been born. Perhaps we shall be most correct in dating it as near the time of birth as may be practicable. We shall not state positively that she improvised before she could speak; but it is certain that she composed verses before she could write them. There was a certain epic poem of the infant L. E. L.’s, which became the subject of an express condition—energetically insisted upon by her brother—that she was not *always* to recite it when they went to play in the garden! Her first wild snatches of song and fragments of romance that appeared in the “Literary Gazette” were written at a very early age; so early as to be incredible, if the performances of Cowley, Pope, and others, when mere children, had left us any room for doubt, or much for wonder, on the score of precocity. She sprang almost from the nurse’s arms into those of Fame, and had won the undying wreath before she knew that it was anything

brighter than a pretty ornament to be worn in a ball-room. By the time she had found out its value, she seemed to have grown tired of it. To her active and unwearied mind, the contest for the prize was better than the possession of it. Quick and vivid sensation was a necessity in her nature; dreams, rhapsodies, reveries, were the natural offspring of her excitable and imaginative temperament; these would make themselves heard, taking the expression of the moment, and she "liaped in numbers, for the numbers came;" she wrote on, because she could not help it. But to what advantage—to what end? she probably asked. Was she to go on writing troubadours and golden violets all her days—apostrophising loves, memories, hopes, and fears, for ever and ever, in scattered songs and uncompleted stanzas, and running the chance of marring the first sweetness of the string, weakening her past music by the monotony of the note? Yet how stop, when the pen appeared the only safety-valve to keep sensation and longings after the visionary—the only link connecting her with the remote, which she desired, as an escape from the impending, which she dreaded! There seemed no help for it; like Pope, she "was born for nothing but to write;" and "write, write, write," forms, as she has herself remarked, the history of her life. Luckily, however, there were a few envious and evil-natured persons in the world, and some good speedily began to grow out of their jealousy, spleen, and detraction. L. E. L. had her enemies; what would the most invincible genius be without them? She was reviled, ridiculed—her poetry was called sing-song, her sentiment "namby-painby." Nothing could have been better qualified to make her feel her strength, to enable her to put it forth, to win her from words to things, from dreams to realities. The positive experience of a hard contact with the actual, was startling and disagreeable; the chill of a sudden plunge into society, after a revel in ideal luxuries, was like the shock of a cold bath; but this was just what was wanted. Her thoughts found a deeper channel, and flowed still more freely; her observations took a wider range, and scanned the features of life as they presented themselves to her earnest gaze—not as she had imaged them in the pages of chivalry and romance, or shaped them for herself amidst the grotesque fancies of a dream. She discovered that her powers acquired elasticity, as the subjects on which they were exercised became more various; and that the world widened as she went on. Reality, in short, grew as familiar to her as Romance. She led Prose captive, as she had led Poetry. She became the author of "*Francesca Carrara*!" A page of praise could not have greater force than this little sentence to him who has read that noble work studiously and reflectingly: Nobody who had been familiar only with the casual and careless writings of L. E. L. could have given her credit for the searching and many-winding power which is evinced in various passages of that composition. The rich painting, the poetical description, the happy portraiture of manners, the reading and the knowledge, the grace and the tenderness, were to be expected—but the insight into motive, the penetration into the mysteries of character, the revealings of the inner world, the firm-handed dissection of the philosophy of life, ever curious in the speculations struck out, though often erring in the judgment, and always setting man's worst foot foremost—these are triumphs of her pen that few

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could have anticipated. Nor, vivid as were the first streaks of light, had we at one time reason to hope for that steady and clear development of power which some of her later annual volumes of poetry evince. If we might be allowed, we would instance as especial evidences of an enlargement of thought, and a higher and more refined apprehension of the poetic, several of the "Subjects for Pictures" that have recently appeared in the "New Monthly." The reader's ear cannot have failed to catch up those new notes of music. They are strikingly beautiful, and undeniably original.

With the consciousness that she has scattered the seeds of many pleasures in the world, with a full sense of what ought by all to be enjoyed, and of the human capacity to enjoy, it is not a little annoying to see Miss Landon persevere in maliciously contrasting the actual with the ideal—in deprecating what is, for the mere sake of glorifying what is not. We wish we could see her ceasing to cultivate her want of faith in the world's virtue, since nobody has more charity for the world's vice. But good or evil, she must and will have her sharp and brilliant jest at the expense of the world; sincerity and hypocrisy fare alike, if there be a witty analogy in the way. Why will she persist in showing her love of the picturesque and her devotion to poetry, by dressing up Apollo in a mourning cloak, as though he were attending the remains of human Enthusiasm to the grave? It is all a mistake. Enthusiasm is yet alive, and is likely to live, and wears a sunnier aspect every year. Did not L. E. L. look fondly and delightedly upon his eager and glowing face the other day, when he was seen, early and late, cordially gathering up welcome votes in support of her brother as a candidate for the literary office which he is so worthy to fill? The history of the last few weeks should convince Miss Landon that active gratitude and generous enthusiasm are not among the absentee virtues whom we are obligingly invited to mourn for.

Having alluded to Mr. Landon's recent election, we may adduce two testimonies, called forth by the occasion, of the estimation in which his sister is held. We have reason to know that the expression of Sir Robert Peel was—"I am happy to mark my sense of Miss Landon's character and talents by voting for her brother;" while Mr. Hope, the son of the author of "Anastasius," observed—"It is gratifying to have the means occasionally of showing both the reverence we feel for genius, and the gratitude we owe to those who exercise it on our behalf." There is far more of this sentiment in the world than L. E. L. ever admits of in her writings; and it becomes more, the more we believe in it. We hope it may induce her to feel that there is a sunny side of life, and that she can at any time cross over to the dark one when she is tired of the light. It is never too late to despond, and wise people ought not to be in a hurry.

We conclude by recording a far more touching and graceful compliment, which was paid to our fair subject a short time ago. It was a tribute from America, sent from the far-off banks of the Ohio—a curious species of the hundred-leaved Michigan rose, accompanied by a prayer that L. E. L. would plant it on the grave of Mrs. Hemans.

THE HUMORIST.

FASHIONABLE FICTIONS.

It seems that the French have, like the English, been latterly somewhat overrun with what are called fashionable novels, and which, if we may judge from what we see in the reviews of them, are nearly equal in merit and accuracy to those which have of late years deluged the circulating libraries of London.

M. Eugene Guinot has just shown them up in a very agreeable manner. "It is very strange," says he, "that Fashion has not yet found a historian, in a country in which she so pre-eminently flourishes, and where literature is so active and general. A History of Fashion would be at once curious and entertaining, and certain success would await a judicious and experienced writer who would carefully collect its stories, exhibit its manners, explain its influence over society, and collect all the delightful anecdotes with which the annals of the fashionable world are filled. Materials for this yet unaccomplished work may be found scattered over the pages of books of every age, but it would require great caution and prudence to consult the numerous existing documents, for upon this particular subject writers of every age seem to have evinced the grossest partiality. In all times, whether the writers be grave or gay, their universal object appears to have been to calumniate good society, and especially those of fashion."

Let us look at the literature of the sixteenth century, the events of which have afforded so many subjects for modern plays and romances. The dandies of that period called themselves *Raffinés*, and are described to us as savages, brawlers, and duellists, going abroad sword in hand. In their day, fashion every morning bedewed the turf of the *Pré aux Clercs*, supreme *bon ton* exhibited itself in a stab from a dagger, and Fashion wrote her laws with the point of a rapier.

This rude kind of elegance held sway even under the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. The next reign produced a new race of dandies, whom Molière and his contemporaries represent as weak and wicked; immoral coxcombs, habituated to all sorts of crime, and trampling under foot every just and proper feeling. Later than this, in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, came in the *Roués*, who, if literature be to be believed, exceeded their predecessors in all kinds of misconduct. At last, under the Consulate, sprang up the *Incroyables*, a race of dandies whom plays and novels innumerable have covered with ridicule.

The dandies of the present day are not much better treated, and future ages will form a very curious idea of our men of fashion if they implicitly rely upon our coeval authorities, literary and graphic. Open, for instance, a "Journal des Modes:" the print exhibits to your astonished eye the dandy, enveloped in a richly-embroidered dressing-gown, lounging listlessly on a sofa, simpering and smirking, with his head lolling on one side, like a boarding-school Miss. Near him stands a groom, in top-boots, who has the care of his toilet. The compiler of

these "Journaux" know nothing of any servant but the groom. The *valet-de-chambre*, in their opinion, is obsolete: the groom they see, and therefore are satisfied that he still exists; and therefore he is served up with all sauces, and upon all occasions.

Next to these journalists come the novelists, who appear to derive their notions of men of fashion from their graphic contemporaries. There are in France, just now, between two and three hundred novel-writers, full of wit and talent, but all perfect strangers to the world which they propose to describe, and of the ways of which they have not the remotest idea. These young authors, who have never trod carpet, as M. de Talleyrand said, at a period when carpets were yet considered luxuries, delight in the most brilliant descriptions, formed in their own lively imaginations, regulated only by what they have read of other times, and thus create a world of their own, for their own special use and service. They introduce their readers into visionary saloons and unearthly banquetting-rooms, and then fill them with the most extraordinary race of men and women of their own manufacture, whom they call people of fashion. Their men are wonderfully compounded of the *Raffiné*, the *Roué*, and the *Incroyable*, all jumbled together, and splendidly enriched with some new traits of their own. A dandy thus constructed is always favoured with a romantic name. He is called, perhaps, Julio de Mirandal, Palamede de Flamicour, or Clodimir de St. Amaranthe; and is then made to perform a part in the *Beau monde*, from the record of which posterity is to judge of the state of society in the present day.

By way of a specimen of this style of writing, take this:—We enter one of the most elegant houses of the *Chaussée d'Antin*: we reach the bedchamber where slumbers the dandy Julio. The room is hung with blue *Cachemire*, woven with green palm-leaves; the floor covered with a rich, soft, white carpet, strewed with roses and lilies, so naturally worked, that they seem like real flowers scattered by the hand of Spring; the armed-chairs are of lilac velvet embroidered with gold; an alabaster lamp hangs from the ceiling; and the walls are adorned with pictures of beautiful women by Dubuffe, and of beautiful horses by Lepaulle. On either side of the glass over the fire-place hang twenty miniatures of lovely creatures, smiling in their frames. The chimney-piece is covered with cups, vases, and candlesticks, and a clock of shell-work (which had belonged to Madame Dubary), representing Love binding the scythe of Time with garlands of flowers, occupies the centre. The bed itself is surmounted with a massive crown, whence fall, in full folds, its curtains of mohair. On a pillow, richly hemmed with lace, is deposited a beautiful head belonging to a young man, whose long yet uncurled black hair is loosely flowing over its resting-place;—that head—that hair—are Julio's. It is the pale and interesting Julio who wakes: he opens his fascinating eyes. At that moment the clock on the chimney-piece strikes twelve, and Julio rings his bell.

A groom answers the summons, and having entered the room, respectfully waits his master's orders.

"Abufar," said Julio, "open the windows."

Abufar hastens to obey his master's orders.

"Abufar, let me dress," says Julio; "give me my violet-coloured velvet morning-gown, my green satin pantaloons, and my slippers."

"Which, Sir?" asks Abufar.

"Those which the little Duchess embroidered for me," replies

Julio. "Now give me one of my Greek caps—not the one the Baroness made me—the one I had from Lady Arabella. Now—stop—I declare I cannot at the moment recollect what I want next. I was racketting about last night—dissipating dreadfully; and this morning I am quite unable to collect my scattered ideas."

The dandy, having sufficiently draped himself, throws himself into a large, soft, armed-chair *à la Voltaire*; and, fatigued by his exertions, and the pleasures of the preceding evening, falls into a sort of careless reverie. Abufar ventures to break silence.

"Am I to get the pistols, Sir?—do you fight to-day?"

"Fight!" replies Julio; "no, not this morning, I think. I am not quite sure. Give me my pocket-book. Let me see—Friday,—this is Friday, is it not?—Yes, Friday. No. To send to my lawyer—ah!—at four, Fanny. No; there is nothing about a duel to-day. Your master, Abufar, has become as pacific as a priest. I must see about this: only two duels this month; and here we are at the 19th. How exceedingly odd! If I don't take care I shall get positively rusty. I *must* have an affair to-day: I must, indeed. I'll put it down in my memoranda, for fear I should forget it."

Thus was the sword of Julio destined to slumber in its scabbard one day longer, and his pistols to lie untouched in their ebony case, which was beautifully inlaid with death's-heads and cross-bones in ivory.—Julio suddenly abandons his pugnacious reflections, and inquires for his courier. Abufar brings him in a bundle of letters and the newspapers. Julio begins with these, and glances his eyes hastily over them: he then turns to open the letters. Twelve little sweet-scented notes lie before him: he first counts them, and carefully examines the superscriptions before he opens any one of them.

Behold him unfolding the love-fraught correspondence. Abufar had already placed near his master an ebony trunk, lined with rose-coloured satin. Every note, after having been read, was thrown into this receptacle, as the poor, after having lived, are cast into a common grave. Julio's reading was interrupted sometimes by smiles of satisfaction—sometimes by a frown;—sometimes by a loud laugh—and occasionally by short observations,—such as "Psha!"—"Indeed!"—"Already!"—"What madness!"—"Under the elms!"—"Umph!"—"That's love!"—"No;"—"A shawl;"—"Something new;"—"Too green!"—"Absolute tyranny!" All at once, after having read the last of the epistles, Julio exclaims—"Capital! excellent! I wanted an affair, just to keep my hand in. The Baroness bores me—persecutes me. I have it! I will put her note in an envelope, and send it to her husband: he is a brave man and a kind friend of mine. Nothing can answer the purpose better." And Julio proceeded to put his design into execution, with that ferocious coolness which invariably characterizes the perfidy of men of fashion.

"Who are in the antechamber?" asks the dandy.

"Your two fencing-masters, Sir," replied Abufar.

"I shan't fence to-day."

"Your curiosity collector is here, and your Rubens merchant," said Abufar.

"Let them in," said Julio. "Are those all?"

"No, Sir," replied Abufar; "there is your waistcoat tailor, with some patterns to select; your pantaloon tailor; your tailor for gloves,

and your tailor for linen, who is waiting to measure you for some shirts."

To all these essential subordinates Julio gives audience, and then orders his breakfast. A tray covered with the most exquisite viands and choicest wines is put down. Julio just tastes the wing of a partridge *aux truffes*—moistens his lips with a few drops of Cyprus wine, to which, whether because he has no appetite, or because, like Byron, he dreads the calamity of growing fat, he confines his repast, and concludes his extremely moderate meal by throwing his napkin at Abufar's head.

"Take away all this," said Julio, "I want to smoke; send Mahomet here."

Mahomet was groom of the pipes; Julio ordinarily called him his slave. Since smoking has become so universally fashionable, the dandies have discovered a new subject for luxury. We have only yet spoken of Julio's bed-chamber. His apartments consisted of eight other rooms; an antechamber furnished with red velvet benches fringed with gold—a saloon fitted up in the style of the seventeenth century—an Italian dining-room of white marble and gold—a boudoir after Watteau—a bath-room, painted in fresco—a Gothic hall of the time of Charles the Seventh—an armoury wainscotted with oak, and ornamented with pikes, lances, cuirasses, bucklers, swords, daggers, guns, pistols, and all the implements of war—and next to this the divan, a Turkish saloon, deriving its name from the vast oriental sofa which surrounds it. On the walls of the divan, pipes of all sorts, and of all nations, were ranged in equal splendour and regularity with the swords and trophies in the armoury—all nations and all people were represented in this vast arsenal of *smokery*. It contained specimens of every pipe in the world, from the calumet of the savage to the philosophical pipe of the German student, from the Persian narghila down to the little earthen doodeen so energetically nicknamed the *Brulegueule* by the French corporals. In this divan there were neither chairs, nor tables, nor furniture of any kind or description—nothing but piles of cushions which lay scattered about, and a china japanned closet filled with boxes of cigars.

Mahomet, who was custos of this chamber, was a mulatto dressed with the mingled fashions of the eastern and western worlds. He wore an Egyptian cap, a blue polonaise, cossack trousers, and yellow morocco Turkish boots.

"What will you smoke, Sir?" said the slave to his master. "We have received several new pipes from Cephalonia. The secretary to the Embassy has sent you some small cigars from Madrid, four cases of 'Cubans' have arrived from Havre, and I have sent for some 'Brazils.'"

The dandy decided in favour of a Havannah cigar, and after having dismissed Mahomet, proceeded to his stables. They were splendid—infinately more like drawing-rooms than places for horses. Those deputies who declaim from the tribune against the vast expense which has been incurred in building a palace for the monkeys in the *Jardin des Plantes* would perhaps be less indignant at the luxuries enjoyed by those interesting animals, if they were but to see how Julio's horses were lodged and accommodated.

Julio's stables were furnished just like drawing-rooms: there were

damask curtains to the windows—the walls were lined with mahogany, on which hung the best engravings of Charles Vernet. From a raised space, inclosed by a gilt railing, the dandy saw his horses pass in review before him;—here it was he entered into the most familiar technical conversations with his own stable-boys, and displayed to their admiring minds the extent of his knowledge in all matters relating to horse-flesh. Having cast his eye over some new acquisition to his stud, and caressed his favourite saddle-horse, he retired, saying—

“Tom Pick, I shall ride the sorrel-horse to-day—you will ride the dapple-grey—Time must be killed—I shall go to the wood. Abufar, come, dress me.”

The dandy's toilet occupied an hour and a half—six painful quarters of hours to poor Abufar, who during the whole period remained exposed to a continued shower of reproaches and maledictions. Julio is never satisfied with his dress—his hair is parted too much to the right on his forehead—his stays are laced crookedly—his boots do not shine—his neckcloth is not tight enough—he changes his waistcoat fourteen or fifteen times before he can decide which to wear—then his groom is so slow. At last, having consulted all the glasses in the room, he calls for his hat, his gloves, and a perfumed handkerchief—fills his pockets with pieces of gold, which, by a happy association of ideas, recalls to his mind a circumstance which otherwise might have entirely slipped his memory.

“Abufar,” cries Julio, “how fortunate it is that I have recollected my misfortune of last night! Abufar, take three hundred louis to M. Tancred de Ravenelles. I recollect now I lost them to him last night at whist. I never saw a fellow persecuted with bad luck as I was.”

Julio mounted on his sorrel takes the road to the Bois de Boulogne—he proceeds by the Avenue de Neuilly, “inspecting” the extraordinary persons who happen to pass him in carriages. In the wood he meets his friends the *élite* of the Parisian youth. They cluster together—they talk—they smoke—they discuss the last race; it is, in fact, a sort of equestrian congress. At last a wager is proposed. One dandy lays that he will leap his horse in his tilbury over a five-barred gate. Considerable sums are betted on either side. Julio bets three thousand francs in favour of the leap. The horse is put to the gate, and, by dint of flogging, tries the jump, dashes himself against the top rail, breaks one of his legs, and knocks the tilbury to pieces. Julio has lost—bad luck now, better another time.

The dandies return to Paris after their ride, and dine at a *café*. Their banquet is worthy of Lucullus. The bill for five, amounts to four hundred francs, which is about the average of the day's expenses of these gentlemen. Julio returns home to dress for the opera, to which he goes in order to exhibit to the world the beauties of his gold-headed cane, so richly set with rubies and emeralds. After the opera the dandies meet again at the club. Some sit down to play, while others engage in affairs which, if more venial, are not much less perilous.

Such, reader, is the life of a French dandy, as described by the novelists of the present day. What the events resulting from such a course of existence must naturally be, it is not difficult to imagine. Indeed, all the heroes of modern novels reach the *dénouement* of their works by the same road. If the reader wish to hear what happened to Julio, he shall have the history, which is extremely short and simple.

The day following that which we have described, Abufar comes to

Julio and tells him that a lady closely veiled wishes to speak to him. Accustomed to romantic adventures, Julio immediately orders his groom to admit her. She enters the room—her veil falls—and the dandy beholds the unfortunate Baroness.

"You see before you," exclaimed she, "the most wretched of women. Julio, we are betrayed!"

"Indeed!" replies Julio; "the incident appears remarkably dramatic."

"Yes, Julio," sobs the wretched woman; "how it has happened I know not; but a letter I wrote to you yesterday has fallen into the hands of my husband."

"I am annihilated!" said Julio.

This brief conversation ends as Abufar enters the apartment and announces the Baron. The Baroness has only time to rush into a closet before he enters the room. The husband demands satisfaction of the dandy.

"I am entirely at your service," says Julio.

"I am glad of it," replies the injured husband; "my friend is waiting. Are you ready?"

"Permit me," says Julio, "to dress myself. Do me the kindness to step into that closet—you will see something that will surprise you."

The Baron enters the cabinet and beholds his wife. The scene which ensues is terrible—Julio and the Baron go out and fight—Julio kills his adversary; after which he returns home and dresses for the play; the Baroness suddenly presents herself to his sight, pale and wretched—her hair dishevelled, her dress disordered.

"Julio," sobs the unfortunate lady, "I forgive you, and I die!" Saying which she falls dead at his feet.

Julio casts a look of indifference on the body, and, turning to his groom, says—

"Abufar, give me my opera-glass, and then go and fetch the coroner; but take care that none of his people do any mischief to the furniture. The deuce, why it's a quarter past eight o'clock! *Norma* must have begun. How time flies!"

As he comes out of the theatre Julio meets one of his friends.

"Hasn't Grisi been delightful to-night? By the bye, my dear fellow, I must tell you what has happened to me since yesterday—something terrible, upon my honour, in the highest degree, and more dramatic than '*Lucrece Borgia*.'"

Every week of a dandy's life is marked by similar adventures, which, however, fortunately have not always equally deplorable results. But there is an end to this bright yet baleful career. The day at last arrives—the day of retribution, when the dandy finds himself utterly ruined by his luxury and his passions. Four ways are then open to him: if he is a philosopher, he enters the army; if he is handsome, he marries for money; if he is adventurous and romantic, he goes to Hungary and enrolls himself in the corps of Schubri; if he be neither adventurous, nor philosophical, nor handsome, he kills himself.

This is the picture of a dandy as fancifully painted by our modern novelists, and this fabulous creation is generally accredited by those who only see the world out of their windows, and who study the manners and customs of high life in the circulating libraries. Having now sketched a dandy as these writers make him, we shall next try to represent him as he really is.

T. E. H.

THE BITER BIT.

A TALE OF RETALIATION.*

IN Florence gay there lived a man much famed
 (Sharko by surname) as a desperate glutton :
 Certes, no heartier cormorant could be named
 For aught of carnal that's the table put on :
 From all, save *fish*, his jaws a tribute claim'd,—
 From rich made dishes down to poor boil'd mutton
 But soon he found so much carnivorous eating
 His pocket, for his palate's sake, was cheating.

A trick he therefore tried, and found no bad one,—
 'Twas to accost the great with phrase convenient,
 With flattering tongue, and smirking face (the sad one !)
 And make them to his cravings largely lenient.
 Then soon each scruple ceased, if e'er he had one,
 Betwixt his pride and stomach intervenient ;
 Till, having wits, and knack for all occasion,
 He seldom fail'd to catch an invitation.

In the same city flourish'd one Blondello,
 To Sharko known as friend, or rather neighbour,
 A little, dapper, consequential fellow,
 With hands so white as show'd he loved no labour.
 Brisk manners had he, like a Punchinello,
 And flaxen locks, retain'd in curl with paper.
 Now 'twixt these two there was, at heart, small liking,
 Being flatt'ers both, and oft at one mark striking.

By chance one morning ('twas in time of Lent),
 Blondello, meeting Sharko, hail'd him—" Sir, I'm
 Here to the market by my patron sent,
 (Signor Donati) as purveyor,—for I'm
 Fain to inform you that he hath intent
 To give a dinner-party,—and right sure I'm
 Of this, that if *you* come, you'll find a welcome."
 "Corpo di Bacco !" answers Sharko, " I'll come."

The hour arrived, keen Sharko, in full dress,
 And fuller hopes of coming fullness, hasted
 To Sieur Donati's, to make one o' the mess
 At table. When he show'd himself, each face did
 Express non-recognition ; nevertheless
 He bow'd to all around, and in the case did
 All that the policy of his assurance
 Could do, to cover risk of non-endurance.

The host, Donati, was a little puzzled
 At this unbidden entrance, and was biting
 His nether lip, to keep his anger muzzled ;
 But, wearing soon a look less un-*irritating*,
 (When Sharko had through his excuses bustled,)
 He smoothed his brow, erewhile so very affrighting,
 And, to avoid that rude horse-syllable *nay*,
 He bade, reluctantly, Sharko to stay.

* Freely rendered from the Italian of Beccaccio.

But, ah! the feast!—In sooth, 'twas less alluring
 Than *might* have been procured for suasive money.
 Chick-pease came first, full many a bite enduring;
 Next, pickled flank of that queer fish called tunny;
 Then fish *encore*, (all else the board was poor in,)—
 Fish from the Arno, fried in brine and honey.
 Oddsfish! to borrow words here not in vain meant,
 It proved a very "lenten entertainment."

Strange! that your men of Italy should be
 Thus brought in contact with a *tribe of Fins!*
 As for poor Sharko, scarce a bit ate he,
 Spite of his appetite, that prick'd like pins;
 For fish his soul eschew'd; and, ah! to see
 Such heaps of fish, his flesh to creep begins.
 The empty jest he stoaked, and homeward went,
 Full, not of dinner, but of discontent.

"Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur"—
 Inward he swell'd with choler most ferocious:
 And then he vowed Blondello, worthless sneaker,
 Should forfeit dearly for his fun atrocious,
 Since he would play *him* some confounded freak, or
 Die in the attempt. So, not to be precocious,
 He watch'd, and scann'd his best resources quite fully—
 And soon occasion served him most delightfully.

There figured in the square of Cavicciuli
 A knight of note, call'd Philip Fiorigenti,
 Red-hair'd, red-faced, and red-hot-temper'd—"You lie!"
 His mildest words, and the least blow he lent ye,
 A leveller. Him Sharko imagined truly
 To be just *son affaire*: so to him sent he
 A ragamuffin porter, duly hired,
 To work him to the rage his scheme required.

Charged with two flasks, the porter straightway hied
 To the dread knight's, and thus, premonish'd, spake:—
 "Signor Blondello, anxious to provide
 A capital dinner for some dear friends' sake,
 Hath sent me, Sir, (nor fears to be denied)
 For some of your most choice *red wine*, to slake
 Their tasteful thirst." This caused the knight some puzzle
 Why *he* should thus be bother'd about guzzle.

Then all at once occur'd the thought vexatious
 That this Blondello (whom by sight he knew)
 Had hatch'd a trick, and sent a fool audacious
 To quiz him: so into a rage he flew,
 And, promptly roused into a mood pugnacious,
 Roar'd out, whilst nearer to the man he drew,
 "Base wretch! what wine, and friends, and fudge d'ye speak of?"
 But t'other, well forewarn'd, took care to sneak off.

The train thus laid, the explosion but remain'd;
 And Sharko in the person of Blondello
 The match for Fiorigenti's powder gain'd,
 By telling him that "warm but worthy fellow"
 Much wish'd to see him. (Here he broach'd a feign'd
 Story of business, ready-made and mellow.)
 The cheat was cheated by the story's tissue,
 And Sharko stole behind, to mark the issue.

As glares the tiger in his horrid den,
 So on Blondello, heedless as he went,
 Scowl'd the fell knight, most truculent of men,
 Who speaks not, but (his words, ere utter'd, spent,) *Bellows*,
 Like one horn-mad,—and, bull-like, then
 Tosses his head, as if with gory intent,
 And, rushing on the miserable intruder,
 Shakes him with shocks than shivering ague ruder.

Some intermittent words here gurgled out,—
 As “Rogue! knave! ass! wine, beggar, wine? I'll teach thee:”
 And then, (still roughlier knocking him about,)
 “Thy fool hath fled—but thou—these cuffs shall reach thee.”
 Anon he seized his hair, and, many a root
 Extracting, shouted, “Caitiff! I'll impeach thee
 Before——” But here the astonish'd neighbours flock in,
 And terminate at length a scene so shocking.

And now, if it were not *quantum suff*,
 To bear the beating's memory, and its pain,
 Our black-and-blue wight had to endure the rough
 Reproofs of all. They voted him insane,
 For tempting thus one who with ease enough
 Could so belabour. “But you'll know again,”
 Sneer'd they, in words that stood for consolation,
 “How to avoid this sort of castigation.”

Night several times had black'd the eye of Day
 Ere poor Blondello's eyes from their confusion
 Of deepest tints had 'scaped, since that sad fray
 Which he *now* guess'd was Sharko's retribution.
 But, soon as brightening Time had chased away
 Discoloration vile, he put his shoes on
 To take the air,—when lo! whom should he meet
 But odious Sharko swaggering down the street!

Who, with a treacherous leer, advancing came,
 And whisper'd, “Friend, how liked you the *red wine*
 Of the red knight?”—“Why, much about the same,”
 Retorts Blondello, “as a friend of mine
 Liked *Sieur Donati's fish-feast*. That friend's name
 I need not hint to *you*, as I opine.”
 “Well, well,” quoth Sharko, “cease we this collision,
 And let me offer one slight admonition:—

’Tis this,—that for the future you had best
 Look to yourself: for, Sir, you must not think,
 When you would make one *eat* at such a feast,
 To shun the boon retributive, in *drink*.”
 Blondello, feeling it in vain to jest
 Against such *heavy* odds, was fain to sink
 All enmity, and thenceforth to diminish his
 Hoax-working jokes,—and so the story finishes.

ILL-WILL.

AN ACTING CHARADE.—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

*Dramatis Personæ.*MR. CADAVEROUS, *An old Miser, very rich and very ill.*EDWARD, *A young Lawyer without a brief.*MR. HAUSTUS GUMARABIC, *Apothecary.*SEEDY, *Solicitor.*THOMAS MONTAGU, } *Nephews to Mr. Cadaverous.*

JOHN MONTAGU,

JAMES STERLING, } *Nephews twice removed to Mr. Cadaverous.*

WILLIAM STERLING,

CLEMENTINA MONTAGU, *Niece to Mr. Cadaverous.*MRS. JELLYBAGS, *Housekeeper and Nurse.*

ACT I.

SCENE—*A sick room—MR. CADAVEROUS in an easy chair asleep, supported by cushions, wrapped up in his dressing-gown, a night-cap on his head—A small table with phials, gallipots, &c.—MRS. JELLYBAGS seated on a chair close to the table.*

Mrs. Jellybags. (Looks at Mr. CADAVEROUS, and then comes forward.) He sleeps yet,—the odious old miser. Mercy on me, how I do hate him,—almost as much as he loves his money. Well, there's one comfort, he cannot take his money-bags with him, and the doctor says that he cannot last much longer. Ten years have I been his slave,—ten years have I been engaged to be married to Sergeant Major O'Callaghan of the Blues,—ten years has he kept me waiting at the porch of Hymen,—and what thousands of couples have I seen enter during the time! Oh dear! it's enough to drive a widow mad. I think I have managed it;—he has now quarrelled with all his relations, and Doctor Gumarabic intends this day to suggest the propriety of his making his last will and testament. (*Mr. CADAVEROUS, still asleep, coughs.*) He is waking. (*Looks at him.*) No, he is not. Well, then, I shall wake him, and give him a draught, for, after such a comfortable sleep as he is now in, he might last a whole week longer. (*Goes up to Mr. CADAVEROUS, and shakes him.*)

Mr. Cad. (starting up.) Ugh! ugh! ugh! (*Coughs violently.*) Oh! Mrs. Jellybags, I'm so ill. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. My dear, dear Sir, now don't say so. I was in hopes, after such a nice long sleep, you would have found yourself so much better.

Cad. Long sleep! oh dear!—I'm sure I've not slept ten minutes.

Jel. (aside.) I know that. (*aloud*) Indeed, my dear Sir, you are mistaken. Time passes very quick when we are fast asleep. I have been watching you, and keeping the flies off. But you must now take your draught, my dear Sir, and your pill first.

Cad. What! more pills and more draughts! Why, there's no end to them!

Jel. Yes, there will be, by and by, my dear Sir, You know Doctor

Gumarabic has ordered you to take one pill and one draught every half-hour.

Cad. And so I have,—never missed one for the last six weeks,—woke up for them day and night. I feel very weak—verk weak, indeed. Don't you think I might eat something, my dear Mrs. Jellybags?

Jel. Eat, my dear Mr. Cadaverous!—how can you ask me, when you know that Doctor Gumarabic says that it would be the death of you?

Cad. Only the wing of a chicken,—or a bit of the heart——

Jel. Impossible.

Cad. A bit of dry toast, then; anything, my dear Mrs. Jellybags? I've such a gnawing. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. My dear Sir, you would die if you swallowed the least thing that's nourishing.

Cad. I'm sure I shall die if I do not. Well, then, a little soup,—I should like that very much indeed.

Jel. Soup! it would be poison, my dear Sir! No, no. You must take your pill and your draught

Cad. Oh dear! oh dear!—Forty-eight pills and forty-eight draughts every twenty four hours!—not a wink of sleep day or night

Jel. (*soothingly*) But it's to make you well, you know, my dear Mr. Cadaverous. Come, now. (*Hands him a pill and some water in a tumbler.*)

Cad. The last one is hardly down yet;—I feel it sticking half way. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. Then wash them both down at once. Come, now,—'tis to make you well, you know.

(*CADAVEROUS takes the pill with a wry face, and coughs it up again.*)

Cad. Ugh! ugh! There—it's up again. Oh dear! oh dear!

Jel. You must take it, my dear Sir. Come, now, try again.

Cad. (*coughing.*) My cough is so bad. (*Takes the pill.*) Oh, my poor head! Now I'll lie down again.

Jel. Not yet, my dear Mr. Cadaverous. You must take your draught;—it's to make you well, you know.

Cad. What! another draught! I'm sure I must have twenty draughts in my inside, besides two boxes of pills!

Jel. Come, now,—it will be down in a minute.

(*CADAVEROUS takes the wine-glass in his hand, and looks at it with abhorrence*)

Jel. Come, now.

(*CADAVEROUS swallows the draught, and feels very sick, puts his handkerchief to his mouth, and, after a time, sinks back in the chair quite exhausted, and shuts his eyes*)

Jel. (*aside.*) I wish the doctor would come. It's high time that he made his will.

Cad. (*drawing up his leg.*) Oh! oh! oh!

Jel. What's the matter, my dear Mr. Cadaverous?

Cad. Oh! such pain!—oh! rub it, Mrs. Jellybags.

Jel. What, here, my dear Sir? (*Rubs his knee*)

Cad. No, no!—Not there!—Oh, my hip!

Jel. What, here? (*Rubs his hip.*)

Cad. No, no!—higher—higher! Oh, my side!

Jel. What, here? (*Rubs his side.*)

Cad. No!—lower!

Jel. Here? (*Rubbing.*)

Cad. No!—higher!—oh, my chest!—my stomach! Oh dear!—oh dear!

Jel. Are you better now, my dear Sir?

Cad. Oh dear! oh! I do believe that I shall die! I've been a very wicked man, I'm afraid.

Jel. Don't say so, Mr. Cadaverous. Every one but your nephews and nieces say that you are the best man in the world.

Cad. Do they? I was afraid that I had not been quite so good as they think I am.

Jel. I'd like to hear any one say to the contrary. I'd tear their eyes out,—that I would.

Cad. You are a good woman, Mrs. Jellybags; and I shall not forget you in my will.

Jel. Don't mention wills, my dear Sir. You make me so miserable. (*Puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Cad. Don't cry, Mrs. Jellybags. I won't talk any more about it. (*Sinks back exhausted.*)

Jel. (*wiping her eyes.*) Here comes Dr. Gumarabic.

Enter GUMARABIC.

Gum. Good morning, Mistress Jellybags. Well, how's our patient?—better?—heh?

(*Mrs. JELLYBAGS shakes her head.*)

Gum. No: well, that's odd. (*Goes up to Mr. CADAVEROUS.*) Not better, my dear Sir?—don't you feel stronger?

Cad. (*faintly.*) Oh, no!

Gum. Not stronger! Let us feel the pulse. (*Mrs. JELLYBAGS hands a chair, and GUMARABIC sits down, pulls out his watch and counts.*) Intermittent—165—well, now—that's very odd. Mrs. Jellybags, have you adhered punctually to my prescriptions?

Jel. Oh yes, Sir, exactly.

Gum. He has eaten nothing?

Cad. Nothing at all.

Gum. And don't feel stronger? Odd—very odd! Pray, has he had anything in the way of drink? Come, Mrs. Jellybags, no disguise,—tell the truth;—no soup—warm jelly—heh?

Jel. No, Sir; upon my word, he has had nothing.

Gum. Humph!—and yet feels no stronger? Well, that's odd!—Has he taken the pill every half-hour?

Jel. Yes, Sir, regularly.

Gum. And feels no better! Are you sure that he has had his draught with his pill?

Jel. Every time, Sir.

Gum. And feels no better! Well, that's odd!—very odd, indeed! (*Rises and comes forward with Mrs. JELLYBAGS.*) We must throw in some more draughts, Mrs. Jellybags; there is no time to be lost.

Jel. I'm afraid he's much worse, Sir.

Gum. I am not at all afraid of it, Mrs. Jellybags,—I am sure of it;—it's very odd,—but the fact is, that all the physic in the world won't save him; but still he must take it,—because—phymic was made to be taken.

Jel. Very true, Sir. (*Whispers to GUMARABIC.*)

Gum. Ah! yes;—very proper. (*Going to MR. CADAVEROUS.*) My dear Sir, I have done my best; nevertheless, you are ill,—very ill,—which is odd,—very odd! It is not pleasant,—I may say, very unpleasant,—but if you have any little worldly affairs to settle,—will to make,—or a codicil to add, in favour of your good nurse, your doctor, or so on,—it might be as well to send for your lawyer;—there is no saying, but, during my practice, I have sometimes found that people die. After all the physic you have taken, it certainly is odd—very odd—very odd, indeed;—but you might die to-morrow.

Cad. Oh dear!—I'm very ill.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) Oh dear! oh dear!—he's very ill.

Gum. (*comes forward, shrugging up his shoulders.*) Yes; he is ill—very ill;—to-morrow, dead as mutton! At all events, he has not died for WANT of physic. We must throw in some more draughts immediately;—no time to be lost. Life is short,—but my bill will be long—very long!

[*Exit as scene closes.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter CLEMENTINA, with a letter in her hand.*

Clem. I have just received a letter from my dear Edward: he knows of my uncle's danger, and is anxious to see me. I expect him immediately. I hope he will not be seen by Mrs. Jellybags as he comes in, for she would try to make more mischief than she has already. Dear Edward! how he loves me! (*Kisses the letter.*)

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. My lovely, my beautiful, my adored Clementina! I have called upon Mr. Gumarabic, who tells me that your uncle cannot live through the twenty-four hours, and I have flown here, my sweetest, dearest, to—to—

Clem. To see me, Edward: surely there needs no excuse for coming?

Edw. To reiterate my ardent, pure, and unchangeable affection, my dearest Clementina; to assure you, that in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, as they say in the marriage ceremony, I am yours till death us do part.

Clem. I accept the vow, dearest Edward. You know too well my heart for me to say more.

Edw. I do know your heart, Clementina, as it is,—nor do I think it possible that you could change;—still, sometimes—that is for a moment when I call to mind that, by your uncle's death, as his favourite niece, living with him for so many years, you may soon find yourself in the possession of thousands,—and that titled men may lay their coronets at your feet,—then, Clementina—

Clem. Ungenerous and unkind!—Edward, I almost hate you. Is a little money then to sway my affections? Shame, Edward, shame on you! Is such your opinion of my constancy? (*Weeps.*) You must judge me by your own heart.

Edw. Clementina! dearest Clementina!—I did!—but rather—that

is,—I was not in earnest;—but when we value any object as I value you,—it may be forgiven, if I feel at times a little jealous;—yes, dearest, jealous!

Clem. 'Twas jealousy then, Edward, which made you so unkind? Well, then, I can forgive that.

Edw. Nothing but jealousy, dearest! I cannot help, at times, representing you surrounded by noble admirers,—all of them suing to you,—not for yourself, but for your money,—tempting you with their rank;—and it makes me jealous, horribly jealous! I cannot compete with lords, Clementina,—a poor barrister without a brief.

Clem. I have loved you for yourself, Edward. I trust you have done the same toward me.

Edw. Yes; upon my soul, my Clementina!

Clem. Then my uncle's disposition of his property will make no difference in me. For your sake, my dear Edward, I hope he will not forget me. What's that? Mrs. Jellybags is coming out of the room. Haste, Edward;—you must not be seen here. Away, dearest!—and may God bless you!

Edw. (*kisses her hand.*) Heaven preserve my adored, my matchless, ever-to-be-loved Clementina!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE II.—*The sick room*—MR. CADAVEROUS, *lying on a sofa-bed*—

MR. SEEDY, *the lawyer, sitting by his side, with papers on the table before him.*

Seedy. I believe now, Sir, that everything is arranged in your will according to your instructions. Shall I read it over again; for although signed and witnessed, you may make any alteration you please by a codicil.

Cad. No, no. You have read it twice, Mr. Seedy, and you may leave me now. I am ill, very ill, and wish to be alone.

Seedy (*folds up his papers and rises*). I take my leave, Mr. Cadaverous, trusting to be long employed as your solicitor.

Cad. Afraid not, Mr. Seedy. Lawyers have no great interest in heaven. Your being my solicitor will not help me there.

Seedy (*coming forward as he goes out*). Not a sixpence to his legal adviser! Well, well! I know how to make out a bill for the executors.

[*Exit SEEDY, and enter MRS. JELLYBAGS.*]

Jel. (*with her handkerchief to her eyes.*) Oh dear! oh dear! oh, Mr. Cadaverous, how can you fatigue and annoy yourself with such things as wills?

Cad. (*faintly.*) Don't cry, Mrs. Jellybags. I've not forgotten you.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) I can't—help—crying. And there's Miss Clementina,—now that you are dying,—who insists upon coming in to see you.

Cad. Clementina, my niece, let her come in, Mrs. Jellybags; I feel I'm going fast,—I may as well take leave of every body.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) Oh dear! oh dear! You may come in, Miss.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. My dear uncle, why have you, for so many days, refused me admittance? Every morning have I asked to be allowed to come and

nurse you, and for more than three weeks have received a positive refusal.

Cad. Refusal! Why I never had a message from you.

Clem. No message! Every day I have sent, and every day did Mrs. Jellybags reply that you would not see me.

Cad. (*faintly.*) Mrs. Jellybags,—Mrs. Jellybags——

Clem. Yes, uncle; it is true as I stand here;—and my brother Thomas has called almost every day, and John every Sunday, the only day he can leave the banking-house; and cousins William and James have both been here very often.

Cad. Nobody told me! I thought every one had forgotten me. Why was I not informed, Mrs. Jellybags?

Jel. (*in a rage.*) Why, you little story-telling creature, coming here to impose upon your good uncle! You know that no one has been here—not a soul;—and as for yourself, you have been too busy looking after a certain gentleman ever to think of your poor uncle;—that you have;—taking advantage of his illness to behave in so indecorous a manner. I would have told him everything, but I was afraid of making him worse.

Clem. You are a false, wicked woman!

Jel. Little impudent creature,—trying to make mischief between me and my kind master, but it won't do. (*To CLEMENTINA aside.*) The will is signed, and I'll take care he does not alter it;—so do your worst.

Cad. (*juintly.*) Give me the mixture, Mrs.——

Clem. I will, dear uncle. (*Pours out the restorative mixture in a glass.*)

Jel. (*going back.*) You will, Miss!—indeed! but you shan't.

Clem. Be quiet, Mrs. Jellybags;—allow me at least to do something for my poor uncle.

Cad. Give me the mix——

Jel. (*prevents CLEMENTINA from giving it, and tries to take it from her.*) You shan't, Miss!—You never shall.

Cad. Give me the——

(*MRS. JELLYBAGS and CLEMENTINA scuffle, at last CLEMENTINA throws the contents of the glass into MRS. JELLYBAG'S face.*)

Clem. There, then!—since you will have it.

Jel. (*in a rage.*) You little minx!—I'll be revenged for that. Wait a little till the will is read,—that's all!—See if I don't bundle you out of doors,—that I will.

Clem. As you please, Mrs. Jellybags; but pray give my poor uncle his restorative mixture.

Jel. To please you?—Not I! I'll not give him a drop till I think proper. Little, infamous, good-for-nothing——

Cad. Give me——oh!

Jel. Sancy—man-seeking——

Clem. Oh! as for that, Mrs. Jellybags, the big sergeant was here last night—I know that. Talk of men, indeed!

Jel. Very well, Miss!—very well! Stop till the breath is out of your uncle's body—and I'll beat you till yours is also.

Cad. Give——oh!

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Clem. My poor uncle! He will have no help till I leave the room—I must go. Infamous woman! [Exit.]

Cad. Oh!

Jel. I'm in such a rage!—I could tear her to pieces!—the little!—the gnat! Oh, I'll be revenged! Stop till the will is read, and then I'll turn her out into the streets to starve. Yes! yes! the will!—the will! *(Pauses and pants for breath.)* Now, I recollect the old fellow called for his mixture. I must go and get some more. I'll teach her to throw physic in my face.

(Goes out and returns with a phial—pours out a portion, and goes up to MR. CADAVEROUS.)

Jel. Here, my dear Mr. Cadaverous. Mercy on me!—Mr. Cadaverous!—why, he's fainted!—Mr. Cadaverous! *(Screams.)* Lord help us!—why, he's dead! Well now, this sort of thing does give one a shock, even when one has longed for it. Yes, he's quite dead! *(Coming forward.)* So, there's an end of all his troubles—and, thank Heaven! of mine also. Now for Sergeant-Major O'Callaghan, and—love! Now for Miss Clementina, and—revenge! But first the will!—the will!

(Curtain drops—End of Act II.)

ACT III.

MRS. JELLYBAGS.

Oh dear!—this is a very long morning. I feel such suspense—such anxiety; and poor Sergeant-Major O'Callaghan is quite in a perspiration! He is drinking and smoking down in the kitchen to pass away the time, and if the lawyer don't come soon, the dear man will be quite fuddled. He talks of buying a farm in the country. Well, we shall see; but if the Sergeant thinks that he will make ducks and drakes of my money, he is mistaken. I have not been three times a widow for nothing—I will have it all settled upon myself; that must and shall be, or else—no Sergeant O'Callaghan for me!

(Enter CLEMENTINA.)

So, here you are, Miss. Well, we'll wait till the will is read, and then we shall see who is mistress here.

Clem. I am as anxious as you, Mrs. Jellybags. You may have wheedled my poor uncle to make the will in your favour; if so, depend upon it, I shall expect nothing from your hands.

Jel. I should rather think not, Miss. If I recollect right you threw the carminative mixture in my face.

Clem. And made you blush for the first time in your life.

Jel. I shall not blush to slam the door in your face.

Clem. Rather than be indebted to you, I would beg my bread from door to door.

Jel. I expect that you very soon will.

(Enter EDWARD.)

Edw. My dearest Clementina, I have come to support you on this trying occasion.

Jel. And ascertain how matters stand, before you decide upon marrying, I presume, Mr. Edward.

Edw. Madam, I am above all pecuniary considerations.

Jel. So everybody says, when they think themselves sure of money.

Edw. You judge of others by yourself.

Jel. Perhaps I do—I certainly do expect to be rewarded for my long and faithful services.

Clem. Do not waste words upon her, my dear.

Edw. You have my solemn promise, nothing shall change my feelings towards you.

Jel. That may be; but did it never occur to you, Miss, that the gentleman's feelings might alter?

Edw. Detestable wretch!

[*Hands CLEMENTINA to a chair on the right, and sits by her*
(*Enter Nephews JOHN, THOMAS, WILLIAM, and JAMES, all with white pocket-handkerchiefs in their hands—they take their seats two right and two left.*)

Jel. (*aside.*) Here they all come, like crows that smell carrion. How odious is the selfishness of this world! But here is Mr. Gumarabic. How do you do, Sir? (*Curtseys with a grave air.*)

Gum. Very well, I thank you, Mrs. Jellybags. Can't say the same of all my patients. Just happened to pass by—thought I would step in and hear the will read—odd, that I should pop in at the time—very odd. Pray, may I ask, my dear Mrs. Jellybags, were you present at the making of the will?

Jel. No, my dear Sir; my nerves would not permit me.

Gum. Nerves!—odd, very odd! Then you don't know how things are settled?

Jel. No more than the man in the moon, my dear Sir.

Gum. Man in the moon!—odd comparison that from a woman!—very odd! Hope my chance won't prove all moonshine.

Jel. I should think not, my dear Sir; but here comes Mr. Seedy, and we shall soon know all about it.

(*Enter MR. SEEDY—MRS. JELLYBAGS, all courtesy, waves her hand to a chair in the centre, with a table before it. MR. SEEDY sits down, pulls the will out of his pocket, lays it on the table, takes out his snuff-box, takes a pinch, then his handkerchief, blows his nose, snuffs the candles, takes his spectacles from his waistcoat pocket, puts them on, breaks the seals and bows to the company; MRS. JELLYBAGS has taken her seat on the left next to him, and DR. GUMARABIC by her side. MRS. JELLYBAGS sobs very loud, with her handkerchief to her face.*)

Seedy. Silence, if you please.

(*MRS. JELLYBAGS stops sobbing immediately.*)

Edw. (*putting his arm round CLEMENTINA's waist.*) My dearest Clementina!

(*MR. SEEDY hems twice, and then reads.*)

"The Last Will and Testament of Christopher Cadaverous, Gentleman, of Coppe Horton, in the County of Cumberland.

"I, Christopher Cadaverous, being at this time in sound mind, do hereby make my last will and testament.

"First, I pray that I may be forgiven all my manifold sins and wickedness, and I do beg forgiveness of all those whom I may have injured unintentionally or otherwise; and at the same time do pardon all those who may have done me wrong, even to John Jones, the turnpike man, who unjustly made me pay the threepenny toll twice over on Easter last, when I went up to receive my dividends."

"My property, personal and real, I devise to my two friends Solomon Lazarus, residing at No. 3, Lower Thames-street, and Hezekiah Flint, residing at No. 16, Lothbury, to have and to hold for the following uses and purposes:—

"First, to my dearly-beloved niece, Clementina Montagu, I leave the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, 3½ per cent. Consols, for her sole use and benefit, to be made over to her, both principal and interest, on the day of her marriage.

(EDWARD withdraws his arm from CLEMENTINA'S waist—turns half round from her, and falls back in his chair with a pish!)

"To my nephew, Thomas Montagu, I leave the sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence—having deducted the other sixpence to avoid the legacy-duty.

(THOMAS turns from the lawyer with his face to the front of the stage, crossing his legs.)

"To my nephew, John Montagu, I leave also the sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence.

(JOHN turns away in the same manner.)

"To my nephew, once removed, James Sterling, I leave the sum of five pounds to purchase a suit of mourning.

(JAMES turns away as the others.)

"To my nephew, once removed, William Stirling, I also leave the sum of five pounds to purchase a suit of mourning.

(WILLIAM turns away as the others.)

"To my kind and affectionate housekeeper, Mrs. Martha Jellybags—"

(MRS. JELLYBAGS sobs loudly, and cries "Oh dear! Oh dear!")

Mr. Seedy. Silence, if you please.

[Reads.]

"In return for all her attention to me during my illness, and her ten years' service, I leave the whole of my—"

(MR. SEEDY having come to the bottom of the page lays down the will, takes out his snuff-box, takes a pinch, blows his nose, snuffs the candles, and proceeds.)

"I leave the whole of my wardrobe, for her entire use and disposal; and also my silver watch with my key and seal hanging to it.

"And having thus provided for—"

(MRS. JELLYBAGS, who has been listening attentively, interrupts MR. SEEDY in great agitation.)

Jel. Will you be pleased to read that part over again?

Seedy. Certainly, Ma'am. "I leave the whole of my wardrobe, and also my silver watch, with the key and seal hanging to it."

(MRS. JELLYBAGS screams and falls back in a swoon on her chair—no one assists her.)

"And having thus provided for all my relations, I do hereby devise the rest of my property to the said Solomon Lazarus and Hezekiah

Flint to have, and to hold, for the building and endowment of a hospital for diseases of the heart, lights, liver, and spleen, as set off by the provisions in the schedule, annexed to my will as part and codicil to it."

Seedy. Would the relations like me to read the provisions?

Omnes. No! no! no!

(MR. SEEDY is about to fold up the papers.)

Gum. I beg your pardon, Sir, but is there no other codicil?

Seedy. I beg your pardon, Mr. Gumarabic, I recollect now there is one relative to you.

Gum. (nods his head.) I thought so.

(SEEDY reads.)

"And whereas, I consider that my apothecary, Mr. Haustus Gumarabic, hath sent in much unnecessary physic, during my long illness—it is my earnest request that my executors will not fail to tax his bill."

Gum. (rises and comes forward.) Tax my bill!—well that is odd, very odd! I may as well go and look after my patients. [Exit.

(JAMES and WILLIAM come forward.)

James. I say, Bill, how are you off for a suit of mourning?

Will. Thanky for nothing, Jem. If the old gentleman don't go to heaven until I put it on, he will be in a very bad way. Come along, it's no use staying here.

(JOHN and THOMAS come forward.)

John. I say, Tom, how are you off for nineteen pounds nineteen and six? Heh!

Thos. Let's toss and see which shall have both legacies. Here goes—heads or tails?

John. Woman for ever.

Thos. You've won, so there's an end of not only my expectations but realities. Come along, Mrs. Jellybags must be anxious to look over her wardrobe.

John. Yes, and also the silver watch and the key and seal hanging to it. Good bye, Jemmy! Ha! ha! [Exeunt, laughing.

Clem. For shame, John. (Turns to EDWARD.) My dear Edward, do not appear so downcast. I acknowledge that I am myself much mortified and disappointed—but we must submit to circumstances. What did I tell you before this will was read?—that nothing could alter my feelings towards you, did I not?

Edw. (with indifference). Yes.

Clem. Why then annoy yourself, my dear Edward?

Edw. The confounded old junks!

Clem. Nay, Edward, recollect that he is dead—I can forgive him.

Edw. But I won't. Has he not dashed my cup of bliss to the ground? Heavens! what delightful anticipations I had formed of possessing you and competence—all gone!

Clem. All gone, dear Edward?

(MRS. JELLYBAGS, who has been sitting very still, takes her handkerchief from her eyes and listens.)

Edw. Yes, gone!—gone for ever! Do you imagine, my ever dear Clementina, that I would be so base, so cruel, so regardless of you and your welfare, to entrap you into marriage with only one hundred and fifty pounds? No, no!—judge me better. I sacrifice myself—my happiness—all for you!—banish myself from your dear presence, and retire to pass the remainder of my existence in misery and regret,

maddened with the feeling that some happier mortal will obtain that dear hand, and will rejoice in the possession of those charms which I had too fondly, too credulously, imagined as certain to be mine.

(Takes out his handkerchief, and covers his face; CLEMENTINA also puts her handkerchief to her face and weeps. MRS. JELLYBAGS nods her head ironically.)

Clem. Edward!

Edw. My dear, dear Clementina!

Clem. You won't have me?

Edw. My honour forbids it. If you knew my feelings—how this poor heart is racked!

Clem. Don't leave me, Edward. Did you not say that for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, you would be mine, till death did us part?

Edw. Did I?

Clem. You know you did, Edward.

Edw. It's astonishing how much nonsense we talk when in love. My dearest Clementina, let us be rational. We are almost without a sixpence. There is an old adage, that, when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window. Shall I then make you miserable! No, no! Hear me, Clementina. I will be generous. I now absolve you from all your vows. You are free. Should the time ever come that prosperity shine upon me, and I find that I have sufficient for both of us, of that dross which I despise, then will I return, and should my Clementina not have entered into any other engagement, throw my fortune and my person at her feet. Till then, dearest Clementina, farewell!

Clem. *(sinking into a chair, sobbing.)* Cruel Edward! Oh, my heart will break!

Edw. I can bear it myself no longer. Farewell! farewell! *[Exit.*

Jel. *(coming forward.)* Well, this is some comfort. *(To CLEMENTINA.)* Did not I tell you, Miss, that if you did not change your mind, others might?

Clem. Leave me, leave me.

Jel. No, I shan't; I have as good a right here as you, at all events. I shall stay, Miss.

Clem. *(rising.)* Stay then—but I shall not. Oh, Edward! Edward!

[Exit, weeping.]

Jel. *(alone.)* Well, I really thought I should have burst—to be forced not to allow people to suppose that I cared, when I should like to tear the old wretch out of his coffin to beat him. His wardrobe! If people knew his wardrobe as well as I do, who have been patching at it this last ten years—not a shirt or a stocking that would fetch sixpence! and as for his other garments, why, a Jew would hardly put them into his bag! *(Crying.)* Oh dear! oh dear! After all, I'm just like Miss Clementina; for Sergeant O'Callaghan, when he knows all this, will as surely walk off without beat of drum, as did Mr. Edward—and that too with all the money I have lent him. Oh these men! these men!—whether they are living or dying there is nothing in them but treachery and disappointment! When they pretend to be in love, they only are trying for your money, and even when they make their wills, they leave to those behind them nothing but ill-will!

[Exit, crying, off the stage, as the curtain falls.]

BETTER NEVER THAN LATE :

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Characters.

OLD HUNKSLEY. | MRS. WHIMPERLY, *his Housekeeper.*
 AUGUSTUS GRIPPER, *his Nephew.* | GABBLEBORE, *an Attorney.*

Scene : MR. HUNKSLEY'S Bed-room. HUNKSLEY in bed, and sleeping.
 GRIPPER and MRS. WHIMPERLY seated at the bedside. *They come forward.*

Grip. What think you of my poor dear uncle now, Mrs. Whimperly ?

Mrs. W. That he'll not live through the night, Mr. Gripper, notwithstanding all Mr. Humbugpuff, whom you called in to attend him, says to the contrary.

Grip. Dr. Homeopath, you would say, Mrs. Whimperly.

Mrs. W. Well, well, Sir; Humbugpuff or Homopuff, 'tis all one : you know who it is I mean. I'm sure that what he prescribes for poor Mr. Hunksley is enough to kill a horse.

Grip. How, Mrs. Whimperly !

Mrs. W. Why, by starvation, Sir. A tea-cup full of chicken-broth, made of the leg of a chicken boiled in three gallons of water till it is reduced to a quart ! Pretty nourishment, truly ! And, then, for medicine ! The three-million-two-hundred-and-thirteen-thousandth part of a grain of magnesia perfectly dissolved in two gallons of distilled water—one pint of that to be boiled down to a quarter—and five drops of *that* to be given to the patient in a tea-spoonfull of skimmed milk ! Why, Sir, you couldn't cure a giant with such stuff as that ; much less your poor uncle, who, to my humble thinking, wants something a *leetle* strong at least, only just to keep soul and body together.

Grip. You don't understand the principle of the system : like a pretty woman, its strength is in its weakness.

Mrs. W. That may be all very fine, Sir ; but I can tell Dr. Humbugpuff——

Grip. Homeopath, if you please, Mrs. Whimperly.

Mrs. W. Well ; Homopuff, since you are so particular about it. I say, I can tell him I have tried his system, and it won't do. After sitting up three nights together, I thought a glass of good comfortable punch would do me good. So I took a large rummer of water, put into it one tiny lump of sugar, a slight idea of lemon, six drops of rum and six of brandy. But, Lord ! it wasn't fit to drink ; so I threw it away and tried again—still keeping to his system. Now, as I hope to be saved, Sir, what I tell you is true : the less rum and brandy I put into it, the weaker was the punch ! So I made a good jorum, just as my poor, dear, departed husband used to make it for me, and I was all the better for it.

Grip. As to punch, Mrs. Whimperly, why—that is neither here nor there. But the basis of the doctor's system, which is—in short—a system—is that the less you——

Mrs. W. I wish from the bottom of my soul, then, the doctor had

regulated his *visits* according to his system; for certain I am that the less my poor master had seen of him the better he would have been for it.

Grip. Well, well, my good Mrs. Whimperly; I'm sure you will bear witness that, in dismissing the hum-drum, old-routine doctor, Doctor Steadyman, and calling in the ingenious and fashionable Doctor Homeopath, I did what I thought was best for my poor uncle.

Mrs. W. I'll bear witness I have often heard you say so, Mr. Gripper. But Doctor Steadyman was curing him, and——

Grip. Aye; but too fast, Mrs. Whimperly: as Doctor Homeopath says, faster than his constitution could bear it.

Mrs. W. May be, Sir, may be: but I'm certain his constitution doesn't bear killing half so well.

Grip. Ah! I wish his undutiful son, my cousin, had been where he ought to have been; and then this painful responsibility had not devolved upon me.

Mrs. W. Poor young master! poor Captain Hunksley! To be sure it was very wrong of him to go into the army against his father's commands. Being an only child, too! his father a widower, and——

Grip. And I his nearest living relative. I—I say, my dear Mrs. Whimperly; you have often heard the poor old gentleman declare his determination to disinherit the captain—to cut him off with a shilling.

Mrs. W. In his anger, Sir, often.

Grip. And—and—yes, I am sure, too, you have as often heard him say that he intended to give me the bulk of his property—that is to say, reserving a portion for you, whose attention to him, for so many years, well deserves such a reward.

Mrs. W. Often, aye, very often——

Grip. Good Mrs. Whimperly.

Mrs. W. Very often indeed, I may say, when he has lamented that his son was not at his bedside, where you were, he has said that he should remember you for all your goodness to him. As for myself, Sir, what I have done I have been paid for; and should I be considered worthy of any little remembrance beyond that, his son, the dear, dear captain, will not be unmindful of me.

Grip. 'Tis strange that, till last night, the old gentleman could never be prevailed upon to make a will.

Mrs. W. Why, Sir, 'tis a heart-breaking thing, after all, to disinherit an only child; and since it is his fixed determination to do so—as you say he has often declared to you, in private, that it is——a will he must make, or the captain must inherit. At least so I am told, Sir. . . .

Grip. 'Tis but too—I say, that's true, Mrs. Whimperly. (*Looking at his watch.*) 'Tis past the time I appointed the attorney to be here.

Mrs. W. Have you called in an attorney of your own, as well as a doctor, Mr. Gripper?

Grip. No—no; last night, when I succeeded in obtaining from Mr. Hunksley his consent to make his will, he insisted that it should be drawn by none but his own attorney, that chattering old twaddle, Mr. Gabblebore.

Mrs. W. (*aside*). Well, that's some comfort. He will take care that the captain shall not be left quite destitute, at any rate. Poor dear young gentleman! So good, so kind, so everything which even the hardest father could desire, save that one act of disobedience.

Hunksley. (wakes, and speaks in a faint voice.) My son—Charles—you are there—come to me.

Grip. (approaching the bedside.) My dear uncle—bethink yourself—he is away—far away. 'Tis I who am at your side: your nephew, Augustus Gripper.

Hunks. True, my dear boy—I—I did but dream.—Quick—where is Gabblebore? I feel I am sinking fast.

Grip. (to Mrs. WHIMPERLY.) Haste—haste—not a moment is to be lost—send for him.

Mrs. W. The doctor, Sir?

Grip. Confusion! No! the attorney.—Hark! A knock! (*looking out at window.*) 'Tis he. (*Draws a table to the bedside, and hastily arranges materials for writing.*)

Enter GABBLEBORE. Throughout the scene he is exceedingly deliberate both in speech and action.

Gab. Mrs. Whimperly, how do you do? Mr. Gripper, how do you do? And how is my good old friend, Mr. Hunksley?

Grip. At the point of death, I fear. You are much past the time appointed, Sir. You are late—a few minutes longer and you might have been too late.

Gab. "Better late than never," my young friend; "better late than never." I'll tell you a curious little anecdote in illustration of that fine old proverb. About thirty years ago—ah! me; it is nearer thirty-five!—I was sent for to make the will of old Ozias Bottleby—Ozias? No—let me see—it was Humphr—No; it was Ozias; and I recollect it by a curious little circumstance. I—

Grip. (impatently.) Pray, Sir, take your seat and proceed to business.

Gab. Ah! To draw the will of my poor old friend, (*approaches the bedside and takes his seat.*) Well, my old friend Hunksley; how do you find yourself?

Hunks. (faintly.) Badly—badly.

Gab. Perhaps you don't feel strong enough to go through this little affair now? I'll come again to-morrow—or next day—when you may be a little better.

Grip. (in a whisper to GABBLEBORE.) Are you mad? To-morrow! Why, he can't live an hour.

Gab. Ah! me!—Ah! me! I fear indeed it is so. Well—now. (*takes out his spectacles and holds them up to the light.*) My good Mrs. Whimperly, have you such a thing about you as a little bit of wash-leather, just to wipe my spectacles with? I generally carry a bit in my pocket, about the size of a crown-piece, or so; but to-day I have left it at home. It makes good the old saying, Mrs. Whimperly, that "when the—"

Grip. (snatches the spectacles from him, and, having wiped them, returns them.) There, Sir, there. Now for the will, or we may be too late.

Gab. "Better late than never," as I said before. And that reminds me of what I was going to tell you about poor Ozias Bottleby. You must know that—

Grip. Will you proceed with your work, Sir, or shall I send for some other attorney?

Gab. Don't be impatient, young gentleman; all in good time. However; business first—pleasure afterwards. (*Having carefully mended a pen, and arranged his papers, he turns towards HUNKSLEY.*) Now, my good friend, we'll to it. Pity you didn't follow my advice and make your will when you were in health; in which case you wouldn't have been at the trouble of doing it now. But it was so with his father before him, Mr. Gripper: the very thought of will-making would frighten him out of his wits. My poor departed father used to say, "The lawyer before the doctor, or the coffin-maker may take first turn:" meaning thereby, Mr. Gripper, that—(*At a sign of impatience from GRIPPER.*) Aye—true—to business. (*He reads as he writes.*)—"I——"

Grip. (*aside.*) At length he is at his work.

Gab. Plague on it! there's a hair in my pen. Did you ever see such an I as it has made me make, Mr. Gripper?—We'll begin again.—"I, Timothy——" *Appropos* to that, my dear friend; have you any news lately of your son, Charles?

Grip. (*aside.*) Confusion to the old dotard!

Hunks. (*faintly.*) Don't mention him—don't mention him.

Grip. (*to GABBLEBORE.*) Mark that, Mr. Gabblebores, mark that.

Hunks. My nephew, there—he has been as a son to me.

Grip. And mark *that* too.

Gab. Aye; you have been kind to your uncle, Mr. Gripper. That reminds me of poor Munden. You are too young to remember much of him. When he was down in these parts he used to act Nip—Nip—It was Nip-something. Let me see—Nipwhistle?—no—Nipskin?—No—Nip—Nipperkin? Aye, Nipperkin; that was it. (*During this speech GRIPPER walks about the room, and exhibits signs of extreme impatience.*) Well; I remember his manner of saying—"Be kind to your uncle, and lend me your coat," used to set the house in a roar of laughter. Since his time I have seen——

Grip. Mr. Gabblebores—Mr. Gabblebores—don't you perceive that the old man is sinking fast? Be quick, or all will be over.

Gab. True; true. Now, then.

Grip. (*aside.*) At last.

Gab. (*writes.*) "I, Timothy Ephraim——" (*TO HUNKSLEY.*) What are you shaking your head at, my dear friend?

Hunk. (*faintly.*) Timothy Hezekiah.

Gab. Aye, so it is, so it is. Ephraim was his father's name. I'll begin it all over again. (*Takes a fresh sheet of paper and writes; reading at the same time.*) "I, Timothy Hezekiah Hunksley, being of sound mind, do——" (*Turns to GRIPPER.*) You can't remember his father. I do. He used to wear a tail-wig, without powder—an uncommon thing in those days. Well; I being a boy at that time, full of fun and frolic, "Tim," says I, to my poor friend here (*who was a boy too, of about my age, or, it might be, a year older*), "Tim," says I, "let us get a bit of packthread and tie it to your father's tail,—whilst he's asleep." For I ought to have told you that he was taking his afternoon's nap in his easy chair.—You ought to remember that chair, Mrs. Whimperly. It was the black leather chair with a high back, which he——

Mrs. W. This is no time to think of such trifles, Sir.

Gab. Well, perhaps not; yet one can't control one's memory, you know.

Grip. (aside.) The chattering old blockhead will kill me with impatience and anxiety.

Gab. Now, then, to do it, and have done with it: I can finish my story afterwards. Now, let me see. Aye—here we are—*(reads)*—“being of sound mind, do—” *(Looking at HUNKSLEY.)* Bless my soul! As he lies there he looks the very image of poor Ozias Bottleby. I was called in to make his will, too; and he was exactly—that is to say, not exactly, but nearly, pretty nearly, in the same state as my poor friend here. It is a curious little anecdote, Mr. Gripper, and I must tell it you. *(He lays down his pen, deliberately takes off his spectacles, and, throwing his arms over the back of the chair, turns towards GRIPPER.)* As I was saying, I was called in to make his will. There was no time to spare, for he was in a very bad state—*very—bad—indeed.* It was his intention, as I had been told by some of his family, to disinherit his only son—listen to this, my dear Hunksley, for it is a very curious little anecdote—and leave the whole of his fortune, Mr. Gripper, amongst nephews, and nieces, and cousins ten times removed. By-the-by, I knew his son quite a boy. I can fancy I see him now, running about in his sky-blue jacket with sugar-loaf buttons, and nankeen trowsers. Years afterwards he went to Barbadoes—Barbadoes? No—no—St. Kitts?—yes, St. Kitts—where he died of the yellow fever.

Grip. (aside, and in an agony of impatience.) May fevers of all the colours of the rainbow scorch him!

Gab. Well;—fudging poor Bottleby very low, I thought to raise his spirits for the task—not a very lively one at the best of times—by telling him a droll story about a hard-trotting roan—bay?—bay?—roan?—no;—a hard-trotting little bay mare of mine—it was a bay mare—which, as I was riding her over a ploughed field, to visit a client of mine who lived in the next village, somehow or other she got her fore legs into a sort of—Well, Mr. Gripper; I had got just so far in my story when, looking at poor Ozias, what do you think? It was all over with him! He had gone out like the snuff of a candle; and not only did he die intestate, but without hearing the point of my story—the only good thing in it. The consequence was, that his son inherited the whole of his fortune, and the cornorants of relations were all disappointed.—Come—now to business. *(He writes.)* “Imprimis, I will and bequeath to—” *(He waits for a reply.)* Well?—“I will and bequeath to—” Eh!—What!—Hunksley, my dear friend!—Why!—Bless my soul!—Mrs. Whimperly!—Mr. Gripper!

Mrs. W. O dear! O dear! He’s gone! My poor old master’s gone!

Grip. Gone!—Then I am ruined!

Gab. Bless my soul! This is extraordinary! The—oddest—coincidence I ever met with in all my life. The case, to a tittle, of poor Ozias Bottleby!

Grip. (rushing off.) I’m ruined, ruined, ruined! Plagues light on him and his “Better late than never.”

Mrs. W. (weeping.) Well, well; since the poor old gentleman was to die, ‘tis better as it is. Through your delays, Mr. Gabblebore, my dear, good young master will come to his own; so, in this case, BETTER NEVER THAN LATE, say I.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

Of the frequent serious effects of practical jokes much has been said ; and in a recently published book (which, for modesty's sake on the part of the inditer of this sketch, shall be nameless) the pranks and absurdities of one of what the Chinese would call first-chop performers in that line have been somewhat at length exposed. Mr. Daly, however, escaped without doing any very serious mischief to anybody but himself ; and so the retribution was satisfactory, and the fool's bolt once shot the fool himself was obliged to bolt at last.

Different was the fate of Mr. Stephen Satterthwaite, of whom it becomes a duty imperative on me to write. I say imperative, because I consider myself in the situation of a farmer who adorns his barn-door with the remains of all the vermin destroyed in the course of the season not only as proof of his own vigilance, but as a warning to others of the same tribes to abstain from habits and practices not only destructive to the peace and property of others, but to their own comfort and safety.

Satterthwaite — I knew him well and long — was a short stout fellow, with bristly hair, a reddish nose, a short neck, and a round body stuck upon short legs—a sort of fellow who would pull your chair from under you, just as you were going to sit down ; slap-bang-whack you come, with your head right against a steel-fender or a marble chimney-piece—what fun—something to laugh at. He would pick your pocket of your handkerchief just as he saw you with a severe cold in your head going to blow your nose—what fun. In fact, he was one of those irritating monsters who, having perpetrated the most abominable solecism, either touching yourself or somebody else, says—what fun—something to laugh at.

One of Satterthwaite's best jokes was tying a bit of meat very securely to the bell-handles which dangle outside the gates of certain suburban villas—sweet retirements of snug citizens—the result of which operation was, that every hungry dog who chanced to pass that way, instinctively, reasonably almost, but naturally certainly, began to grabble at the tempting morsel, which he vainly attempted to detach ; the inevitable consequence of which attempt was the violent ringing of the bell—out come the servants candle in hand, look all round—hear nothing, see nothing, shut the gate and go in. The next doggy who comes trotting along, and who has not happened to dine well, has another touch at the meat, away goes the bell again, out come the servants as before, and as before go in again. And thus ten times in the night the family within, continue to be alarmed beyond measure at what appears a systematic attack upon Hawthorn Cottage or Eglantine Lodge, the master of which is a decided hypochondriac, and the mistress expecting to be confined every half hour.

The old hacknied trick of changing the signs of inns was a great favourite with Satterthwaite ; but he refined upon the old system of removing the whole of a show-board. He showed his ingenuity in making a sort of cross-reading in his playfulness. For instance, he broke off half the sign-board of a hair-dresser at Dorchester, and stuck it under the existing board of a man who let flies and glass-coaches, and the combination produced this—" Robert Dickenson. Glass-coaches .

and Flies to Let by the Day or Hour, as well as Ladies Fronts and Toupées." While at Abergavenny he distinguished himself by super-adding to the sign-board of "Mr. Hickstrop, Surgeon," that which he had broken away from a poor woman's cottage hard by, which gave the addition of "Mangling Done Here."

Satterthwaite was a sort of Sylvanus Urban, equally active in town or country. He had the felicitous skill, not exclusively his own, of bringing chopped horse-hair into the service, which well strewed, and sprinkled with a little salt, between the sheets of his intimate friend, drove him out of bed half mad in half an hour; and he was perfect in the art of boring a hole through a waistcoat, and carrying a string through it, which was tied to the bed-clothes of the respectable gentleman sleeping in the next room—as soon as the victim proclaims himself fast asleep by that most ungentle of noises, snoring, Satterthwaite gives a twitch of his packthread, and off go quilt, sheet, and blankets; the sufferer, surprised, jumps out to catch the vanishing covering, the sudden departure of which is to him unaccountable; he collects his comforts again, wonders how it could have happened, rolls himself up most carefully, and again falls asleep—that moment Satterthwaite very gently withdraws all the clothes once more, and the poor man, not disturbed upon the second occasion, sleeps on till he is nearly frozen to death—for Stephen never performs this experiment except in the depth of winter; and when in the morning the patient eventually awakes, half perished with pains in his limbs and rheumatism in his head, he is agreeably surprised with Satterthwaite's voice from the next room, exclaiming, "I say, is not that fun?"

Once Satterthwaite successfully played off Smollett's old trick; and having fallen in with a simpleton who was quacking under the Homœopathic sages, and who lived by rule, he got away his trowsers and waistcoat after he had gone to bed, and by dint of his own dexterity sewed them up in such a manner as to decrease their capacity nearly one-half without externally betraying the alteration. Of course they were replaced while his patient was asleep.

In the morning he was the first to call his "dear friend" to go out shooting—fine day—birds plenty—everybody happy—everything gay. The unfortunate invalid, who lived in constant fear of dropsy, endeavoured to obey his amiable friend's summons; but his attempts to dress himself were wholly unavailing. In the innocence of his heart, and the entirety of his confidence, he mentions this appalling circumstance to his dear friend Satterthwaite.

"By Jove," says this agreeable acquaintance, "what can have happened?—My dear friend, how you are swelled!"

"Me!" cried the other—"this is dreadful—do you think—eh?"

"I don't know," says Stephen; "but I cannot be deceived—come down—try and button on the things as well as you can—come down—send for the doctor—upon my honour, I believe it is a violent accession of ascites; but I never saw a case of dropsy so sudden before."

The invalid is absolutely terrified at the appearance which he had so long and sensitively dreaded. He goes down stairs, communicates his apprehensions to the other friends who are waiting breakfast; a man is ordered to be dispatched for the doctor, when Satterthwaite bursts into a fit of laughter, and cries—

"It's all me—it's my joke—is not that fun?"

Whether the Homœopathic patient died of the alarm so produced or of the advantages of the system to which he adhered, I know not; that he resteth now in Chesterfield churchyard is most true.

Amongst other things Stephen thought proper to do in the same line was a trick he played upon a Major O'Callaghan, a fine portly Irishman, with shoulders as broad as his humour, and a sword as sharp as his wit, and who was looked upon as a fire-eater, to whom the slightest contradiction would have been death to the offender. Him the facetious Satterthwaite contrived to put into the most ridiculous situation, and one which proved that, however brave he might be as regarded his fellow-creatures, he was, under certain circumstances, as great a coward as his neighbours.

One night, the Major, after having recounted various wonderful stories about himself, in which tiger-killing and snake-scutching formed very remarkable features, he—as, indeed, some of us had wished him to do some time before—retired to bed. He, unlike the wretched victim of salt and horse-hair, sank into a slumber—probably not over gentle; but just as he was beginning to dream of something particularly agreeable, he put his hand out of the bed and felt something extremely cold and clammy; he raised up the bed-clothes with his foot—it was something long and round; he stretched out his hand still further, and found it was a huge snake coiled on the counterpane. Out jumps the Major, crying for help and for mercy—because killing a snake in the daylight, and finding one by way of bed-fellow at night, are totally different matters. The moment this occurred, Satterthwaite rushed out of his room, crying, "What fun—here's a joke!" The son of Mars had been thus terrified by an eel-skin stuffed with wet bran.

The Major, however, did not think the joke quite so good as Mr. Stephen Satterthwaite did, and the first motion he made upon the announcement of its author was to break that respectable gentleman's head—what happened? Stephen saluted him with the whole contents of a water jug which was on a stand in the corner of the room, and made his escape, crying "More fun,—nothing like fun!" And when O'Callaghan, whose rage, like other fires, was rather fed than depressed by the application of a small quantity of the opposing element, declared his intention of treating the affair seriously in the morning, the master of the house pacified him entirely by telling him that Satterthwaite was a privileged person, one of the most agreeable companions in the world, and without whom it was perfectly impossible to exist, especially in a country house.

To me one of these fellows is extremely like what I once heard a countryman say at Headington (I wonder where Susan Wells is now?) of just such a bore in humble life. "Sir, he's for all the world like a dog at a game of nine-pins; the moment he sees the ball run, in he goes, upsets this, knocks down that, till all the pins, king and all, though he be as big as the one the Parson seed at Spithead, are tipped over topsy-turvy, and the whole tote of the business is bothered." These people expose you alike to your best friends and your bitterest enemies, which to them is equally good sport; and what makes the matter worse, they always contrive, by some means or other, to make you an accomplice in their performances without either your privacy, knowledge, or consent.

Among people of this sort there is nothing at which they will stop. When Satterthwaite was at school, there was a wheelwright's shop which overhung a valley where bricks were made; his delight was to turn the wheels which were left outside the shed at night straight up on their tires and let them go; away they rolled, and reeled like drunken men, and equally unconscious of the mischief they were doing, rolled and reeled over all the still soft bricks which were ranged in rows to harden. Stephen also rejoiced in tying hackney-coaches to fruit-women's barrows unperceived by the parties most particularly interested, and then calling "Coach."

"He lisped in numbers, and the numbers came."

The anxious Jarvey drove up with an Irish tail at his heels, very little coveted or expected, and which at no time can be very agreeable to a man with the reins in his hand. Another jest was knocking up an accoucheur in Russell-street, Bloomsbury, to visit, in a case of emergency, a spinster of sixty in James-street, Buckingham-gate, leaving the said accoucheur to pay the coach-hire there and back. A third was despatching an attorney of Marylebone, at twelve o'clock at night, to make the will of a client at Cripplegate, whom, when he got there, he found as well as ever, and just gone to bed from a comfortable supper with a party of friends, for which the said attorney at law was just ten minutes too late. One night he rang the bell of a respectable poulterer in Piccadilly, to ask if the Bishop of Norwich was at home; and on another, roused the respectable family of a calculating carpenter in Clerkenwell, to know whether he could say five words to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But Stephen transcended all these minor achievements,—he invented schemes which have gained and left him a prodigious reputation. The only thing which in my mind had anything like ingenuity in it he played off in a country-house where I was staying with a large party. And where, except perhaps in a ship on a long voyage, where do people know so much of each other as in a dear, great, rambling country-house? There the tempers and dispositions of the assembled group develop themselves freely and naturally; all the struggles which are made in London society are attempted under the same roof in vain; restraint seems thrown off, and *that* which is, however intelligible to English men and women, a sealed book to foreigners, is the delightful homeliness of feeling in an English country-house.

Amongst our party was Stephen; and amongst the party Stephen had discovered a lady of some forty years of age, perhaps more, who, strange to say, preferred, to his jolly rubicund countenance, the placid charms of what is conventionally termed "a quiet gentlemanly man," a nice person, pale, and delicate, who never looks hot, and never says any thing. Stephen marked this elegant nonentity for his special vengeance, and having first led on the unfortunate lady to admit her admiration of his person and his sentiment,—a word which ladies turned of forty are extremely fond of using,—he, in the course of events, retired to rest.

About half an hour after we were all—at least, I speak for myself—in bed, loud cries of fire rang through the house; everybody jumped up, and men and women, half dressed, or rather half re-dressed, rushed down the staircases, candlestick in hand, as if lights were necessary to find the fire, into the drawing-room, where we found Satterthwaite

stretched out in an arm-chair. Seeing him dressed and apparently collected, everybody inquired of him what he knew of the cry of fire, and what had really happened? To these questions he made answer none; but, rising from his seat, proceeded to take the young quiet gentlemanly man by the hand, and advancing with him in the most serious and solemn manner to the lady before mentioned, he said, in a tone of the most perfect gravity, "Permit me, Madam, to present you the soul of sentiment in a white cotton night-cap." I admit that we all burst out laughing. The lady has never forgiven Stephen, nor the white cotton night-cap.

He was staying at Beaconsfield—a town now made classical by its vicinage—and passed for a very steady sort of person; but, unfortunately, opposite to the inn at which he had taken up his quarters,—and he was stopping there only to carry on some greater practical joke,—opposite to the inn there lived a man and his wife in a small house which they solely occupied, but kept no servant; it stood in a sort of row, and nobody was more respectable than this ancient pair. If they had a failing, they had but one,—but *that* Stephen unfortunately discovered.

On certain days this patriarchal pair used to go on a visit to their son and his family at their farm-house some three miles "down the road," where the filial hospitality was largely displayed,—their welcome was warm,—their cheer good,—and, (if truth must be told, it must,) when they came home at night, the distance they had to walk was not so much in length as breadth, and when they reached their Lares and Penates upon these occasions it was generally past midnight.

One fatal night they came home—as usual, singing a sort of "John Anderson my Jo, love" kind of duct; for although, as a punster would say, Timmins had never played a base part as a husband, he was extremely fond of singing one when he was a little elevated,—they reached the door of their house,—at least, so they thought,—for they mechanically measured ten steps from their neighbour's door, which they were sufficiently sensible to know brought them to their own. Old Mr. Timmins fumbled in his pocket for the key and found it; he then proceeded to fumble for the lock, but he could *not* find it.

"My dear Mrs. T.," said the poor old man, "somebody has run away with the key-hole!"

"My dear Mr. T.," replied his better and bigger half, "you have drank too much ale. Who should steal a key-hole? I tell you, Mr. Timmins, you are not near the door. You are right agin the wall."

"Why, do you know, Mrs. T., that's true," said the husband; "but I thought I had gone far enough to find our door, because I saw number four here on the left, and number six here on the right; so, in course, I naturally thought ours, which is number five, must be between,—don't you see, Mrs. T."

The worthy old man then proceeded again to reconnoitre number six,—then number four,—but still there was nothing but wall;—in fact, there was no number five. The poor old people thought themselves suddenly demented, or, to tell the truth, began to believe that they were excessively drunk, indeed, a belief which induced them to bear all the evils and inconveniences of their situation rather than alarm their neighbours; and there they stood pottering about, poor old Timmins, with his key

in his hand, poking against the wall, hunting still for a key-hole. At length, since necessity has no law, they resolved to call for assistance, —a call which was promptly obeyed, and their neighbours rallied round them with lights and lanterns to ascertain the real cause of their discomfort; when, lo and behold! it appeared that after dusk the frame of the door had been removed, and the door-way had been regularly, newly, and completely built up with brick-work, at (as it appeared) the expense of my friend Stephen, who, as soon as the real truth was discovered, shouted from his window, where he was attended by two or three friends to see the result—"What—here's a joke!—eh, isn't that fun?"

For this frolic Master Stephen was made to pay pretty handsomely; and if his uncle had not been a person of some consideration in Buckinghamshire, it would have gone very hard with him. Yet, no sooner was he well out of this scrape, before he contrived to play a trick upon an old lady of the highest respectability, who was returning in a sedan-chair from a tea and toast party, in Henley, on a tremendously wet night, when he managed to deluge her completely, by officiating as one of the chairmen, well disguised, and throwing open the top of the vehicle immediately under a leaden gutter, which was pouring forth most copious streams of the falling element. In this position he left her, taking to his heels as hard as he could, while his "partner," the other chairman, not being able to lift his load singly, ran after him, to catch him, and the fair dowager, equally incompetent to shut herself in, was drenched through and through before any aid could be procured.

Well, for ten years I had known Satterthwaite, and I honestly confess I lived in perpetual fear of him.—As has often been justly remarked—the mind, the temper, the disposition of man, vary so greatly with events, the weather, constitutional disposition, and a thousand other things, that nothing can be more dangerous—perhaps unsafe is a better word—than a practical joker;—besides which, I cannot endure a man who is always happy—always boisterously mirthful—with a sort of self-satisfied grin upon his countenance, and a cracked trumpet-like voice of self-gratulation, perpetually sounding in one's ears. Let a man be happy—let him be rich—let him be perfectly independent of the world; but do not let us see a great jolly fellow shaking his sides, and chuckling at nothing but his own consciousness that nothing can happen to affect his own comforts or interests till he dies. Satterthwaite was one of these insensible animals; nothing could move his tenderness or pity. He lived to joke—and joke he did to some purpose, as we shall see in the sequel.

I was just on the point of quitting the house where we had been staying, where the scene of the cotton night-cap had been so effectively performed, when two or three of us were invited by a friend who, for evident reasons, must be nameless, to have a day's shooting at his place, about twelve miles off. I very gladly accepted the invitation, although the pleasure I anticipated was in no small degree clouded, by finding that Satterthwaite was to be of the party. A practical joker, with a gun in his hand, is not the most agreeable companion in a *battue*; however, I had said I would go, and go I did.

At the moment we arrived at our friend's house, he had just finished a letter, which he sealed and directed, and laid upon the chimney-piece. Satterthwaite, always meddling and curious, read the address.

"So you have been writing to your old friend Mrs. H.?" said Stephen.

"Yes," replied G., "I have been long enough acquainted in that family to make free, and have written, to say that as we shall be near her house at the end of our day's shooting, I venture to expect her to give us some dinner. As we shall be fifteen in party, I thought it was as well to let her know of our intentions, or else we might come off with short commons."

G. rang the bell for his servant, and dispatched the letter. Satterthwaite, unperceived, followed the man out of the room—at least unperceived I can scarcely say, for I saw him go out, but thought nothing of it. While we were out shooting, Satterthwaite and I got together on one side of a cover, while the rest of the party were beating the other.

"We shall have some fun to-night," said Stephen, with one of his senseless chuckles—"such fun!"

"What's in the wind now?" said I.

"I gave G.'s man a sovereign not to take the letter you saw him send to our fair friend," said he.

"That was rather incautious," replied I; "for the chances are we shall get no dinner."

"Never mind; anything for a joke," replied Stephen. "I have told the fellow to carry it to the fair lady's husband: he is at this moment nailed to the bench in the town hall, as chairman of the quarter sessions; and the idea that fifteen hungry sportsmen are to be fed and fêted at his house in the evening will drive him half mad: he is as stingy as old Elwes himself; and the very notion of our attack upon his cellar and farm-yard will throw him into such a rage, that the chances are, he will hurry over his business, confound the guilty with the innocent, and play the very deuce in his court, in order to get home in time to stop the plunder."

"This," said I, "does not seem a very amiable proceeding."

"Capital joke, rely upon it," said he; "it tells two ways; for, when the company do arrive at his house, his lady will have nothing ready to give them, and then they will be starved after the day's work."

"Yes," said I; "but considering that I, and not only I, but you, yourself, are to be victimized with the rest, it does not strike me to be so comical as you seem to imagine."

"Mum," said Satterthwaite; "not quite so silly as that. You see that boy beating, with a bag at his back; in that bag is one of our friend G.'s cold roast fowls, one of his best loaves, and a bottle of his best claret; abstracted and packed by my man for the purpose. As soon as you feel yourself hungry, down we pop ourselves on a sunny bank, under a convenient hedge, and divide the spoils."

"No," said I; "I must beg to decline the advantage; I shall instantly go to G., and tell him the trick you have played."

"Psha," said Satterthwaite; "you never will enter into a joke."

There was something so truly unfeeling; and, I must add, so excessively ungentlemanlike in the proceeding, that I walked away from him, and inquired of the first of our companions whom I met where he thought I could find G. He told me that he had walked off in the direction of the house in question, the immediate neighbourhood of which we were then approaching.

As this was the case, I determined on taking the same course, so that if I missed him, I might myself call at the house, and let the lady into the plot formed against us. At a turn of the road I caught sight of G. walking rapidly forward. I increased my speed, to overtake him, and succeeded in reaching the gate of the court-yard at the same moment. He turned not, spoke not; but the moment he entered the gate, he shut it firmly after him, and locked it, without speaking one syllable to me. In an instant I heard a pistol fired, and a voice exclaim, "I have missed you—go on."

I ran towards a side gate which opened into the yard, but which was also locked,—it was of open iron work, and there I saw the horrid sight,—the lady's husband still holding a pistol in each hand, advanced upon G., and in a voice I shall never forget, exclaimed, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, and his whole frame convulsed with agony—

"You love her—yes—and she returns your love;—take this—defend yourself!" saying which, he offered one of his pistols to his opponent.

The letter which Mr. Satterthwaite had despatched to the husband betrayed a fatal secret which, till then, had remained unsuspected. Mad with revenge and desperation, he rushed from the seat of justice; and before he decided upon the injuries done to society, sped homewards to revenge his own.

In vain I cried for help; in vain called on both their names, at the moment when they stood facing each other. A window of the house was thrown up, and I beheld the cause of all their rage in a state of distraction.

"Eleanor," cried G., "go—go—leave the window; do not be a witness of this dreadful scene."

"Let her stay," replied the husband; "she is locked into her room; there is no fear of her separating us."

"Kill me—kill me!" cried the wretched woman; "it is I alone who ought to die."

I mingled my cries with hers; I endeavoured to scale the wall; the once dear friends had taken their stand,—their pistols were raised, when, driven to distraction by her despair, the unhappy Eleanor sprang from the window, and fell at the feet of her husband—the fall had so deeply injured her, that she could make no effort to stay their hands. At this moment I had reached the summit of the wall, when I saw Satterthwaite and some others of our companions approaching.

"What a noise you are making!" cried he; "you cry out as if the house was burning; why, the people half a mile off will hear you."

"Fire, Sir!" said the infuriated husband; "do not add cowardice to crime."

The word given was but too promptly and too well obeyed. The injured husband received the bullet from his friend's pistol in his breast, and fell dead at the side of his wife.

I leaped from the wall, and seizing Satterthwaite by the throat, thrust him against the iron gate, and holding him fast, exclaimed,

"See, wretch, behold the result of your last performance!"

G., the miserable survivor, fled to America; and the wretched wife died from poison the day after the duel.

So much for PRACTICAL JOKING!

T. E. H.

PETER PINDARICS.

I. ST. GEORGE'S PENITENTIARY.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

THE learned and facetious Dr. Airy
 Preach'd, 'tother day, a sermon so pathetic,
 For the St. George's Penitentiary,
 That it seem'd just like giving an emetic
 To every purse of Christian bowels.
 Folks sobb'd and blubber'd
 So fast, that handkerchiefs were turn'd to towe's;
 And the last tear seem'd squeezed from out its cupboard.
 The Doctor smiled (within his sleeve)
 At these salt tributes to his oratory,
 Sure that the Institution would receive
 A sum redounding to his proper glory,
 From the soul-melted auditory.

The sermon o'er, he bent his keen
 Ear to the tinklings of the plate;—
 Alas! they came with pause deliberate
 "Twixt each donation,
 "Like angel visits few and far between,"
 (I like a new quotation,)

But, as he caught the sounds, he thought
 Each had a golden echo, which in fairness
 Made full atonement for its rareness,—
 "Ay, ay," soliloquized the preacher,
 "I told them charity aton'd
 For multitudes of sins;—they've owned
 For once the wisdom of their teacher,
 And, for their many crimes untold,
 Are doing penance with their gold."

With this auriferous impression,
 Proud and elate,
 He mov'd towards the plate;
 But ah! how changed was his expression,
 When, 'stead of the expected prize,
 Nothing but shillings met his eyes,
 And those, alas! too few in number
 Each other to encumber.
 "Ah!" cried the parson,—“addlepat
 Dolts and dunces! when I stated,
 'Love of our species is the just
 Measure of charity:' they must
 Have understood the phrase to be,
 Love of our specie.—

Nothing but shillings, shillings still!
 A strange vagary!
 Now on my credit, if I had my will,
 Their Institution's title I would vary,
 Into the *Twelve-PENNY-tentiary*."

2. THE PENNY-WISE AGE.

DOCTOR! 'tis my opinion humble
 You had not any right to grumble,
 For he who in this penny age can touch
 A shilling, gets twelve times as much
 As other folks :—I state no hoax,
 But simple fact, devoid of jokes,
 Or amphibological equivokes.
 Yes, since the penny banner was unfurl'd
 In this two-halfpenny, four-farthing world,
 Have we not thousands who are willing
 To place unlimited reliance,
 For learning, news, and science,
 Upon the twelfth part of a shilling ?
 Have we not Penny Cyclopædias,
 Penny Magazines, and books,
 Penny Tracts, less good than tedious,
 For penitents of rueful looks,
 And penny classics that give scope
 To boys at penny schools, and misses,
 To sympathize with poor Ulysses
 And his beloved *Penny-lope* ?

With such economy,
 Where every cottage is a college,
 What wonder, in the march of knowledge,
 That ploughboys understand astronomy ?—
 Cries Hodge—"How comes it that the sun,
 Which nightly seeks the westward shore,
 Rises, as sure as any gun,
 Next morning where he was afore ?"
 "Spooney !" replies a learned wight,
 "Your ignorance is truly risible ;
 He always travels back at night,
 And that's the reason he's invisible."

It was a penny Latinist who said,
 In Chaos there had been a battle,
 Before the days of men and cattle,
 Though not set down in Holy Writ,
 Because in Ovid he had read
 That was the time when *NILIL fit*.
 Such tales (I hope that none have quizz'd 'em)
 Evince the march of penny-wisdom,
 And might be told *ad infinitum*,
 Had we, just now, the time to write 'em.

H.

SEWING UP THE FOGEYS.

IT was in the year 1814, and while I was garrisoned in Portsmouth, I received the following note from Sir John T—— :

“Dear Hill,—Will you do me the favour to come out here to dinner, to-day? If possible, prevail on Doyle to accompany you. I want the aid of both to sew up the Fogeys.

“Yours, very truly,
“John T——,”

“Fort Cumberland.

What assistance Colonel T—— required at my hands, or the exact meaning of the strange phrase with which he terminated his brief note, I could not, for the life of me, comprehend; and as I think it extremely probable that my reader is in a similar state of mystification, I will do my best to explain the case forthwith.

Sir John T—— commanded a regiment of militia, called the Cornish Miners, finer fellows never wielded pickaxe, or carried musket; a more jovial set than the officers never surrounded a mess-table. The allied Sovereigns were, at the period when I speak, daily expected to visit Portsmouth; and to make room for a regiment which had returned from service, the Miners were marched off to Fort Cumberland, on the verge of Southsea Common, already occupied by a Veteran battalion.

These old soldiers had received the new-comers with great cordiality; and it was determined to take the earliest opportunity of returning their hospitality, by inviting them to the mess of the Miners. It was to this dinner that my friend Doyle and myself were bidden; and, as we were intimate not only with the Colonel, but most of the pleasant men of his regiment, we readily complied with his request.

In our very best embroidered jackets, and severely got up for the day, we reached Fort Cumberland, were kindly welcomed by our friends, who, however, did not carry their affection so far as to favour us with the hug for which their county is celebrated. The mess-room, like every other apartment in the fort, was a low casemated chamber, receiving light from the narrow windows, which flanked the only door it possessed; but which, nevertheless, from the thickness of the masonry, and the quantity of earth it supported, (which formed the parapet of the fort,) was extremely cool, and appeared admirably adapted for a summer refectory.

The dinner-drum beat, and the veterans began to assemble: the first trio who arrived possessed but four arms and five legs amongst them; then came two more, each minus a fin, but sporting capital lower limbs. The major, who was next announced, had been severely wounded, though the shots which had left such evident marks of a ruined constitution had spared his “precious limbs.” Several others, all more or less maimed, came dropping in. Doyle and myself were made known to the gallant heroes as they severally appeared.

The dinner was served, the Colonel was about to take his seat, when, looking round, he said,

“I do not see Captain Camplin amongst us. I hope nothing prevents our having the pleasure of his company.”

“Here I am, Colonel,” shouted a stentorian voice from the bottom of

the room ; and with a rapid pace, the speaker advanced. He, poor soul, had lost one leg, one arm, and one eye ; but the brilliancy of the orb that was left was extraordinary. It was, as the song says, "a piercer ;" and the activity with which he stumped along, almost tempted one to believe that he had been born with a wooden leg. "Here I am, my dear Colonel : beg pardon for being last, but I had to attend some female friends who came to see our fort here ; and I have been promenading with them on the common."

Placing the Major on his right, and the senior Captain, a fine-looking old man, with silver hair, named Micklejohn, on his left, the Colonel sat himself down. I had been requested to sit next to the Major, and Doyle, to take another of the visitors under his especial care. Opposite to me sat the last-comer ; and on my dexter side, a sturdy old boy, who was blessed with his proper number of digits. Soup being a one-handed invention, was no criterion ; but when the fish was served, I was surprised to see that my opposite acquaintance managed to eat with as much ease as his more gifted neighbours ; nor was he less expert in the art of drinking. He was challenged by most of his Cornish friends, by several of his own corps, and of course by Doyle and myself, who felt ourselves in duty bound to fulfil the object of our visit.

It was impossible, during dinner, for anybody to enter into conversation, even with his nearest companion ; the rattle of knives, forks, and plates, reverberated along the roof and sides of our dungeon-shaped chamber, making the roughest music I ever had heard. When, however, the cloth was removed, and the wine, the life-blood of society, began to circulate, a stillness, by comparison, reigned amongst us.

Various toasts were drunk, and many speeches made ; excepting in the glass of the Major, not a single heel-tap had been detected. Presently the old boys, warmed with the generous juice, began to relate to their militia friends the battles they had seen. Captain Camplin outshone them all ; marvellous as many of his adventures were, it would have been cruel to doubt a single statement from so marked a man. The Major related to Sir John, that, when the battalion arrived at Waterford, some two years before, the people had stared at the mutilated figures that passed ; but Camplin's company closing the line of march, and his triple suffering meeting their gaze, an impudent rascal pointed him out to his fellows, saying,—“Now, be Jabus, the town's taken !”

“I remember,” replied the hero on whom this remark had been made, “I remember our Waterford quarters well ; I dined one day with a merchant there, and he being anxious to give me a taste of some curious claret of his own importing, was prevented by the corkscrew being absent without leave ; I won his heart, and those of all present, by lugging one out of my waistcoat pocket, which I invariably carried, and on the handle of which I had caused to be engraved ‘*The young man's best companion*.’”

“A most profane appropriation of the name of an excellent buik, my good Camplin,” observed Captain Micklejohn ; “but you were a'ways a ne'er do well, or you might have had some of your blessed members spared ye, and your Lisbon campaign not attended with sic melancholy circumstances.”

“May I ask what happened there, Sir ?” said I to the white-headed

warrior ; but ere he could speak, the piercing glance of his friend's eye was full upon me, and the sufferer said quickly,

"A trifle, Sir, not worth relating, known only to my friend Micklejohn and the surgeon. However, we'll change the subject. Sir John, couldn't you prevail on one of your officers to favour us with a song?"

The call was promptly obeyed, and the singer was entitled to the privilege of a call in return. The Major was asked to name those of his officers who were given to the concord of sweet sounds, and many voices quickly proclaimed Camplin their principal vocalist.

He wasted no time in useless ceremony, but loudly chanted forth the cheering appeal said to be written by General Wolfe, of,

"Why, soldiers, why should we be melancholy,
Whose duty 'tis to die,"

with such a volume of voice, as proved that his lungs were as "ilegant" as any in Ballyracket.

The nine o'clock drums had beaten some time, but not "a man would stir from his can." About ten the Major, pleading ill-health, made a stealthy exit, and I, of course, closed up to my host.

"Did you ever," said Sir John to me, *sotto voce*, "see such a set of fellows? Why, half my lads are tipsy at this moment, but not one of these venerable sponges seems to have sopped up a quarter of the wine he intends to carry. I see I shall have a hard job to sew up these fogeys: however, something must be done for the honour of Cornwall."

He whispered one of the mess waiters, who instantly left the room. Bumpers were proposed in rapid succession, some to be drunk with honours; and it was a sight to see how manfully the lame, the halt, and the blind, stood up, whilst many of their militia friends were obliged to balance themselves by holding on to the edge of the table.

Suddenly the door flew open, and the band of the regiment entered the room, playing the County tune of "One and All!" and paraded several times round the assembled party. I could not but smile to see the black man, who played the cymbals, clash them together close to the ears of the visitors, as he passed, and the big drum, following the noisy example of his sable countryman. Such a din I never heard, and most heartily glad was I when the band, or, as I thought them, the banditti, were permitted to return to their beds, from which they had been so unexpectedly summoned.

Their visit, however, had produced the desired effect; one by one, the party lessened, inviters as well as guests, and about eleven o'clock, none remained but Camplin, Micklejohn, the President, Doyle, and myself: the former in joyous accents, said,

"Ah, my dear Colonel, this is delightful: we can now enjoy an hour or two in rational conversation, the bandmen are gone to their barracks, and my milksop brother officers have sneaked off to their rooms; I don't mean to follow them just yet, although I pride myself on being an early man."

"The deuce you do?" ejaculated Sir John in a low voice.

"Yes, Colonel," said Camplin, "there's Andrew Micklejohn and myself, old companions and fellow sufferers, we like to set a good example, and usually retire as soon as possible after—"

"It would have been well for you if you had done so all your life, Camplin; but that infernal affair at Lisbon—"

"Well, well, don't let's talk of those matters now; two or three glasses of wine, just to top up with, and then we'll wish the Colonel good night."

These two or three were speedily dispatched, the worthy Scotchman suddenly ceased to join in conversation, finding his articulation become every moment more indistinct, and rose to leave the room.

"Don't go, Andrew; just two glasses more, and I'm with you, for you know, old Crowdey, I'm an early man."

Doyle, under pretext of assisting the Caledonian, made his retreat; but it would have puzzled a Solomon to say which of the two staggered most.

"Well, Sir John," continued Camplin, "we've had a delightful day, good dinner, excellent wine, and plenty of it. Capital wine; not a headache in a hogshead: if I wasn't an early man, I declare to you I shouldn't mind another bottle, but as it is, one more bumper, and then I'll bid you good afternoon."

"Morning, you mean," said the Colonel, beginning to evince some signs of weariness.

"Impossible, my dear Sir; I make it a rule to be in bed before midnight; have done so for years, and am well known by all my friends as an early man."

"Take another anchovy toast, my good Sir," said I, rather anxious to see the end of the carouse, which, I was quite sure, a very little more wine must inevitably effect.

"Thank you, my dear fellow, I honour you, and I honour your cloth, and your table; you've gained immortal laurels this day,—drinking your wine like a man, and keeping sober as a judge—as wise as a dove, and as innocent as a serpent. I'll tell you what happened to an officer of yours in the year 1770, when I was a lieutenant,—no, I wasn't gazetted till 68—yes I was,—it was at the taking of one of the West India Islands, or the Cape of Good Hope, or Flushing, I don't just at the moment remember which; but, however, another glass will refresh my memory,—thank you, Sir John; I'll drink your health in a bumper, and then if you will do me the honour to come over to my room, we'll have some cold cigars—a little brandy—and some beef and water. Artillery man, Sir John's health—up, standing—with three!"

The jolly old warrior got upon his left leg,—that is, the leg that was left; the wine found its way down his throat, his body found its way to the floor, and down he fell, flat, and speechless. I hastened to assist him, but Sir John catching my arm, said,

"Join me, my dear boy, in one cheer, we've won the day, Hurrah! we've accomplished our task, we've SEWN UP THE FOGYES!"

BENSON E. HILL.

THE BEAU OF BYBLOS.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Birth and Parentage of our Hero.

ANNO Mundi 2530, or, by Christian calculation, 3307 years ago, there appeared in the fashionable morning papers of Arabia—according to the best authority, Rumor—the following notice :—“**BIRTHS**—Yesterday morning her Royal Highness Myrrha, only daughter of His Most Gracious Majesty Cynaras, King of Cyprus, of a son.”

It is our melancholy task to record that her royal highness was not “so well as could be expected” after her *accouchement* ; in fact, as the nurse declared, with tears in her eyes, “the poor dear moped and moped, and at last died like a lamb !” There was certainly some secret sorrow preying upon her mind ; but her profound silence threw a veil of mystery over her misfortunes, which it is not in the power of our historic pen to raise. There is only one little circumstance which may tend to cast a glimmering ray upon the dense obscurity which enveloped this singular affair—no certificate of her marriage could be discovered !

Had she lived, the gossips would have had a fine field for the exercise of their peculiar talents ; but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* was a maxim which the heathens of those distant days considered it a particular virtue to observe. The gods (who of course were “let into the secret”) were touched with her misfortunes, and transformed her into a tree. But, as our story has nothing further to relate touching Myrrha, we will proceed with the narration of the adventures of Adonis, who was the fruit and only branch of the said tree.

Some nymphs in the neighbourhood (young ladies more celebrated for the purity of their minds than the extent of their wardrobe) took compassion upon the lovely orphan, and brought him up “by hand” in the caves of Arabia. They all declared he was a darling, and took a pride in rearing and instructing their curly-headed pet ; and as he grew up and flourished under their caré, they felt a peculiar delight in teaching him many little tricks, which, it must be admitted, he never afterwards forgot. Any other child would have been neglected or lost sight of ; but Nature had been so lavish in her gifts of grace and beauty towards him, that he was an unceasing topic of conversation in the neighbourhood. There were, of course, sundry conjectures touching his paternity. Some went so far as to say that he was a son of Jupiter ; others of Apollo ; while the crabbed old crones, who disliked his prattle and playfulness, declared he was a son of somebody of a very different character, *utrum horum*—but stay, most eloquent goose-quill ! nor condescend to chronicle these hypotheses, a nobler task is before thee. Yes ! thou shalt indite a tale more welcome to the taste of the reader than the stuffed and roasted goose from whose wing thou wert untimely plucked !

CHAP. II.

Of his going forth into the World.

Young gentlemen till a certain age may conduct themselves very peaceably in a “ladies’ preparatory establishment ;” but no sooner do

they feel themselves springing into hobbledyhoys, than they become restive as colts, and break from the silken tethers to which they have been previously bound ! Never was this simple truism more positively exemplified than in the conduct of Master Adonis.

Beautiful in person, and wonderfully precocious, he fled from the protectresses of his tender years and presented himself at the court of Byblos in Phœnicia, where his personal qualifications and eloquent address immediately won the favour and attention of the reigning monarch. Under such august patronage he speedily became a proficient in all the accomplishments of the age ; and his excellence in all attainments was such that he even outstripped the shafts of envy. All the young men imitated him—all the women adored him ; in fine, he was the leading dandy of his day—minus the tailor-part of the modern beau.

CHAP. III.

Of his Hunting, and the extraordinary Game he started.

Like many other gallants of his time, Adonis could draw the long-bow—throw the javelin—or the hatchet ! and took great delight in the pleasures of the chase. Pursuing his recreations amidst the shades of Lebanon, he one day, after having slain and transformed a dappled denizen of the forest into venison, threw himself upon a bank of thyme to seek repose after his exertions (and what time could be better suited to the purpose?)—his antlered prize lying at his feet. After whistling awhile for want of thought, his ideas gradually congregated in his cranium, and burst forth in the following animated

STRAIN.

When I hear at morn
Chanticleer a-crowing,
The merry hunter's horn,
And all the kine a-lowing,
I know the boys are out,
And for Adonis craving ;
So quickly turn about,
And then—begin a-shaving.
Toora-loora-loo—Toora-loora-lido !

Off I cast my cap,
And put on all my habits,
Then pray where is the chap
Like me to hunt the rabbits ?
Both right and left I dart
My well-directed arrows,
And pierce right through the heart
At least a score of sparrows.
Toora-loora-loo—Toora-loora-lido !

Of all the sports I know,
The chase to me the best is ;
The rooks my clever bow
Knocks clean out of their *nests* !
I strike the buck in dell,
Or 'cross the green lawn skipping,
As sure as Billy Tell
Will hit the golden pippin.
Toora-loora-loo—Toora loora-lido !

Enamoured Echo took up the plaintive burden of this simple song, and "toora-loora-loo" rang through the leafy forest, till, at last, after many cadences and variations, it gave up the ghost in the cave of Silence. He had, however, other audience than the twittering birds, for, looking around him, he beheld a pair of the loveliest eyes that ever reflected the blue sky looking wistfully upon him. Zephyrus parted the envious leaves, and his ravished sight was fixed by two blooming cheeks pertaining to ditto.

He rose like a mist drawn up by the rays of the meridian sun from some stagnant pool. He was enchanted; he was a complete bankrupt in speech and locomotion; and like many another bankrupt, would most probably have been lost had not certain advances been made. The goddess Venus approached the enamoured hunter. The titles of god and goddess at that period were as plentiful, by the bye, as those of Baron and Baroness are now-a-days in Russia or Germany.

"O, gentle youth!" cried she, "sing me that sweet song again; and let my ears drink in the intoxicating melody of your voice."

Adonis, however, was too much absorbed in the contemplation of his new acquaintance to attend to her flattering "encore;" and so, instead of a song, treated her with an "overture" of love, which was most favourably received.

Leave we the lovers amidst the leaves to their pleasant conversation, while we give our reader some particulars of this lovely and interesting female.

CHAP. IV.

The story of Venus.

At the period of this our true and authentic history, there was a remarkably popular watering-place at the foot of Mount Cythera, frequented by all the *ton* and fashion of the day. Attending upon one of the "machines," was one of those red-faced, blue-garbed mer-women, whose peculiar province it was to "dip" nervous ladies, and squalling bantlings in the briny wave: some fine specimens of the *genus* are still extant at Margate and other places, where smoke-dried citizens annually migrate for ablution. Well, this worthy woman happened to have a daughter, who proved as unlike her mother, as the sweet rose is to the prickly tree on which it blooms. Now, the bathing-woman having no ostensible partner, the ladies of her craft waggishly declared that Venus (the name of the infant) was born of the sea,—a poetical conceit of which both ancient and modern writers have not only taken advantage, but "worked up" with astonishing effect.

Years elapsed, and Venus grew more beautiful every succeeding day; her education was unfortunately not the "genteel," as she diurnally consorted with boatmen and bathing-women; and her mother, fearing her daughter might get into some untoward scrape, accepted the offer of a certain blacksmith in the neighbourhood, named Vulcan, who was well-to-do in the world, and bestowed her offspring upon him in marriage.

In point of personal beauty, it is impossible to imagine a more unequal union, for he was not only the most ordinary man in the town, but *extra-ordinary*, and extremely low and vulgar in his speech and man-

ners. In a worldly view, however, it was an excellent match, for he carried on a "roaring trade;" and for some time the couple lived as most married couples do.

But it happened in the following season that a regiment was quartered in the town; and the young and handsome Colonel Mars, who was very partial to his horses, went to the "smithy," to see his favourite charger shod. Venus came into the smithy during the operation with a pot of porter for her husband's morning draught,—Vulcan was hammering away at a red-hot horseshoe,—a random spark struck Mrs. V.'s hand, and she let fall the *potation*. With wrathful glare, and awful denunciations, the blacksmith approached his trembling "rib."—Colonel Mars, with that ready gallantry for which the "cloth" has always been famed, promptly interceded, and parried the impending blow. The pearly tears rolled down the blushing cheeks of Mrs. V., like dew-drops upon a rose leaf, while sobbing, she exclaimed,

"You cruel brute, to—to—use—me so!" and falling into hysterics fit for the occasion, the enchanted Colonel supported her in his protecting arms.

Vulcan growled, and finished the job. The next morning Mars, disgusted with the place, had marched, bearing with him V.'s ill-used wife, who, at his earnest solicitation, had consented to put herself under his care and protection; and she was now living in genteel retirement in a small cottage *orné* on the borders of the forest of Libanus.

CHAP. V.

Which treats of our Hero's acquaintance with Venus.

Asparagus springs up in a single night; equally sudden is the growth of love; yea, even as the cowslip and convolvulus expand beneath the noon-day sun, so do the affectionous unfold themselves before the smiles of beauty.

Adonis, armed with his bow and quiver, and his boar-spear in his hand, now daily betook himself to the leafy coverts of the forest. It was, however, a remarkable circumstance, that he who was the keenest sportsman of the court of Byblos now rarely returned with any ferine spoil. He was laughed at by his companions for his want of success; but he only returned their jocular sallies with a smile. The fact is, Venus was the only "*dear*" he sought; and urged by love, he had signed an amesty with all the bucks and fawns that he once pursued so zealously. The bow of Adonis was never bent; for the beau of Byblos was always at the feet of the enchanting daughter of the old bathing-woman of Cythera. It is an old maxim, that "love and a cough cannot be hid;" and consequently his absorbing amour was soon discovered by the gallant Colonel M., who would have called out his formidable rival on the instant, had he not apprehended that, should any fatal consequence result to the reigning favourite of the court of Byblos, he might run a narrow chance of losing his commission. With the intuitive caution, therefore, of an old soldier, he determined secretly to undermine the fortress he could not venture openly to assail.

With this resolution he cunningly devised the plot which we shall lay before the eyes of our sagacious reader in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Colonel Mars consults with Diana.

Diana held the ostensible situation of keeper of the forest of Libanus, a sinecure which, from the oldest times, has been conferred upon spinsters of the noblest families. To her the engaging soldier addressed himself on the subject of his complaint, relating to her, with a sigh, and in the most delicate phrase of his vocabulary, the naughty "goings on" which he pretended accidentally to have discovered during his perambulations in her wide domain.

The Goddess of Chastity blushed so deeply at the recital of the indignity which had been offered to her by the incautious lovers, that a bystander would really have imagined the virgin's face to have been a mirror in which the red coat of the warlike informer was reflected. The fair huntress stamped with rage, and summoned her train to her presence in an instant, that she might have the advantage of their collective wisdom in discussing this perilous affair.

"Dear lady!" inquired one of the foremost, bow in hand, "what game is started?"

"Game, indeed!" said Diana; "here's a pretty kettle of fish! That fellow Adonis——"

"What, that pretty man?"

"Pretty man!" repeated Diana. "I desire, Miss, that you never talk of pretty men to me. If I thought for a moment that you, or any of you, had dared to look upon a man and think of him, I would discharge you immediately without a character."

The whole bevy of damsels made a unanimous declaration that they would not for the world have been so wicked.

"Listen to me," continued she, with the authoritative tone of the mistress of a ladies' boarding-school; "this Adonis has dared to make assignations with a female in our territory."

"O, shocking!" issued from the lips of the awe-struck group in one voice.

"This worthy gentleman," pointing to Mars, who humbly bent to her, while, with the tail of his eye, he leered at her train. "This worthy gentleman, with feelings which do honour to his strict morality, (the Colonel drew in his breath and looked rather sheepish at this unmerited compliment,) has made a statement to me of the whole disgraceful proceedings. Now, I know that to seek for his condign punishment at the court is a hopeless task; for mine own honour I must therefore be the judge and executioner in this flagrant business."

Diana pondered for a moment, and then resumed:—

"It has just flashed across my mind that we can settle his business in a twinkling." She uttered this sentence so volubly, that all the nymphs were sensibly excited by her animation. "You know," continued their leader, "that we have a huge he-pig in the sty,—an untameable brute, with a corkscrew tail and a pretty considerable pair of tusks."

"The Duke of Tuscany?" said one of the nymphs.

"The same," replied Diana; "and it is my intention to give the ferocious beast his freedom; and, by my bow and quiver! I think if he encounters this spruce gallant, he'll spoil his sport."

"Admirable!" exclaimed the delighted Colonel M.; "consummate wisdom! and if Adonis escape, it will certainly be in spite of his teeth!"

Diana and her nymphs laughed heartily at this sally, and the thing was determined upon. The cunning and revengeful Mars made his obeisance to the fair huntress and her train, and departed with the firm assurance of their active co-operation in his well-concerted plans.

CHAP. VII.

The Last.

The sun arose and the son of the arborified Myrrha departed from the court to the accustomed rendezvous. His elastic step and his beating heart were as light as the luxuriant curls that clustered upon his ivory brow. The little birds were warbling their matinal songs to a running accompaniment of the rippling rivulets, when Adonis was suddenly startled from his amorous reverie by a rustling among the leaves, accompanied by a most unmusical grunt. He had scarcely time to poise his spear when the tremendous tusks of the "well-acorned boar" protruded from the thicket.

"What a boar!" exclaimed the elegant and accomplished swain, in a mingled tone of admiration and dismay.

He eyed his bristly hide for a moment, and then hurled his death-dealing and unerring dart at the porcine monster. It struck him, but recoiled again like a feather shuttlecock from a parchment battledore. The boar now bore down upon him with redoubled fury, and ere he could recover his legs or his surprise, pierced the unfortunate Adonis in the thigh. In vain he cried for help or struggled with his fate, he was unable to stay the boar or save his bacon!

* * * * *

When the unsuspecting Venus came trippingly forward to meet her beloved Adonis—

"Here I am, at length!" she cried, laughing, and Adonis, could he have spoken, would have appropriately echoed her very words, without the laugh, however; for there he lay upon his favourite bank of thyme, like a child's diaper pinafore on a Sunday morning, with all the marks of the *mangling* upon him! The beautiful daughter of the old bathing-woman uttered a shriek that would have pierced the ears of a rhinoceros. But the remorseless hand of death had slackened the drum of his, and he heard not. When she became aware of the full extent of her misfortune, she wildly expressed every demonstration of sorrow and despair—

"Pariterque sinus, pariterque capillos

Rupit, et indignis percussit pectora palmis!"

Vide Ovidii Metamor. lib x.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.



THE UNINVITED ONE.

"O noctes cœnæque!"—HORAT., *Serm. Lib. ii., Sat. 6.*

UPON my word, 'tis very hard,

Quoth little Mr. B.,

I cannot get a single card

For dinner, ball, or tea.

The Smiths on Wednesday had a
rout,

And so had Mrs. Gun :

They both contrived to leave me out,

The uninvited one.

Last week, my neighbour, Mr. Moore,

A dinner gave, they say,—

And though I call'd two days before,

The hint was thrown away.

This very night, there's Mrs. Delf

Has got a Sally Lun,

And yet, alas ! I find myself

The uninvited one.

It much surprised me, too, when
Browne,

Who's reckoned so polite,

At breakfast *fêting* half the town,

That day forgot me quite ;—

'Tis very odd, yet I don't know

What harm I can have done,

That I should be, while others go,

The uninvited one.

At Lady Lappet's fancy ball

Some fancied me a guest ;

Oh ! no—I got no card at all

"The honour to request."

I heard each carriage stop, alas !

With Spaniard, Turk, and nun,—

It seems these *fêtes* just come, to
pass

The uninvited one.

To take their tea with old Miss Love

Last night what numbers went !

And though she lives two doors
above,

To me no note was sent.

I'll tell you what I thought of—(but
Excuse a little pun)—

That, like her cake, I then was *cut*,

The uninvited one.

Young Twist, who lives at No. 4,

Display'd on Monday night

A supper for at least a score,

But I got no invite.

They kept it up, I heard it said,

Almost till rise of sun,—

While I at ten crept into bed,

The uninvited one.

The archers met not long ago,

Which gave me sorrows real,—

I'm such a shot,—but now my bow

Is but a bow ideal.

The belles,—more lovely ne'er were
seen,—

The contest arch begun,

I ! (was not there in Lincoln-green.)

The uninvited one.

When lately dined the London Mayor

At Greenwich, though I set

A trap to be invited there,

No white bait could I get.

And thus, while others daily roam

In search of mirth and fun,

I'm forced, alack ! to stay at home,

The uninvited one.

It very often causes tears,

And now and then a frown,

To think because I'm up in years,

That in the world I'm down.

Ah ! would but Fortune change my
lot,

And make me, whom they shun,

An heir with many friends, and not

The uninvited one !

In short, to go out, while I've breath,

No more shall I be task'd,

And even to the Dance of Death

'Tis doubtful if I'm ask'd.

"The Undying" and "The Doom'd"
may whine,

Yet find their woes outdone,

For what their fate compared with
mine,

The Uninvited One ?

A. A. C.

LITERATURE.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH*.

MR. CAMPBELL'S rank as a poet will be enhanced by his present achievement in prose—originally given to us in detached portions in this Magazine, but now presented collectively, and with the advantage of revision and considerable addition. All the world once seemed to have shunned the northern shores of Africa, as if a spell had prohibited the step of an European. Some ransomed captive, Marseilles Jew, or rambling botanist alone gave us, from time to time, some mysterious description of dungeons and palaces; sultans and scimitars; glimpses of silk and golden magnificence; traits of barbarian ferocity and barbarian grandeur; and then, after having shown to us a state of society, like the romance of an Arabian Night's Entertainment, dropped the curtain before our eyes, and left us to think of the illusion for another half century. But Lord Exmouth's expedition at length broke the spell, and France, following the example, has brought Algiers within the limits of reality.

Accident has been proverbially the mother of clever things, but it is only when it has happened to clever people. The whole population of Paris might have lounged through the King's Library on any day in the year 1834, and pored over the site of the city of Icosium, without thinking of crossing the Mediterranean to look at its modern wonders, or being able to make a book worth a franc out of the exploration. The fortunate part of the contingency was reserved for the poet of the "Pleasures of Hope." In his own words, "One day that I was in the King's Library in Paris, exploring books on ancient geography, I cast my eyes on a point of the map that corresponds with the site of Algiers." So far might have been the lot of any quiescent, cigar-smoking, literary gossip that ever took his *siesta* in a tavern of the Palais Royal. But it was otherwise with the man who was then turning over the royally bound books of the fallen dynasty of the Bourbons—a tide of the past and the future came over him.

"Its recent eventful history (says Mr. Campbell) rushed full on my thoughts, and seemed to rebuke them for dwelling on the dead more than the living. The question of how widely and how soon this conquest of Algiers may throw open the gates of African civilization—is it not infinitely more interesting than any musty old debate among classic topographers? To confine our studies to mere antiquities is like reading by candle-light, with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen. So I closed the volume I was perusing, and wished myself, with all my soul, at Algiers. Ah, but the distance—the *mare sævum et importuosum* of Africa—the heat that *must* be endured, and the pestilence that *may* be encountered—do not those considerations make the thing impossible? No, not impossible, I said to myself, on second thoughts. The distance is not *so* great, and the risk has been braved by thousands with impunity. I *will* see this curious place."

In this sportive yet intelligent style the work proceeds, abounding in descriptions, anecdotes, and adventures—now on sea, now on shore, now

* Letters from the South. By Thomas Campbell, Esq., Author of "The Pleasures of Hope." 2 vols.

in the heart of the French garrisons, now in the camps of the roving tribes, now listening to the canzonets of some Parisian dame, and now surveying the sunset among the tombs of the desert to the accompaniment of a stray lion "roaring for his prey." The whole performance is vigorous, graphic, and admirable.

AUSTRIA AND THE AUSTRIANS*.

THIS is a spirited and striking performance. Not too heavy for the general reader—not too light for the philosophic one; detailing characters, incidents, and peculiarities of the men and things which have so long formed the object of intelligent curiosity, and detailing them with the ease, yet without the frivolity, of a courtly mind. It has often occurred to us to ask—What are our foreign attachés doing with their leisure hours? No men on earth have them in greater abundance. Three-fourths of the foreign courts have as little to do with the actual business of diplomacy as with the business of the dog-star. The young English secretary—often a noble, oftener a man of high education, and always a man whose place in society gives him access to all that is vivid, intellectual, busy, and curious in the system of foreign life—is the very individual from whom we might expect the most important views, the most characteristic anecdotes, the most authentic narrations—in fact, at once the most important and most amusing books in the world. We doubt if any one of them—with the exception of the present author, whom we conjecture to belong to their body—has written a page since the beginning of the century.

It was not so once. The letters of our envoys frequently formed admirable specimens of skill in observing, and elegance in describing. The "*History of the Swedish Revolution*," under the father of the late Gustavus, by Charles Sheridan, remains a classic monument to his memory. At a time when European travel was a formidable enterprise, which rounded the education of the young noble, and of which the citizen world thought, as it now would think, of a pilgrimage among the sands and monsters of Morocco, our chief knowledge of foreign countries was derived from the papers of our diplomatists. The letters of Lady Wortley Montague, who, though but the better half of a diplomatist, had the true spirit of a public functionary in every thought of her stirring soul, were the standard of our knowledge of Turkey, and have still the value of giving us the knowledge of a time that has passed away,—when the Turk was a magnificent barbarian, not a puny mimic of civilization; when he was the pride of Asia and the awe of Europe, not the slave of Russia and the suppliant of England; when the skirt of his robe floated over Persia and the point of his scimitar glittered over Hungary; when, in short, he was the Janizary King, the Father of the Faithful, the diamond-browed Brother of the Sun and Moon,—not when he bargained for the Bosphorus and gave away Syria; not when he had turned his turban into a red night-cap, his Damascus blade into a razor, his embroidered trousers into breeches, and himself into the baboon of the infidel!

The purport of the present work is a personal view of the most

* *Austria and the Austrians; with Sketches of the Danube and the Imperial States*, 2 vols.

simply constructed, yet, perhaps, the most powerful, and certainly the most peaceful, empire of Europe. The writer proclaims himself a liberal, and dedicates to Lord Melbourne. To this we make no objection, if such be his will. But we think that Austria, of all kingdoms, is precisely the problem which to a lover of liberalism would be the most perplexing. It is true that it has had its share of the common casualties of Europe in the French war. The fire-shower rained from the burning wheels of Napoleon's car fell thick and hot upon Austria,—her capital twice captured,—her provinces broken off,—the Germanic crown smote from the head of her emperor by the heavy falchion of the Gaul,—slaughter in her fields, sorrows in her streets, and plunder in her palaces;—and yet, within half-a-dozen years, Austria was seen standing as the actual arbiter of war and peace to the earth, holding in her hand the scale in which the fortunes of the continent were balanced against the fate of Napoleon, and by a breath of her nostrils sinking the mightiest man, and sovereignty of this round world, the one into exile and the other into submission. Yet in Austria alone, none of those questions, which our theorists pronounce to be the life-blood of national existence, have ever been mooted. Is it the less remarkable that she has long since recovered every fragment of dominion torn from her by the tempests of the war,—that she is more the mistress of Italy than ever,—that she exercises in Germany more than all the national influence which she was supposed to exercise when the German crown was locked up in the Imperial cabinet,—and that she is now the great barrier against the ambition of Russia, as she was five-and-twenty years ago against the aggression of France? Must it not strike the intelligent observer, that there is much in the art of national contentment,—much in the spirit of sincere allegiance,—much in the generous love of a paternal dominion,—and much in rational obedience to the laws; when we see the infinite facility with which the wounds of the most dreadful of all wars were healed in Austria? It may be difficult to persuade a popular haranguer in France, Spain, or Portugal, that the essence of public happiness does not consist in perpetual political struggle; but the dungeons and scaffolds, the fields and firesides, of those distracted countries, perhaps have witnessed many a sigh for that tranquil contempt of political dreams, and manly abandonment of impossible perfection, which fills the pastures of Austria with plenty, and its cities with peace, opulence, and happiness.

Vienna is described in these pages as a remarkably pleasant sojourn; cheap, full of activity, animation, and variety—*comfortable* even to an Englishman, and to all perhaps “the gayest city in Europe.” “Madame de Staël observes,” says the writer, “that Germany is an *aristocratic* federation.” Vienna is an aristocratic city. The nobility from all the provinces crowd to it for six months of the year. “It is amidst the gaieties of Vienna that the lords of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and Lombardy mingle, forgetful of the jealousies which they cherish in their respective castles.”

This work contains some strong animadversions on the performances of our travelling describers of German manners. It denies their pictures of public frivolity, and accounts for the irregularity of the painting by the ignorance of the limner. In adverting to Madame de Staël's remark,—that the principal disadvantage of society in Vienna arose from the distance observed between men of rank and men of letters, and that the result is the want of elegance in the men of letters, and the want of

ideas in the men of rank—the writer appears to coincide with that showy caricaturist of man and womankind. “How different,” says he, “in Paris!”

We doubt strongly whether this exclamation was worth making. If the fruits of this mixture in Paris were all that are to be obtained by a similar mixture in Vienna, we must give it against him. Madame de Staël is but a suspicious authority—a clever, bustling, ambitious woman, living only as the centre of a circle of literary adulation, and miserable when her cars were no longer filled with the echoes of Parisian idleness; her business in life was to talk and be talked to; to see round her a bowing levee of literary mendicants, and to hear, at her suppers, that she was the ninth wonder of the world. In Germany the incense was not offered in equal profusion, and she declared Germany dullness personified. For our part, we share in no author’s regret for being unable to find his way among the circles of high life. We have no fellow-feeling for the voluntary slave. We should even regard him as the worst possible representative of literature. The writer who feels his happiness dependent upon the sufferance of richer or more high-born individuals, ought to put on livery at once, call himself valet or butler, and stipulate for his wages. Menial in soul, he may as well have the hire of menialism. The mixture of the nobles and literary men of Paris was among the leading causes of the public corruption. The nobles and the scribblers flattered, fêted, and bewildered each other; until the scythe of revolution swept over the whole weedy crop of the national follies, and left the soil bare for the soldier.

We turn to this lively author’s account of the metropolitan drama. “For the first three evenings after our arrival in Vienna the plays acted were clumsy representations of French pieces; and however much the ephemeral dramas of M. Scribe and company may please the world at the minor Parisian theatres, never has false taste been more glaringly exhibited than in the attempt to adapt the writings of French authors to the German theatres. ‘The French,’ says Benjamin Constant, ‘in their dramas paint only the passions, the Germans draw characters.’ This is critically true.” Melodramas founded on Scott’s novels, after having had their day in England, are still making their exhibition on the German stage. ‘Ivanhoe’ seems to have been a favourite, from its scenery and the chivalresque character which finds so many kindred recollections in the sons of Gothland. But the chief performance of the Hoffburg was Schiller’s ‘Mary Queen of Scots:’ it was highly popular. ‘Macbeth’ was performed some time before, and in a masterly style. Shakspeare is the universal monarch, to whose sceptre neither rival nor rebel seems yet to have appeared in Europe. “Shakspeare’s plays,” says our author, “whether tragic or comic, always secure full houses at Vienna. ‘Hamlet’ was also acted at the same theatre. It was on a *Sunday* evening, and drew forth all the rank and fashion from their palaces. ‘The Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ and The ‘Tempest,’ have lately been frequently represented. Shakspeare is at least once a-week on the boards of the Hoffburg.”

The volumes contain a great deal of interest of this order; anecdotes of Prince Metternich, the late and present Emperors, the populace, the public gardens, public amusements, national improvements, popular feeling, &c., all forming the *mélange* which, in our grave political days, it is at once so rare and so pleasant to meet with; so delightful to take up, and so difficult to lay down.

MEMOIRS OF A PEERESS.*

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY's productions are decidedly favourites. Her rank, her associations with the chief names of the country, and her unwearied animation, give her remarkable advantages. The present work is offered to the public as "edited" by her ladyship. How far Lady Charlotte may condescend to throw a portion of her lively spirit into the frame of others, allow them to shine by her light, and be not only witty herself, but the cause of wit, must be left to her own development. But the work before us exhibits a tone of good-breeding and a vividness of character which must render it popular. The immediate narrator is the daughter of an opulent English country gentleman, suddenly transported into the regions of London high life. She has the qualities which make a *début* brilliant, and so often make a life unhappy. She is handsome, sensitive, and intellectual; and with those gifts she is planted in the centre of the glowing world of fashion, at the most glowing moment which Europe had seen for the last century;—France and England, released alike from a profitless war, and satisfied with the trial of each other's strength in the field, had just then begun to run a race of luxury.

The race had not yet time to inflame the national antipathies. England loved to throw away her wealth rather on French glitter and gaiety than on war and taxes. France loved to import English boots, jockeys, and gentlemen of the turf, rather than bring back fleets battered by English cannon, and live without the hope of ever seeing an English guinea. The two nations, like the travellers in the German play suddenly thrown into each other's company, flew into each other's arms, and swore an "eternal friendship." Crowds of our nobility flung themselves into the crazy packets that then bridged the way from Dover to Calais; and Versailles, through all its classic alcoves, was startled by the terrible Teutonic of our mother tongue. The noblesse of France, in all ages looking upon Paris as the sole circle of earthly elegance, ease, and rapture, of course, have never moved beyond that circle, unless by compulsion. In after days, the bayonet, the pike, and the guillotine, furnished the moving power; and the best dressed, most bowing, and most *non-locomotive* nobility of the globe, were diffused wherever human foot could find ground to stand on. But politics, which have been termed a science made for those who will learn nothing else, and an impulse for those whose life seems destined to eternal stagnation, had begun to teach restlessness to some even among the nobles of the land of luxury. The name of the Duke of Orleans was known only by the extravagance of his excesses. It was soon to have a gloomier record, and the cup which pleasure held to the lips of the splendid voluptuary was yet to inflame the heart of the sullen rebel. England was the grand theatre of politics. There Fox, fiercely deprecating power from the moment when he had lost all hope of its possession—Burke, stripped of his strength, and bound down by party, yet exhibiting the bold proportions of the mind that was yet to shake the temple of

* *Memoirs of a Peeress*; or, the Days of Fox. Edited by Lady Charlotte Bury. 3 vols.

faction on the head of its worshippers—Sheridan, and a crowd of inferior, but showy disturbers of the national peace, were combined in opposition to the minister and the crown. The spectacle was too instructive to a royal revolter to be neglected; and the Duke of Orleans came to England. We now give way to Lady Charlotte, or her protégée.

"The *fêtes* just then projected in honour of the first visit of the Duc de Chartres (Duc d'Orleans) to the Prince of Wales were brilliant, as became the hospitality offered by a royal host to a royal guest; and a thousand flattering voices were raised on all sides to welcome a prince, destined in after years to be reviled as a disgrace to human nature;—for historical characters, like drawings in sympathetic ink, assume their colouring, according to the degree of heat to which they are exposed. As Regent and King, even the Prince was fated to fall from the angelic eminence he had enjoyed as heir apparent; while the Duc de Chartres, as *Egalité*, was fated, not only to forfeit caste, but to lose his popularity and his head.

"Know him I did, but in his happier hour
Of social freedom, ill-exchanged for power."

Applauded by the noble jockeys of Newmarket for his pertinacity in confronting the displeasure of the French court, in order to witness the decision of his bets at the spring meeting, and lauded to the skies by the coterie of Carlton House for his offer of relieving the Prince from his pecuniary embarrassments,—the world of White's saw in him only a showy, licentious man of quality, in whose ideas were jumbled Wilkes and Liberty, Newmarket and Eclipse, Carlton House and Charles Fox, jockey boots and hunting saddles, all and equally as parts of the Anglo-mania just then in vogue among the fashionables of France—a vain, idle, and dissipated man, but as little of a conspirator as Colonel O'Kelly, Lord Barrymore, or the Duke of Queensberry."

This is all clever writing; and the whole sketch would make a capital chapter in a "*mémoires pour servir*" of the eighteenth age.

We shall neither anticipate the conclusion, nor descant on the moral. We leave both to those who can be interested by attractive language, and instructed by intelligent story. Anecdotes of the leading men of that showy time are scattered through the volumes, bringing the mind back from the flights of fiction to the solid ground of reality. In this spirit, Sheridan and the other public characters are quoted with the familiarity of common intercourse. We have their lips opened, and words given to them, such as they probably would have uttered in their day. This device is bold, but, like all boldness that succeeds, it adds powerfully to the effect of the work, and establishes the triumph of the author.

GENTLEMAN JACK*.

THIS is a new novel from the pen of Mr. Neale, the author of "*Cavendish*," "*The Port-Admiral*," and several others of the class designated, in this our day, as *Naval Novels*; although it is the first

* *Gentleman Jack. A Naval Story. By the Author of "Cavendish."* 3 vols.

which he has acknowledged. The author, having hitherto written under the title of the "Author of Cavendish," is now declared in the person of Mr. Johnson Neale, Barrister-at-law. Having passed his youth in the navy, he has been enabled to combine those two apparently irreconcilable characters, that of a gentleman of the long robe and a writer of works of this description.

It is somewhat extraordinary that in a country like ours, whose navy is its great support, and to the superiority of which over that of every other on earth we owe not merely our national greatness, but probably our very existence as an independent nation, there should not have earlier sprung up a species of works of fiction, the scene of which lay almost entirely on the water, and whose heroes and actors were its brave defenders of our shores. Yet, till of late years, we have been entirely destitute of such; for although the naval characters in "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle," drawn by the master-hand of Smollet, are well known, still they are only incidentally introduced in those works, the principal scenes of which are laid on shore, and have not for their chief object a delineation of naval manners and maritime life. One of the first attempts in this style were Mr. Cooper's novels—the "Pilot" particularly; but still they are not exactly of the class we are here alluding to. In his—however delighted we may feel at their perusal, and however we may admire the genius of the author—we seldom lose the impression that what we are reading is but fiction, and not reality. Now in the works of Mr. Neale, as in those of Captain Marryat, it is otherwise. In many of the works of these writers the story is told by the hero himself; in some instances (and we believe in the work we are about to comment on) the whole story is taken from real life, and, in almost all, the rules of probability are so well observed, that we are tempted to forget that what we are reading is but fiction; and thus the illusion is often complete. The general character, however, of the works of these two gentlemen differs materially; and, however similar the subjects on which they treat and the class of characters which they introduce, the style of each is *original*—a great recommendation when copying and plagiarism seem to be the great literary vices of the age.

We have already remarked that the subject-matter of all these works is the same; that they principally relate to sea-affairs; and that most of the actors in them are naval officers. Naval adventures of all sorts—storms, squalls, and wrecks—battles in every shape and form, from those of Trafalgar and Navarin down—combats between frigates, contests with batteries and cutting-out expeditions—mutinies, visits to foreign countries by the heroes as prisoners,—amusements, practical jokes, and spinning long *yarns* on board; love affairs, some incidental and *pour passer le temps* in foreign ports, with generally some more serious one at home,—are their staple material.

Let us now see how this is made use of and handled by the two authors under consideration. And here the obvious features of Marryat's composition are, that the characters he introduces are well sketched, the points in each clearly developed, and their peculiarities strongly marked. The story (which is frequently put into the mouth of the hero himself) is told in a simple and natural style, so that we very soon acquire an interest in it, which continues and increases as we proceed. Besides, there runs throughout all his works a vein of drollery and humour which is quite irresistible. The ludicrous episode, in the

"King's Own," of M'Elvina's apology to the French dog ("le chien de sentiment"); the plan employed by the ship's officers, in the same work, to avoid being obliged to dine with a captain who was obnoxious to them; the character of Dominie Dobbs in "Jacob Faithful," as also the various humours and jokes of old and young Tom in the same work; the stories about their captain, invented by the midshipman, in order to frighten Peter Simple, such as telling him that Captain S. "flogged the whole starboard-watch because the ship would only go nine knots on a bowline;" the credulity and simplicity of Peter; together with the description of Mr. and Mrs. Trotter, and many others of the same class which might be mentioned, are master-pieces in their way. His works are, besides, extremely interesting from the large quantity of incident introduced into them, and the state of suspense into which we are thrown by the great dangers to which his heroes are exposed; some of which, especially the perilous situation of the Diomedé off the French coast, as described in "Peter Simple," with the firm and seamanlike conduct of Captain S—, and the loss of Captain M—, and his beautiful frigate, in the "King's Own," are described with great power and effect.

If we now turn to the works of Neale, we shall find his style altogether different,—not that his first work, "Cavendish," is a fair test to try it by; for a comparison of it with any of his subsequent ones will show this: "Cavendish" is evidently the production of a young man; and the author would, in our opinion, have consulted for his reputation much better had he followed Horace's precept of keeping his works by him for a considerable time after they were finished, in order to retouch them. Taking them, however, generally, (without reference to "Gentleman Jack," of which we shall speak presently,) we should say that, like Marryat's, they have generally an interesting plot, and plenty of incident to keep the attention alive,—that they abound in beautiful passages, especially of the pathetic kind,—and that they exhibit a strong, perhaps rather too strong, vein of sarcasm and irony throughout. The pathetic scenes in "Cavendish," the description, in the "Port Admiral," of the mutiny on board the seventy-four, and her subsequent destruction by the gale, the character of Græme, the chief mutineer, that of Marguerite, the heroine, with the strong contrast it bears to that of her giddy sister Charlotte,—and, above all, that of Ramolini, *alias* Napoleon Buonaparte, who figures in disguise through a large portion of this work, are given with great ability;—the last, in particular, must have been the production of one who had deeply studied the character and conduct of the great master-spirit of the last generation. But, on the other hand, we must admit that there is much in Neale's style to condemn; first, the transitions from one part of the story to another are too abrupt; one portion is not systematically and regularly connected with the rest; and besides, it is very uncertain throughout: beautiful passages are frequently found surrounded with others almost below mediocrity; it wants that evenness and equality so requisite to good narrative: in some places, also, in the "Port Admiral" especially, the descriptions are too long, and an over quantity of dialogue gives a heavy appearance; and, besides all this, his matter is, comparatively speaking, deficient in that article of humour which we have already spoken of as conferring such excellence on the works of Marryat.

In turning to the separate consideration of "Gentleman Jack," we must acknowledge that none of the faults which we have alluded to as disfiguring his former works can be traced in this. His style is here much improved, and has lost both that abruptness which makes "Cavendish" objectionable, and the heaviness which in some degree exists in the "Port Admiral." There are, moreover, in this work a number of ludicrous incidents—a general vein of that kind of humour which has hitherto been confined to the author of "Peter Simple" and the "King's Own." Amongst other examples of this vein, there is a very humorous character of the name of Jim Bell, a mate of the old school, a perfect Lieutenant Bowling, who is constantly on the scene, and contributes much to the ludicrous portion of the story. His jokes and fun are everlasting. With all this, the work is not destitute of pathos in its proper place; and the history of her own life, given by his mother to Fitzjohn, is told with considerable feeling.

On the whole, we regard this as one of the best naval novels that have yet appeared; and we think that there are few in which the serious and humorous are so well combined.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

[*The Library, &c.*]

The Doctor. To what circumstances is it owing that America has yet contributed nothing to literature? She has ambition, vanity, and wealth—the three great stimulants. She has a noble country, abounding in picturesque beauty, the magnificence of forests, the grandeur of the mountains, and the luxuriance of the plain. Yet she has done nothing to realize their images in the mind. The great poet, the great painter, the great novelist, the great dramatist, all are wanting. Her temple of immortality yet shows but the solitary figure of Washington.

The Barrister. Look into Grund's late work on the United States, and find the true solution. His volumes are entitled "The Americans, in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations." He is, I believe, a German; but no casual rambler, gone to make a book, and return to print it. He has resided for many years in the country, mixed in the various classes of its commonwealth, and, without altogether forgetting Europe, has studied America long and well.

The Rector. Is it in the Trollope style? pungent and personal, national antipathy sharpened by woman's wit, Shylock's knife cutting off its pound of flesh, and cutting it off closest to the heart?

The Barrister. No. It is neither wicked nor witty. It is cool and well-informed. He contends that the only thing which the Americans want for literary distinction is leisure; that their life is too busy, their time of too much value, and their intellect too intent on the hour, to be indulged in the luxuries of the imagination. But that they are, at least, in the first stage,—that of an excessive fondness for the literature of Europe;—that "If the Americans are not all poets, they read poetry with an avidity which (the phrase is strong) borders on gluttony; poetry is the necessary condiment of an American newspaper. The

first page of it is always graced by a poem, and some by half-a-dozen. Supposing only 2000 daily papers to be published in the United States, their annual number will amount to 73,000. Allowing but one out of a thousand to be good, and you will have 730 good poems in a year, which will make two volumes 12mo., and consequently more than is published in a twelvemonth in any other part of the world.

The Rector. Capital conviction ! if poetry were to be measured by the yard, or the future Homers were to write by the rule of three. 'The true answer is, undoubtedly, that in America the boys are too busy learning to become men,—and the men too busy learning to grow rich,—and that when grown rich they are grown old,—and when grown old they despise the skill which is past their time. Poetry, too, is monarchical. Homer was a king-lover ; the Greek bards, three-fourths of them, were fed by the little Greek kings, whom we, in our absurdity, call tyrants. Shakspeare was a queen's-man ; Milton was a republican only while he was a politician, he was a monarchist in every line of "Paradise Lost." What have the modern republics done for the Muse ? What is Dutch poetry ? and is it not to the full as good as Genevese ?

The Colonel. But, to talk of never-dying books, here is "Johnsoniana," just brought out in Murray's best manner,—a collection of all the miscellaneous remembrances of the great moralist, that would have overcharged Croker's edition. Taken in conjunction with that edition, they make it complete ; taken separately, they form a large and most amusing volume. The anecdotes are ranged under heads referring to the memoirs from which they have been taken. There are some excellent hits at partisanship,—one of which Johnson said he had from Lord North—"Walpole's good humour was inexhaustible. Having got into his hands some treasonable letters of his inveterate enemy William Shippen, one of the Jacobite leaders, Sir Robert sent for him, and burned them before his face. Some time afterwards, as Shippen was taking the oaths to the government in the House of Commons, Walpole smiled ; "Ah, Robin," said Shippen, "that is hardly fair."

The Barrister. It is to be remembered that the Tory of those days was of a different order of persons from the Tory of the present. He was in all instances a favourer, in some an actual adherent, of that most trifling, and yet most tyrannical of all kings, James the Second, and of his giddy, debauched, and French educated descendants. The Whig was then the defender of the throne, the Established Church, and the Protestant succession. Walpole was the great leader of the party, and to his combined vigour and moderation we owe the long tranquillity of England in the first Hanoverian reign. Oxford and Bolingbroke were unquestionably, as it has since been proved by documents in the French archives, traitors, and in close correspondence with the Stuarts. Of this they were suspected at the time ; but the proof was reserved for our own days. No men more narrowly escaped being hanged, or deserved it better.

The Doctor. Is it not extraordinary that a man of Johnson's force of mind and elevation of principle should ever have committed the absurdity of being a Jacobite ?

The Rector. We must recollect the struggle of early prejudices, the

bitterness of personal poverty, the disgust of personal neglect, and the indignation of a mind conscious of its powers at seeing the prosperity of the vulgar crowd that always basks in the sunshine of a new government. But Johnson awoke at last, and learned to speak of pretended patriots with scorn.

The Colonel. One of the anecdotes given by Hawkins is strong evidence to that purport. He tells us that Johnson at first shared in the general rejoicing at the fall of the Walpole Ministry. Pulteney, the Tory, as he was then called, but the reverse, as he would be called now, came into power as the head of the "country party," with professions of unbounded patriotism. He abjured patronage, shrank from place-giving, and abhorred place-making. He was the man of economy, purity, and single-heartedness. "A few weeks, nay a few days," says Hawkins, "convinced Johnson that what had assumed the appearance of patriotism was personal hatred in some, and in others an eagerness for power, which, when they had got it, they knew not how to keep." A change of men and measures was the consequence of the public wrath at the discovery. All thenceforth was a matter of bargain. Pulteney was glad to be bought off with a peerage. His followers were glad to be fastened on places. The party were exposed, and Walpole had the gratification of showing his rival degraded by his own act, and giving the nation a lesson of the pretensions of party. "On this development of the motives, the views, and the consistency of the above mentioned band," Hawkins further observes, "Johnson once observed to me, that it had given more strength to government than all that had been written in its defence. Meaning thereby, that it had destroyed all confidence in men of that character."

The volume abounds in piquancy, and is illustrated by a great number of clever vignettes, views, and portraits, many new, and all interesting. It deserves, and will have, an extensive popularity.

The Colonel. A new volume on Napoleon—"Napoleon in Council. Translated from the French of Baron Pelet. By Basil Hall." Captain Hall has some resemblance to the memorable Corsican himself,—he is always in motion; he never allows the world to lose sight of him. But his performances have the advantage of always administering either pleasure or instruction, and often both. The brief work which he has now given to the public is a series of memoranda, by a clever Frenchman, on the great conqueror, legislator, and charlatan, of the age. Monsieur Pelet is good authority. He has served in high situations under all the successive governments of France, from the Consulate till Louis Philippe. His principles must have been tractable; but this is no novelty in France, and therefore no man is entitled to laugh at so determined a lover of his country. But he had all the opportunities of making a book, and a much larger one than he has now indulged us with. The man who would conscientiously write a memoir of the hundredth part of what M. Pelet has seen, has shared in, and perhaps has done, within the last five-and-twenty years; would make the most amusing, nay, the most useful,—nay, the most important book of modern times, if experience is of any value to man. Under Napoleon, he was long a member of the Council of State, and Administrator of the Royal Forests. During the Restoration, he was Councillor of State, and Prefect of the

Loire and Cher, of which he is still the deputy. Since the fall of the Bourbons, he has been Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies ; and was for some time even one of the Cabinet, as Minister of Public Instruction. His marriage aided his opportunities of information. His wife was a daughter of M. Otto, the negotiator of the hollow peace of Amiens, and afterwards engaged in Continental embassies. Many of his papers fell into the hands of his son-in-law. M. Pelet clearly owes it to human curiosity to consign his documents to something better than the dust of his closet, until our generation has passed away, and nobody will care more for stories of Napoleon's rapine, Talleyrand's cunning, or Fouché's knavery, than for the history of Merlin the Great, Jonathan Wild, or Thistlewood.

The Barrister. Napoleon's grand error in legislation was that of all men who rise too rapidly from nothing. He was always doing too much. At once ostentatious of his own faculties, and contemptuous of every one else's, he lowered his ministers in the eyes of the nation, till they became lowered in their own. From that time they lost all sympathy in his success, rejoiced in his blunders, and finally stimulated his arrogance, until it sent him to Moscow, and ruin. The year 1800 was the beginning of that career of presumption. He broke up the two Chambers, and established four : three nominal—the Tribunal, the Legislative Body, and the Senate. The Council of State was alone effective : but even this was a mere instrument. Napoleon nominated and dismissed its members at his will : he presided, dictated, commanded, and was obeyed.

The Colonel. Pelet's remarks let us into the details of this stately corporation of embroidered slaves. Its meetings were held generally in Paris, but sometimes at St. Cloud, according to Napoleon's residence. He sometimes gave notice of his attending, at other times he came unexpectedly,—the sound of the drum on the stairs of the Tuileries gave the first intimation of his approach. His chamberlain went before him, and the aide-de-camp on duty followed, and both took their station behind him.

The Doctor. A curious appendage to a cabinet council—he evidently dreaded assassination. The fear must have haunted him formidably, when he could thus exhibit it even among his ministers—the very breath of his nostrils.

The Colonel. Business proceeded but slowly when Napoleon was present. It is plain that the ministers were in as much fear of their master as he was of them and of everybody. He sometimes sank into a profound reverie, during which the discussion, of course, sank with him. At other times he wandered far from the subject. But those wanderings showed the true subject of his thoughts. The Baron gives one or two strong instances. After the defeat of Dupont's army by the Spaniards at Baylen, in 1808, Napoleon came to the council with a decree in his hands, appointing the forms of bringing officers in command of an army to trial. Before speaking of the decree, he spoke of the defeat ; and could scarcely restrain his emotion. It was the first time that victory had abandoned his colours. So his *prestige* was destroyed. He gave way accordingly, and so far, that the tears might be seen in his eyes.

None can sympathize with the man of massacre in the failure of his villainy. But even in this instance of real bitterness of heart, Napoleon could not get rid of the theatrical turn of France, that miserable error of French education, which fills every mouth with scraps of theatrical sentiment, and substitutes the stilted follies of the stage for the natural language of the understanding. Napoleon started off from the subject of Dupont's means of resistance, and tardiness in using them, to fustian of this kind,—“Yes, the elder Horace in Corneille's play is right, when, being asked what his flying son could have done, he says, ‘He might have died.’ Or, he adds, ‘He might have called in a noble despair to his rescue.’ Little,” continued Napoleon, “do they know of human nature, who find fault with Corneille, and pretend that he has weakened the effect of the first exclamation by that which follows.” “How curious,” the Baron himself observes, “to hear Napoleon commenting on Corneille!” The true curiosity was, to hear a monarch mingling the highest concerns of empire with the common-places of the green-room.

The Rector. Yet the French, with all their passion for the *coups de théâtre*, which formed Napoleon's career, and the melodramatic pomp which formed his idea of greatness, have at length begun to discover the infinite hollowness, artifice, and vanity of his heart and his fortunes. I see Pelet pronounces him to have been “a mixture of impetuosity and trickery, half French, and half Italian, with its impetuosity modified by so decided a bearing towards absolute power, that it could not fail, on the one hand, to deaden all the internal energies of his country, and on the other, eventually to rouse foreign nations into resistance.” Even Napoleon himself was conscious that he had built his house on sand. One day, in full council, he astonished every one with the exclamation, “All this will last as long as I hold out; but when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a-year.”

The Colonel. Napoleon ruined himself, after all, not by his rash determination to enslave Europe, but by his much more rash attempt to deprive Europe of British sugar to its coffee. The beet root would have done more for him than the bayonet; but the West Indies beat him out of the field. He died by the hand of the commerce that he had insulted. The cabinet sank before the counting-house. So much for touching the appetites of mankind.

The Barrister. Yes; the sugar-cane was too strong for the sabre. It is curious to see how long a pedigree sugar has enjoyed. The little volume which has just appeared—“Conversations on Nature and Art,” one of many pretty publications, gives its genealogy with the exactness of the Herald's Office. Sugar was first known in that country of all early arts and acquisitions, China. It was there among the soothers of life and sweeteners of puddings, two thousand years before the tardy tastes of Europe knew that it existed. When at last it came into Greece, probably not much before Theophrastus, it came in white lumps, from which it obtained the name of “Indian salt.” The Chinese had thus arrived at the art of refining it. Pliny enjoyed it in the shape of sugar-candy. The sugar-cane had then moved westward, but had not yet passed the Ganges. The name was Indian, “zuccar mambu,” the

sugar of the bamboo. The Indians, who brought it to the Portuguese in the western ports of India, mystified its origin in the oriental style ; and the brains of Europe profoundly puzzled themselves to invent an origin for this delicious discovery. Some great theorists held that it was an oriental honey. But when it was argued against this, that no remnants of bees were to be found in this honey, as in all other ; the theorists, —for when were they ever at a loss—boldly pronounced that it was made *without* bees. Another theory followed, more pious but equally profound—sugar was a gift from the skies ; its whiteness, purity, and exquisite palatableness were arguments irresistible. Or, where those arguments met with opposition, the question was asked, if it did not come from heaven, from what other place could it have come ? Scepticism sank before this blow, and sugar was the original manna. But philosophy now solemnly interposed, and superseding the piety, settled the problem in its own sufficient way. The chemists pronounced, by the help of their alembics, that sugar was the concretion of a reed, and formed in the manner of the gum on the cherry-tree. All were equally wise. And the popular belief that it was the work of Indian witches, who gathered it from the corners of the moon in her first quarter, were as wise as any, in addition to being more poetical. At length, Marco Polo, in the middle of the thirteenth century, astonished, enlightened, and vexed everybody, by bringing home the sugar-cane in his hand, and divulging the mystery of its manufacture. It was soon propagated in Arabia, and spread through the sunny countries of Savagery to the south. It then began its travels with the rapidity of all things which appeal to neither the reason nor the feelings, but to the pleasures of our pleasure-loving race—From Arabia to Egypt, from Egypt to Sicily, from Sicily to Madeira, from Madeira to Hispaniola, to Brazil, to Barbadoes, and thence to the whole circle of the British West Indies.

The Rector. Why will none of our men of intelligence write a history of the effects produced on nations by such things ? Why not trace the powerful results of the little expedition of Pierre d'Etienne with the sugar-cane in the track of Columbus on the habits (which form the interests), and on the interests (which form the politics) of the European nations ? Marco Polo, with the silk-worm and the cane—Raleigh, with the tobacco and the potato, have made an impression on after ages, to which the tracks of conquerors are tracks on water. Even of all that Columbus himself won for Spain, all that remains to that once mighty kingdom, is the work of the sugar-cane. The tax on sugar from Hispaniola built the two palaces of Madrid and Toledo.

The Doctor. The “ Family History of England,” a work in numbers, by the Rev. G. Gleig. The ingenious author of the “ Subaltern ” is here amusing his leisure by giving knowledge on a subject greatly wanted by the people, and in a form perfectly adapted for their use. The knowledge of English history is among the best preventives of popular delusion. But Hume is too voluminous to be read, Smollett, his continuator, too bitter to be trusted, and the reigns of the Brunswicks down to our time have not yet fallen into hands capable of popular instruction. What are his principles ?

The Colonel. What they ought to be—the principles of a British soldier strengthened by the soberness of a British clergyman. I only

hope that he will disdain to reduce his history to the dry matter of the chronicler ; that he will regard it as his duty to impress good feeling as well as supply solid fact ; and that he will succeed in implanting sound sense, where so many are labouring to sow folly and faction.

- *The Barrister.* Will the pleasant times ever come again when the critics sat in the pit, when the boxes were filled with statesmen and women of fashion, and when the Templars went six in a coach, at three-pence a head, to revel in oranges, Sheridan, and Shakspeare ?

The Doctor. No ; those times are over with the vapours, ombre, and hair-powder. The love for theatres vanished with the dynasty of the queues. From the hour when I first saw Francis Duke of Bedford with his hair cropped, and his crop unpowdered, I foretold that the reign of fashion in the theatres was at an end ; that private feasting and flirtation would bound the circle of high life ; that pantomime would push the drama from its stool ; and that the best actor would be the man who could jump the highest through a hoop without breaking his bones. Till better times come, and it is the fault of high life that they have not come already, we must be content with such remembrances as the pencil can give. "Heath's Shakspeare Gallery" furnishes us with a succession of lovely faces ; and this is a characteristic of his work equally rare and pleasing in English art. Two of the faces, Lady Anne and Margaret, in his last number (the 8th) are charming, and his Lady Macbeth has all the energy of the character, if she want the magnificent beauty of Siddons. But the whole series are fine.

The Colonel. There seems to be a general impulse for roving the world. The organ of travel is developing itself with remarkable prominence ; and aids of all kinds for the tourist, the traveller, and the discoverer—are offered with a profusion that would have astonished our solid and slow-moving ancestry. "The Edinburgh General Atlas," published by the Johnstons, is a noble specimen of the spirit excited by public liberality in these matters. For a few shillings we have four folio maps—of the world, the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, and Europe, admirably executed, and full of information. A new and ingenious contrivance renders those maps useful to political as well as physical geography. The various dependencies, however remote, of each European kingdom are touched with the colour given to the kingdom itself. Thus, at a glance, we see every corner of the world that belongs to England, to Spain, France, Holland, &c. The second number is to contain England, Scotland, Ireland, and the British Islands, with the new lines of communication, railways, &c. Works of this order cannot be too largely patronized. They are a substantial addition to the powers, and the enjoyments too, of the public mind.

The Rector. "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum." The indefatigable Mr. Loudon here gives us another excellent number of his publication. This is on the "Willow," the ornament of our weeping landscape ; and so prodigious a favourite with all poets of all ages, that we might suppose Parnassus to have been shrouded with it from head to foot. Would it have been believed that the word basket was a living word two thousand years ago among our woodland forefathers ? Martial, too, found it in high odour in his degenerate day.

"Barbara de pictis veni Bascauda Britannis."

"From Britain's painted sons I came,
And Basket is my barbarous name.
But now I am so modish grown,
That Rome would claim me for her own."

The Barrister. The "Architectural Magazine. No. XXXVII." The chief topic of this portion of a work, conducted with skill and taste, is the plan of the new St. Stephen's. A pamphlet by Mr. Hamilton discusses Barry's plan with great keenness, and wholly disapproves of adopting the Gothic for a British senate-house. Yet, why should a British senate-house adopt the Greek style? Have we not had enough of its chill and bareness in our public buildings already? Is not the Gothic more in character with an assembly which has found its origin, its spirit, and its laws, among the Gothic institutions? The grand objection, after all, to Barry's plan, is the enormous expense. Let the estimates be what they may, no contrivance of man will make that building cost less than a million and a half of pounds sterling. It will probably cost much more. But there seems to be an evil omen in all that belongs to modern British architecture. I am afraid that our talent is not fit for much beyond a barrack or a brewhouse. To compile a Methodist chapel tasks our utmost skill, but to build a church throws us all into despair.

The Rector. There is a fine passage in Plutarch's life of Pericles, which every architect should hang up in his study, and engrave, if he could, on his heart. The Parthenon and the Propylæa were built with singular rapidity, though finished with such excellence. The biographer justly regards this as conferring additional honour on the genius of the great architect. "We wonder," says he, "that the works raised by Pericles should have been raised so quickly; and yet he built for ages. For, as each of them when but just completed, wore all the venerable look of antiquity, so even now they retain the strength and freshness of buildings but just raised. A bloom is spread over them, which preserves their look untarnished by time, as if they were animated with a spirit of unfading youth, and perpetual elegance."

The Colonel. What an incomparable opportunity King Otho has in his hands for building the most graceful capital in the world! It is now thirty-seven years since, returning from the Egyptian expedition, I first set foot on the soil of Athens. Nature has designed it for a noble city. The surrounding landscape, though lovely, is bold; the sea, broken and bounded with headlands, has all the appearance of a magnificent lake; the climate is incomparable, and, not least of all, is the recollection that we stand on the most illustrious spot of the ancient world, that the most brilliant, daring, and powerful minds of earth, trod, in succession, the very ground where our feet were then standing,—that from the brown hill before our eyes, Thrasybulus poured down his gallant insurgents to restore the liberties of his country; that on the waves before us, the battle was fought which decided the question of power between the West and the East; that from the heap of ruin on one side of us, Demosthenes gave mankind the lessons of matchless eloquence; that from the little mount on the other, the great Apostle of the Gentiles gave the lessons of a wisdom that threw all eloquence into the shade. If King Otho has the soul of anything beyond a German infidel, a smoker of

bad tobacco, and feeder on sauerkraut, he will make his metropolis the wonder of the world.

The Doctor. One of the most striking peculiarities of our time, is the attention directed to political economy. The science is hitherto utterly imperfect. It is the science of charlatans. But time will do for it, what time has done for astrology, by converting it into the true knowledge of the stars. The facts which now only fill the brains of fools with presumption, will, in another century, enlighten the intelligence of the wise; and mankind, blushing at the absurdities of our days, will advance to the discovery of those great principles by which nations are taught to be happy.

The Rector. The little pamphlet in my hand is a case in point. It shows that even the Neapolitan government is roused by the common activity of Europe. It contains the general description of the produce and population of Sicily. It is entitled, "*Giornale di Statistica*," and compiled by a Board of Direction. Its preface remarks,—"*Non può negarsi che al solo nome di Statistica, sorgono nelle mente di alcuni molte incertezze sull' indole e sull' oggetto di questa scienza.*" But if there are those who feel such doubts, he is certainly not of the number, who knows that half the errors of modern governments proceed not from neglect of the people, but from ignorance of their condition; not from a desire to oppress, but from the absence of all knowledge how to relieve. Into the details of this work I do not enter; they are merely local. Yet it may surprise the sovereign of the two Sicilies himself—even as it has surprised me, a stranger, and a thousand miles off—to learn that in the single government of Sicily there are no less than ~~twenty~~ ^{thirty} three religious orders, all varieties of the *genus* monk, inhabiting no ~~less~~ ^{more} than 658 convents, and amounting to 7591 persons, doing nothing under the sun, but enjoying themselves, making canzonets and sweetmeats, singing masses in their chapels, and smoking cigars in the streets, basking in the sun like so many lap-dogs, and fattening themselves at a rate which distances even the rapid rotundity of a London alderman. And this is wholly independent of the officiating priesthood, the parochial clergy of the island.

The Barrister. The drones should be dislodged without delay; but what is to be done with the hive—must it not be confiscated?

The Rector. No. The drones should be made to work. Their condition is more the effect of time than idleness. If they will not work, apply their revenue to the purposes for which it was first destined, to the spread of religion. Never confiscate; nothing is more false or more fatal, than to make religious reform a pretext for public spoil or private avarice. Let it be first shown that the wealth of the Church is beyond the necessities of the Church,—that there is more money in its hands than can be applied to the decent maintenance of the altar, the priesthood, the religious schools, and the increasing want of religious worship among the increasing population,—and then confiscate; but not till then. The property of the Church is sacred, while it can be used for the piety of the people. To touch it then is sacrilege; to preserve, direct, and purify its application, is the noblest duty of an enlightened government, and the surest pledge of prosperity to a people.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Zoological Society.—At the ordinary monthly meeting of this society, held on the 6th ult., it appeared from the Report of the Council, that the receipts during the previous month were 1,063*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, during which time there had been expended upon the gardens, 1,201*l.* 16*s.*; on the museum, 237*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*; and on the general establishment, 86*l.* 10*s.* The number of visitors to the gardens in the month of March was 5,985, from whom 157*l.* 19*s.* was received. A great variety of presents were announced to the museum and menagerie. Amongst the latter were donations from her Majesty, the Marchioness of Winchester, Sir Herbert Taylor, &c. The names of members of the Council going out by rotation at the ensuing annual meeting were announced, as Captain Bowles, Drs. Roget and Horsfield, and Messrs. Earle and Hay; and those recommended for election, to fill these vacancies, were, Lords Braybrooke and Milton, Messrs. Boileau, W. S. Macleay, and Clift. A motion by way of recommendation to the Council, for the institution of lectures on zoology at the museum, with convenient places for dissection of animals dying at the gardens, was unanimously carried. Twenty-four new members were elected, and the names of twenty-seven candidates were proposed for election.

Perkin Warbeck.—At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Lord Aberdeen presiding, great interest was excited by the production of a paper by Sir Frederick Madden, which promises to throw considerable light on the history of Perkin Warbeck, the pretender to the English throne in the reign of Henry the Seventh. The document is an original letter from Perkin to Isabel, Queen of Spain, the patron of Columbus, in which he gives a narrative of himself from the period of his supposed escape from the Tower. We understand that a second letter from him, signed, "Richard of England," will be exhibited to the society, together with other inedited documents, and among them the deposition relative to a plot to deprive Henry the Seventh of his life, in favour of Perkin, of which the leader was John Kendal, grand prior of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

Damascus Blades.—At a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, held on the 1st ult., Mr. Henry Wilkinson read a paper on the causes which produced the pattern, or watering, on the celebrated sword blades of Damascus. After alluding to the ancient renown of the Damascenes in the manufacture of swords, and the general belief that the conquest of Damascus by Timour, in the fourteenth century, and consequent dispersion of the workmen, had caused the secret to be lost, Mr. Wilkinson observed, that, in the remote times when this celebrity was obtained, all eastern countries were greatly superior in arts to those of Europe; and that the excellency of the swords of Damascus had been much exaggerated from this cause; but that the estimation accorded to them was not warranted by our present experience, as swords of a better quality might be now manufactured at a twentieth of the price. The attempts at imitation of these swords had been almost all directed to the external appearance alone,—that is, the watering, or *jower*, which Mr. Wilkinson considered had never been successfully produced. From several years' attention to the subject, he had reason to believe that the natives of the East were either totally ignorant of the cause of the desired appearance themselves, or that they made a mystery of that which was, in fact, none. After describing the various efforts which had been made by Signor Crevelli and others, in Europe, to produce blades similar to those of Damascene manufacture, Mr. Wilkinson proceeded to deliver his opinion on the real causes of the *jower* of these celebrated blades, which were, first, the nature of the iron employed; and, secondly, the mode of converting it into steel. This he explained as being done by imperfect fusion and agglutination, and cementation with charcoal in small crucibles; the produce of which was, a very good steel, crystallized variously, and probably

mingled with minute portions of the metallic bases of the earths employed in the operation. The *jower* exists in the steel itself; and it would be impossible to make a sword of this steel without obtaining the Damascus figure. Mr. Wilkinson had examined a cake of steel from Cutch, and found that it could be tempered without difficulty, and that it exhibited, when cut, the Damascus pattern, as it also did when forged into a bar.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF AGRICULTURE.

State and Progress of Agriculture—Effects of the Parliamentary Committees in dissipating Delusive Hopes from Legislative Expedients and Protecting Duties—Evidence of Lords Radnor and Ashburton—Mr. Hunt's Pamphlet—Comparative Imports into London of the Quarters ending March 3, 1836 and 1837—Altered State of the Flour Trade—Estimate of the Growth of Corn—Proposal to permit Foreign Grain in Warehouse to be ground and baked into Biscuit for Exportation—The Weather, Crops, and Prices.

NATIONS are affected with physical and with mental maladies, and if it be difficult, not to say impossible, to foretel the duration of an epidemic, how much more impracticable it is to calculate how long a cherished delusion, which favours a prejudice or an interest, may be obstinately maintained? We begin however to hope that the illusive promises of bettering the condition of agriculture (meaning thereby to fill the pockets of those connected with land) by the aid of protecting duties, legislative provisions, and other fictitious expedients, are rapidly passing away. And it is singular that they will be most obliterated by the very means taken to prolong their existence, namely, by the inquiries instituted in Parliament, for the express (though not expressed) purpose of creating artificially high prices, or obtaining advantages incompatible with the condition and claims of the other order of society.

Do we attribute to the inquiries of the Committees this illumination? We do—aided by the press, for out of them have since sprung Mr. Leffevre's letter, and Mr. Cayley's and Mr. Blake's. But the finishing blow will be given by the condensation of the evidence put forth under the sanctioning name of "a Member of Parliament," understood to be Mr. Hunt, and prefaced by some very plain but excellent remarks. The truth indeed is now *practically* established—the injustice produced by a return to cash payments through reduction of price, whether it amounts to four or a hundred per cent. (which is about the variation between Mr. Ricardo and some of the "Agriculturistical Currency Doctors") has made its own division, and found its own level, amongst all classes; and none of these classes as a whole will consent to the infliction of a new and indefinite evil in the mere vain hope of remedying that which is overpast. None who read the evidence of Lords Radnor and Ashburton, with any credence in their experienced judgment, will ever for a moment listen to the stuff about "equitable adjustment." It is astonishing that even so powerful rather than so plausible a man as Cobbett should have been able to confuse and bamboozle his followers so long with an absurdity so palpable: but even Lord Radnor now gives up the doctrine. Hear him. At the end of a series of questions touching a revision of contracts being necessary to the fulfilment of this "equitable adjustment," he thus replies:—"So that it would be necessary not to apply the reduction to the present holders of the national debt, not to those who have within the last fifteen years acquired their shares in the 3 per cent, or 3½ per cents., but to trace back every individual transaction to the person who may have originally advanced

money to Government between the years 1797 and 1818? They must have their remedy against the person from whom they bought their stock, and *it would be such a complication that it would be utterly impossible.*" "After your experience of the effects of the variation of money which took place in 1797, and considering the efflux of time since the establishment of the present standard, and the condition of the working population, should you see with apprehension, or with satisfaction, any alteration of the standard of value now? I should see with apprehension any attempt to alter the standard." His Lordship also stated in so many words that high prices would not permanently benefit the farmer, and that agriculture flourished as much under low prices as high.

Lord Ashburton, whose authority must be considered still higher, fully accords in these sentiments.

The declaration of such men as these set the question at rest—if the opinions of men most conversant with the largest dealings of the country are of any validity. Only let Mr. Hutt's pamphlet find its way into the farm-houses of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the delusion of a quarter of a century will vanish before a quarter of another year from all dispassionate or capable minds.

Turn we now to circumstances which are actually part and parcel of the concerns of agriculture. A table has been published in that very excellent chronicle of all agricultural matters, "The Mark-Lane Express," which we shall take leave to borrow.

Arrivals of British Grain and Flour into the Port of London for the last Seven Years, during the Quarter ending March 31.

—	Wheat. Qrs.	Barley. Qrs.	Malt. Qrs.	Oats. Qrs.	Totals. Qrs.	Flour. Sacks.
1837.						
English	78,005	89,608	88,721	82,930	339,264	105,916
Scotch .	197	5,077	830	34,852	40,956	1,32
Irish	1,682	15	200,926	202,623	2,530
1836.						
English.	57,541	113,018	94,994	61,545	367,098	103,313
Scotch .	609	9,150	1,358	45,604	56,721	690
Irish	526	1,604	110,282	112,412	156
1835.						
English	100,158	68,971	89,927	26,423	285,479	107,177
Scotch .	5,431	19,735	593	110,839	136,598	628
Irish ..	1,286	10,465	8	190,927	202,686	1,715
1834.						
English	83,819	109,992	92,718	68,770	355,299	99,784
Scotch .	4,209	8,602	96	86,557	99,464	427
Irish ..	4,743	6,892	125	95,374	107,134	10,005
1833.						
English	84,252	126,213	89,591	51,411	351,467	100,929
Scotch .	3,048	5,271	392	37,902	46,613	477
Irish ..	6,746	..	23	145,659	152,428	9,162
1832.						
English	53,591	96,942	99,570	74,632	324,735	88,424
Scotch .	33,430	15,344	747	41,779	91,300	1,005
Irish ..	34,675	2,654	178	171,856	209,363	29,032
1831.						
English	40,192	93,327	95,690	77,001	306,210	87,623
Scotch .	2,413	4,847	44	61,565	68,869	375
Irish	12	..	55,107	55,119	4,994

The important fact is, that while the importation of wheat from the provinces into London decreased, that of flour has increased. But we must except against any conclusive deduction that may be drawn from the facts, that one quarter of a year does not afford anything like sufficient data to fasten any just judgment upon. *Per Gr.* During the last few weeks the pressure upon the Money Market, discouraging all chance of speculative purchasers, must have acted to deter those who can hold from sending their corn to market. Again, the probability of a late harvest increases the chances of a rise of price and would induce holding over. In the former opinion we concur with the editor of the "Express," but we do not arrive quite at the same conclusion as he does with respect to the augmented arrivals of flour. He says, "Flour has increased, because the country miller can undersell the town manufacturer, notwithstanding the arbitrary nomination of prices adopted by the principal parties concerned in the trade; besides that mill-power throughout the kingdom is rapidly increasing, with an improved system of manufacture." We agree indeed as to effects—the cause of the supply to London is increased mill-power, but this compels the country manufacturer to seek the London mart, because his power to make exceeds the power of consumption at home. The competition of country marts in London is the cause of depression of price—not depression of price the cause of the large amount of flour. Indeed, the flour trade, like all others depending on improved and accelerated processes, has been much altered by those processes. In the event of a rise the miller who lives near London, and has steam-power to use at pleasure, can always take advantage of that rise, and appear upon the mart before the distant dealer is even apprised of the advance? or he can suspend his operations no less to his benefit wherever there is a full supply, a slack demand, or a fall. These are his necessary superiorities of proximity and power. The paper-trade is affected precisely in the same manner, and for this reason mill-property is less valuable than it was. It is not impossible that the comparative stagnation of manufacturing employment during the last quarter, has diminished the consumption of flour in the provinces, nor is the poor law act without its agency. The little country dealers in all departments complain of decreased custom arising simply from the smaller sums now enjoyed by the labouring classes in relief. While therefore this table is given because it is incumbent upon those who would instruct the public to bring all the information that offers into view, we yet place little or no reliance upon any deductions that can be drawn from premises so limited in respect to time.

In the meanwhile, the proposition to release the foreign wheat in bond to be ground for exportation has been renewed in Parliament. The measure may be attended with difficulties in the execution, and especially with the fear of the flour getting into domestic instead of foreign consumption, to which the temptation would be considerable; but the certain advantages overbalance this possible contingency. Whether this consideration will produce the adoption of the proposal by Parliament, we shall not presume to decide, but it appears to our judgment they ought.

The memory of the oldest men furnishes no parallel time in point of weather to the present winds from the north and north-west, east and north-east, accompanied by flights of snow; and night frosts have checked vegetation to a degree utterly unknown, and the consequences are felt and seen in the almost total absence of green seed, to the great loss and detriment of the stock farmer, whilst the wheats seem as if they would make no growth, and the barleys lie dead in the earth. Up to this date (April 20th) there is little appearance of the dissipation of the vast load of vapour with which the atmosphere is loaded, and the warmth of the sun annihilated. The late rains have indeed done a little for the colour of that which is green, the buds are all ready to burst, but the "all-powerful heat" is still wanting. All the operations of agriculture have however gone on favourably, and in some dis-

tricts, Ireland especially, it should seem the frost and attendant drought have rendered the lands more friable. The barleys are in, and nature and art may be said only to wait the return of heat. Everything is *now* backward, but we still entertain the opinion that growth depends more on the months that come after May, than those which precede her bright and bounteous presence.

The fears of capitalists, and indeed the visible effects of the imprudent speculations in America, have aided to keep prices much as they were. In the beginning of the month wheat appeared to sink a shilling or two, lately the offers have rallied for the best qualities. Time glides on, and the stock is thrown upon the farmer. In three months from this date new wheat *may* be in the markets of the midland countries.

Imperial averages, April 7 :—Wheat, 55s. 11d.—Barley, 31s. 5d.—Oats, 22s. 7d.—Rye, 33s. 2d.—Beans, 37s. 11d.—Peas, 36s. 11d.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Writing Paper.—A gentleman named Stevenson has obtained a patent for a new method of preparing writing-paper, from which writing-ink cannot be expunged or extracted without detection. This is a most important discovery, inasmuch as it will put an end to numerous frauds now committed by effecting alterations in written documents. We find that another patent has been granted to a French gentleman, named Ourlas, residing in this country, for a similar preparation of paper.

New principle of Economy in Manufactures.—A recent discovery has added a new feature to the commercial industry of France. Formerly the residuum from the distillery was wasted, it not being known that it could be put to any use. A potass manufactory, however, has just been erected near Valenciennes, which is to be alimented by the residuum from the distillery. This is the first establishment of the kind, and it is now in full activity.

Manufacture of Sugar.—The manufacture of sugar from chestnuts greatly prospers in France. Some of the proceeds give 14 per cent., which is above the mean proportion drawn from beet-root. The manufacture of the latter flourishes in Russia, where there are at this moment thirty establishments in full operation.

Imitation of Anatomical Specimens.—MM. Thibert and Rameux have invented a composition, which may be moulded with much greater facility than plaster, and which perfectly represents the anatomical subjects which require to be imitated. Once hardened, it resists pressure, damp, and heat equal to that of boiling water. Each part is painted in oils of the proper colours and then varnished, so that it may be washed without injury.

COMMERCE AND CURRENCY.

WE have not yet passed through the crisis which has now been for some time impending in the commercial world ; nor has it yet reached its height. In all the large manufacturing districts the embarrassment of the capitalists are daily augmenting, and the necessary consequence is, much aggravation of the distress and sufferings of the labouring population. The markets of manufactured and raw goods are in a gloomy and desponding state. Present prices have no reference to the cost of production, but are dependent upon the necessities of the manufactures to sell. Notwithstanding the reduction of prices, however, purchasers hold off, under an impression that the embarrassments of the manufacturers will bring them still lower. The distrust of private credit, too, stops the execution of orders on a large scale ; and hence there is a well-founded apprehension that many more failures will ensue, and many more workmen be displaced. Anxiety and uncertainty are almost everywhere palpable and distressing. From Liverpool, a deputation of merchants, supported by the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester and mercantile men elsewhere, applied to the Government and the Bank to aid them by an advance of Exchequer Bills or other available securities, in retaining their stocks until confidence should be somewhat restored ; but they were refused : and as the American houses here do not appear likely to obtain timely relief from the United States, it is much to be feared that the consequences will be severe and widely spread. From 1829, till very recently, business has gone on with scarcely a check, and the ramifications of credit have been widely extended. One failure, therefore, now produces another, or creates difficulty which is almost equal in its results to total failure.

Such seems to be the almost natural consequence arising out of the prosperity of the last five or six years. Productive harvests and an enlarged currency have given such a stimulus to the increase of capital and population as have caused those elements of wealth to bear at present a greater proportion to the field of employment than they did previously. The excess of capital and labour must, somehow or other, be wasted or destroyed until that economical proportion take place, which gives profits, though low, to all capitalists, and wages, though low, to all labourers. This destruction is only to be brought about by the losses of capitalists and the sufferings of the labouring classes, and, therefore, general distress, with all its fearful consequences will have to be encountered, it seems, in the process.

The quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, for three months ending on the 5th ult., exhibits the following results, compared with the three months ending on the 7th of March :—

The circulation averaged,	
In the former period	£18,178,000
In the latter period	18,432,000
Being an increase of	£243,000
The deposits averaged,	
In the former period	£13,260,000
In the latter period	11,192,000
Being a decrease of	£2,068,000
The total liabilities averaged,	
In the former period	£31,438,000
In the latter period	29,624,000
Being a decrease of	£1,814,000

The securities averaged,	
In the former period	£30,579,000
In the latter period	28,843,000
Being a decrease of	£1,736,000
The bullion averaged,	
In the former period	£4,048,000
In the latter period	4,071,000
Being an increase of	£23,000
The total of the assets averaged,	
In the former period	£34,627,000
In the latter period	32,914,000
Being a decrease of	£1,713,000
The surplus, or Rest, averaged,	
In the former period	£3,189,000
In the latter period	3,290,000
Being an increase of	£101,000

The small increase that appears to have taken place in the amount of the bullion, is the most noticeable thing in these returns; but this is easily accounted for, by the fact that, although the foreign exchanges are sufficiently in our favour to bring in the metals, there are no commercial transactions going forward, purchases for the foreign markets being almost entirely suspended by the continued caducity of prices. The destruction of confidence, too, has evidently been the cause of absorbing a much larger proportion of gold in the internal circulation, as well as to a larger extent than is generally apprehended, by hoarding. Gold must inevitably return in large quantities from abroad; but at no less tremendous a sacrifice than an average fall of fifteen or twenty per cent. on the value of all commercial commodities.

The quarterly accounts of the revenue made up to the 5th ult., were looked for with some anxiety, since they furnish a tolerable index of the state of trade and commerce during the period to which they relate. As was anticipated, the defalcation is considerable, as compared with the receipts of the corresponding quarter of the preceding year, under those heads which best indicate the amount of internal consumption. It is as follows:—

In the customs	£13,333
In the excise	28,869
In the stamps	79,422
In the taxes	7,845
Total	£129,469

Something is obtained by way of set-off, however, in the items of Post-office, miscellaneous, and imprest and other monies, amounting severally to 1000*l.*, 9,591*l.*, and 58,462*l.*, giving a total of 69,060*l.*, which deducted from the aggregate decrease above stated, leaves the actual decrease on the quarter at 60,409*l.*



James Smith

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. VI.

THERE is a certain point to which complacency and forbearance may go, but there is also a certain point at which they will stop; and when I awoke in the morning, and thought over the events of the preceding evening, and moreover found my poor Harriet extremely unwell, I fell to considering what course I could adopt to rescue her and myself from the unbearable thralldom in which we found ourselves, without offending Cuthbert, or evincing a proper sense of gratitude for the kindnesses he had lavished upon us.

I was perfectly satisfied of his entire unconsciousness that he was doing anything either to distress or inconvenience us; he felt convinced that we *must* like what *he* liked, or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say, that he did not trouble himself to think much upon the subject. By this I do not mean that he was indifferent to our comfort or happiness, but that seeing the readiness with which all his wishes were complied with; and hearing neither remonstrance nor complaint, he was not aware that he was, in point of fact, making us positively miserable.

As the morning wore on, however, I began to think that my mind was likely to be occupied with even more important matters. Harriet's indisposition increased, and I was informed about seven o'clock by the proper authorities that it would be advisable to call in medical aid. I immediately went to Harriet to inquire whether her disinclination to Sniggs continued as strong as ever, and in reply was referred to her mother, for whom she had sent.

I knew exactly what the result of this reference would be. The prejudice entertained by Mrs. Wells against the unfortunate son of Galen, however natural, was unconquerably strong; and as the tone of Harriet's voice convinced me that in submitting the subject to her fond parent she would say nothing likely to remove or mitigate it, I determined at once to send off a servant to Dr. Downey, a lady's doctor of considerable reputation and extensive practice, who lived within a very short distance of Winchester. Time it seemed would not allow of my sending to London for a Sir Charles or a Sir John, as I had, with a view to soothing poor Sniggs's feelings, originally intended. I was, therefore, compelled to run the risk of offending him, hoping, however, in some degree to qualify what I knew would be considered a grievance, by getting leave to join him in the commission with the Doctor, who, in addition to his eminent professional qualities, was the very pink of politeness and a universal favourite.

Finding that the proposed arrangement was agreeable to Harriet, I forthwith wrote to the Doctor and sent off my letter, and had the satis-

faction of finding upon Mrs. Wells's arrival that what I had done, met with her entire approbation. From the moment, however, that the Doctor was sent for and my respected mother-in-law proceeded to her daughter's room, I felt—certainly as I never had felt before—my anxiety commenced—my worry had begun. I dreaded lest the Doctor should come too late, that some unforeseen accident would befall my beloved Harriet, I felt, in short, as if I had suddenly become a useless and superfluous member of the family; I walked about the hall, went into one room, and then into another—stopped—listened—then sat down; until at length I resolved upon going into the grounds and made a sort of business of looking at the celery and sea-kale in the kitchen garden. The kale covers might have been bee-hives, the celery trenches a parsley-bed for all I cared, and into the house I came again, when to my horror I heard a sound certainly most unexpected by me at such a moment; that of the tuning of a fiddle in the drawing-room next to my wife's bed chamber. I stepped up-stairs astounded at such a circumstance, and there beheld Mr. Kittington, the dancing-master, just in the act of beginning the then popular country-dance of the "Opera Hat," that being fixed for the first practice of the before-breakfast lesson to the young ladies.

When I entered the room the two pets, dressed with remarkably short petticoats and dirty white kid shoes, sprang forward to welcome me, and expected, I conclude, to see me look remarkably well pleased.

"My dear girls," said I, "you cannot take your lesson here, nor, as I think, anywhere else this morning; Mrs. Gurney is extremely ill, and the noise will distract her."

"Ill," said Jane, "what's the matter with her, uncle?"

"Jane," said Kitty, "how *can* you be so foolish—she is not *very* ill, uncle?"

"Indeed she is," said I.

"And so is Tom," said Jane, "he is all out in a rash, and can't see out of his eyes. Pappy is not up yet, but I'll tell him as soon as I can."

"Indeed!" said I, wondering at the sort of mind in which my Harriet and Mrs. Falwasser's Tom could be by any means associated.

During this little colloquy, Mr. Kittington, in stockinet pantaloons and pumps—time half-past eight in the morning—stood fiddle in hand naturally looking particularly awkward.

"I tell you what we can do," said Kate, "we can go and take our lesson in the laundry, because I know it will vex Pappy if we lose it altogether."

"It is," said I, "an essential point in your education."

"Besides," added Kate, "Mr. Kittington has had to come I don't know how far to give it us."

"Do what you please, my love," said I, "only Harriet is not well enough to bear the noise here."

I did this civilly and quietly, although I felt sick and wretched, because I did not like to allow the dancing-master to see that the domination of the Falwassers was so irksome to us as it really was, and because I did not wish the professor of the Terpsichorean art—or science—as the case may be, to think that I underrated either the importance of the study, or his own personal assiduity in giving his attendance; and so I conclude they *did* retire to the laundry, for I heard no more fiddling,

nor did I see the young ladies, as it turned out, till a late period of the day.

I sent for Foxcroft, inquired how her mistress was, not daring to venture near the room myself. She told me that she was going on very well. This satisfied me; I did not quite understand what it meant; but the words "very well," conveyed to my mind the intelligence generally which I wished to receive. I went to the breakfast-room; there everything was in order—neat, nice, cool, and comfortable—just the same as if Harriet had been in perfect health. So it is if the master of a house dies—the whole establishment goes on seemingly of itself for a week or two, without being in the slightest degree affected by his disappearance. This arises from the fact, that after all the discussions and dissertations upon feeling and gratitude and affection, and all the rest of it, in the relative position of servant and master, there is nothing in death nor destruction sufficiently strong to break in upon the routine of duty so long as it is paid for. The man who cleans the plate, cleans it as energetically, while the man whose plate it was three days before, lies upon tressels screwed up in his coffin, as he did that day week, when the defunct used his portion of it. Kittington, the dancing-master, in his stockinets and pumps, would just as enthusiastically have taught my half or three-quarter nieces to jump and wriggle and twist, to the tune of the "Opera Hat," if Harriet had been lying dead in the same room, instead of being only seriously indisposed: and so it is in all callings and professions. Hamlet asks Horatio, speaking of the grave-digger—

"Hath this fellow no feeling in his trade?"

And as Shakspeare shows in every line he has written the most perfect knowledge of human nature that man without inspiration—was it without?—ever possessed, it may be thought absurd to say one syllable more upon the subject, except that although still young I have lived long enough to observe, that so far from a man *not* having a feeling in his trade, it is completely the reverse; his feeling in his trade is so strong, that it supersedes any feeling towards any trade except his own. Send for your carpenter, bid him put you up some fifty yards of treillage whereupon you wish your jessamines and honeysuckles to twine, or over which you propose your clustering ivy to creep; *his* point is the treillage, and in order that he may make what he thinks a workmanlike job of the treillage, half your jessamines and honeysuckles, and two-thirds of your ivy are destroyed. To him follows the painter, who cares as little for the carpenter as he does for the remnant of your shrubs and climbers; *he*, only desirous of setting himself off as an artist in *his* way, not only paints the treillage, but covers with his *invisible* green, *visible* to the naked eye, the stems, branches, and leaves of every one of the pet plants which, unconsciously conniving at your scheme of screening, are good enough to intertwine themselves in your treillage. The bricklayer heedlessly annihilates the efforts of the painter in making *his* work strong and good which is to support the superstructure, and the plumber who comes to consolidate certain corners and crannies, completes the job by sending his Etna-like rivers of boiling lead over the roots of the unhappy specimens for which all the pains have been taken and all the pence expended.

I remember hearing Mathews, who, as the reader knows, was my first enticer to dramatic writing, telling a story of a man who had made

with exquisite neatness of beauty, so far as the word is applicable to such a subject, a Hessian boot, the height of which did not exceed three or four inches, but whose sole and body presented as beautiful a specimen of workmanship as ever was seen. Mathews was delighted with the ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of this little *bijou*, and offered to buy it. The artist declined selling it. Mathews then proposed that he should let him have a repetition of it. The difference between a repetition and a copy has been established by Lawrence and other illustrious painters. "No, Sir," said the man, "I would do anything for *you* that I could do for anybody, but I made that little boot in a moment of enthusiasm, and I feel confident that I never could make another like it."

This is a proof that a man may be really enthusiastic, and have the powerful "feeling in his trade," which I contend generally exists, and which ought always to exist to ensure success; and I say so, not only upon Dr. Johnson's principle, that, whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well, but because I am certain that, unless a man believe the particular pursuit in which he is engaged, let it be what it may, to be vitally important to society at large, he never will be anything in the craft or trade which he may have adopted.

I have spoken of one actor—whose whole heart and mind are occupied in his profession, Mathews—and not only are his heart and mind engaged in it, as the "means whereby he doth sustain his house;" but they are more honourably and more enthusiastically involved in an anxiety to uphold the character of the profession which he so brightly adorns. Terry—a man of great reading—of powerful intellect—and of high available talent—has but recently come amongst us; but if I prophecy aright, Terry will never attain his just rank as an actor. The reason is plain; he treats the art as a trade, and feels always disposed to laugh at himself, even when he is on the edge of a great performance. If he takes a fancy to a part, he will act it, *con amore*, but only as a joke; and although still new to the London boards, it is clear to me that his perception of the ridiculous; makes him sneer at the success which his not half-developed powers procure him: so, as I have already said, it is with all men; and as a proof how far the "enthusiasm of the moment" will carry me, I will write down here, that which, as I never read what I write, and as my papers are not intended for the public eye, or public criticism, it does not much matter if I have written down before, a dialogue I once overheard between two scavengers at the corner of Spring-gardens.

They were sweeping up the mud, and spooning it into a cart with an almost inevitable certainty of *Shrapnelizing* the "passing villagers," when, in a pause from their labours, one, *he* with the shovel, said to the other, "I say, Bill, what's gone with Jim, I han't seen him about a long time?"

"Can't say," said Broom; "I guess as how som'think's happened to him unforeseen."

"He was a good un," said Scoop.

"Yes," said he of the besom, "he was a smartish chap at a crossing, or anything straight forward; but as for a bit of fancy work, sweeping round a post, or anythink o' that sort, he hadn't no kind of taste whatsumever."

If I am inadvertently repeating myself, I cannot help it ; the dialogue seems wonderfully well calculated to exhibit

“ A ruling passion, strong in mud.”

And still better to prove the justice of my original aphorism, that, without enthusiasm, all labour is in vain.

When the young ladies who seemed entirely to sympathize with the dancing master, as to the importance of the lesson, had flitted to the laundry as a fit scene of action, I waited impatiently for— what I could hardly define. Cuthbert at length got up, was dressed, and, as usual, wheeled into breakfast, but Mrs. Brandyball pleaded headache, I have every just reason for thinking sincerely, and did not make her appearance ; Cuthbert and I were therefore *tête-à-tête* at the morning’s repast.

“ Poor Tommy,” said Cuthbert, “ is—ah, dear—very unwell ; he came to see me while Hutton was getting me up ; he is all over red spots, —I must send for Sniggs after breakfast.”

Now, of all things in the world that I did not desire, or rather of all things in the world I particularly wished to avoid, was a visit from Sniggs in the course of this morning. I knew him so well, and was so perfectly aware of the activity of his interference, that I was convinced neither solicitation nor remonstrance would prevent his making his way to poor Harriet, whose very safety might depend upon her not being excited, as I knew she would be by his appearance in her room, the moment he heard she was unwell.

“ I think,” said I, “ as I expect Dr. Downey here in an hour or two, it would be no bad thing to let *him* see Tom.”

“ True,” said Cuthbert, “ so he may ; but then I asked Sniggs to come here to-day to play chess, and it is only his coming a little earlier, and then he can see Harriet, and so, because the physician, whatever you call him, may not be here in time—eh—it is as well, as Mrs. Brandyball says, to have two strings to one’s bow—eh ?”

All these arrangements of Cuthbert’s were made, as usual, unconsciously, as if expressly for the subversion of all my prudential plans of operation ; and yet I did not see how I could counteract their effect ; for if I confided to him Harriet’s disinclination for Sniggs, the first thing Cuthbert would most assuredly do, would be to tell him the whole story the moment he arrived, and thus make an enemy, even if he were yet friendly, of the peripatetic reporter of Blissfold.

“ Now,” said Cuthbert, “ have you formed any plans with regard to the young stranger ?”

“ What,” said I, “ the child unborn !”

“ Yes,” said Cuthbert, “ I am to be godfather ; and you shall find, my dear Gilbert, that I do not consider the obligations of such a connection merely nominal. If it is a boy, let him have a profession—make him a lawyer—or—eh—perhaps that will be too fatiguing,—and if it is a girl”—

“ A thousand thanks for all your kindnesses,” said I ; “ but let us secure the treasure, before we discuss how to dispose of it.”

“ Nothing like foresight,” said Cuthbert ; “ I am sorry for poor Tommy—I—hadn’t Hutton better step to Sniggs’s ?”

The kindness which mingled with my brother’s anxiety to upset my schemes was so remarkable, and so genuine, that I did not know how to thwart him in his wishes, and was on the point of ringing for his man,

when the sound of wheels caught my ear. I turned to the window, and saw, to my delight and surprise, the great object of my present solicitude, Dr. Downey's carriage rapidly approaching the house.

"Here's the Doctor," said I; "we need not send for Sniggs; he shall see Tom before he goes up-stairs."

"Ah," said Cuthbert, "looking quite satisfied, 'that will do nicely.'"

I hastened to the hall to welcome the physician, whose early appearance was very agreeably accounted for by the fact, that my servant on horseback had overtaken him about four miles from Ashmead, as he was returning from a visit of a similar nature to that, which he immediately turned his horses' heads to pay to Harriet.

I presented the Doctor to my brother, and then went up-stairs to apprise Mrs. Wells of his arrival. Cuthbert, who thought of nothing but Tommy and his rash, began immediately to open his case to the Doctor, who, not being the least aware that there was a second patient to attend to, was mystified in a great degree by Cuthbert, who, in consequence of what I had said with respect to Downey's seeing the boy before he visited Harriet, thought that I had left the room to fetch him for inspection.

"I always say," said Cuthbert, "that prevention is better than cure, and that the earlier anything of this sort—eh, is looked after the better."

"Certainly, Sir," said the Doctor, gracefully bowing his well-powdered head, "nothing is wiser than precaution."

"I don't exactly understand the cause of the complaint," said Cuthbert; "but I dare say you will be able to tell when you see the patient."

"Why," said the Doctor, with a look which implied some little doubt of Cuthbert's state of mind, "yes, I"—

"I think it may proceed from cold," said Cuthbert; "being out at night will do it sometimes—letting off squibs and fireworks—silly thing—poor dear, nearly lost an eye already, poor thing."

The Doctor pushed back his chair, and stuck the poker into the fire.

"Yes, Sir," said he, "very likely."

"Great romps overheat themselves," said Cuthbert; "my two daughters are never half careful enough in that respect; I'm often afraid that something of the same sort will happen to *them*."

"Oh," said Downey, walking towards the window, "yes, Sir, as I said just now, caution is wisdom."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, delighted with the urbane manner in which the physician humoured him, "and especially about *their* age, poor things, before they have done growing."

"You are quite right, Sir," said Downey, "quite—perfectly, nothing can be more judicious. Does Mr. Gurney expect me to follow him?"

"No, no," said Cuthbert, "he is gone to fetch your patient—probably dirty hands want washing,—hair to be combed, or something of that sort,—wicked little thing, and as full of mischief as possible."

What farther might have been said to illuminate the physician, had the dialogue lasted any longer, it is impossible to surmise. Certes, my friend Downey's eyes greeted me with a look of infinite satisfaction as I made my appearance.

"Well, Gilbert," said Cuthbert, "where's Tommy?"

"Oh," said I, "I quite forgot, I will ring the bell for Hutton to fetch him."

"I thought you were gone on purpose," said Cuthbert, "else I could

have rung myself, or, at all events, have requested the Doctor to do so for me."

"May I presume to ask," said the Doctor, "who Tommy is?"

"A son-in-law of my brother's," said I, "who feels unwell, and whom my brother wishes you to see."

"Oh," said the Doctor, "I understand—I did not at first see:" saying which, he withdrew the poker from the fire, and laid it on the fender."

Hutton obeyed the summons, received his orders, and in a few minutes returned with Master Tommy, whose appearance was by no means prepossessing.

"Come here, Tommy, my dear," said Cuthbert; "let this gentleman look at you."

"Shan't," said Tom. "I won't be physicked—not for nobody;—the pimples is come hout, and they may go hin agin for all I care, only they hitches like winkin'."

"My dear Sir," said Dr. Downey, "there is no question about the young gentleman,—a clear case of small-pox."

"Small-pox, Sir?" said Cuthbert; "I never had it, Sir. I shall die of it. Tommy, my love, go to the other end of the room. Gilbert, open the window,—ring for Hutton,—get me some eau-de-luce and water,—camphor.—Oh!—you really don't mean it?"

"I do, indeed, Sir," said the Doctor. "I am happy to say that the character of the eruption is mild and favourable; common attention and care will get him well through it I have no doubt: it is of the distinct kind, and of course less serious than the confluent. I will write a prescription for him before I go up stairs; he had better be put to bed, and of course his diet is to be of the most sparing character."

"I won't be starved," said Tommy; "and I won't go to bed, and I won't take no physic."

"Oh, yes, my dear, you will, I am sure," said the Physician. "Your health requires it; you would be in great danger if you did not do as we tell you, and perhaps would die."

"Then I should be poked into the pit-hole," said Tommy. "I'll jump out of bed the minute I'm put in. I'll eat whatever I can; and as for the physic, see if I don't sly it all under the grate."

"No you won't, my dear," said Cuthbert. "Hutton,—Doctor, if you don't want to examine him any more,—Hutton, put down the eau-de-luce, and take Master Tommy away,—there's a dear."

"I will ask him a few questions, with your permission," said Dr. Downey; "but we can go into another room."

"I shan't tell for nothing," said Tommy.

"If you please, Sir," said Foxcroft, rushing into the room very pale,

"Mrs. Wells wants the Doctor,—my mistress——"

"What!" said I; "here, Tom, the Doctor shall see you by-and-by. Now, Doctor."

"Doctor," screamed poor Cuthbert at the top of his voice, "what's to be done for me? I shall catch this infernal disorder."

"What disorder?" cried Mrs. Brandyball, who came sailing into the room. "What disorder?"

"The small-pox, Ma'am," said Cuthbert. "I never had it."

"Small-pox!" screamed the lady. "Nor I, Mr. Gurney," and forthwith she fell into hysterics.

Such a scene never had I witnessed. Tom roaring,—Foxcroft crying,—Mrs. Brandyball hooting,—Cuthbert groaning,—the dogs barking,—two canary-birds singing as loud as they possibly could,—Hutton scolding the dogs,—I hustling the Doctor out of the room,—and Kitty and Jane scudding across the hall to take leave of Mr. Kittington, the dancing-master.

I led the Doctor up to my wife's room, and having just looked in, Mrs. Wells held up her hand to caution me against speaking. I heard a faint murmur of complaint from my beloved wife,—the door was shut upon me,—and I burst into tears. I did,—and I am not ashamed to record the fact.

Oh, the thrilling, aching, throbbing pain of anxiety which seemed to affect every part of my body and limbs; my hands were icy cold, my tongue parched, my very knees trembled; my kind, my affectionate, my darling Harriet was in pain and in sorrow, and I unable either to assist her or soothe her in her sufferings. I did not know how to dispose of myself; return to the breakfast parlour I could not; where I was, I dared not stop, lest I should hear the sound of Harriet's voice in grief and anguish. I went down stairs, I fled to my sanctum, and shut myself in my library, to pray for the safety and restoration of the being I loved best on earth.

Silence had been restored, and I heard nothing where I sat, except the subdued ringing of the servants' dinner-bell, which told me that I had been for upwards of two hours in my concealment; presently, however, I was hunted out: Hutton knocked at the door, and after repeating the operation twice, I felt obliged to answer, to prevent a continuation of his thumping,—“my brother wanted me.”

I of course obeyed the summons; and there I found Cuthbert covered with a shawl and a blanket, extended on the sofa, with the three windows of the room all open.

“What a thing to have happened!” said Cuthbert; “it is,—dear me,—what shall we do?—poor dear Mrs. Brandyball never had it,—nor either of the girls. I have sent for Sniggs,—they have shut themselves up in Kitty's room with camphor bags and eau de Cologne till he comes. They are all going to be vaccinated,—so am I,—and Hutton and I have been speaking to Mrs. Habijam, and the coachman, and the two housemaids, and they have all agreed, and I want you to let Foxcroft be vaccinated, too,—there's nothing like precaution.”

“But, my dear brother,” said I, “all these people have had either the small-pox or been vaccinated before, rely upon it.”

“Ah, but,” said Cuthbert, “the cow-pox is like everything else, it wears out; besides, it was not discovered when I was born, nor when you were born. I don't recollect having the small-pox, nor do either of my girls.”

“Probably not,” said I; “and probably none of the establishment recollect a similar event in any of their lives, inasmuch as it generally occurs at a period to which the memory reacheth not.”

“Well, it can do no harm,” said Cuthbert; “let Sniggs see poor Tommy as soon as he comes, and then have him well fumigated,—ah,

—or washed,—anything you think safest,—and then let him begin his operations. I'll have poor Pilly vaccinated, too."

"Who?" said I.

"Pillgarlick," said Cuthbert, looking the picture of despair.

"What, your tom-cat!" exclaimed I.

"I think it will be safest," sighed he. Hutton paused in his operation of bathing his master's temples, to see whether he were pleased to be facetious, or was in sober earnest. I am convinced it was the purest bit of matter-of-fact solicitude that ever man expressed.

The arrival of Sniggs was the signal for action. I was ordered to convey him to Tom's apartment, in order to satisfy Cuthbert as to the reality of the existence of the disease he so much dreaded; and accordingly I conveyed him to the room where Tom had compounded with himself as to not going to bed, by having taken off his jacket and waistcoat, and lain down on the quilt with his boots on, ready for a start whenever he felt disposed to run riot.

"There," said I to the apothecary, "there's a patient for you. What's the matter with him?"

"Hold up, Master Tom," said Sniggs; "look to the light,—eh,—umph,—feel any itching?"

"Yes, I do," said Tom.

"Umph,—I see," said Sniggs; "obstructed perspiration,—a sort of nettle-rash,—better out than in,—little cooling physic to set all to rights."

"Why," said I, "we were thinking it was the small-pox."

"The small-pox, my dear Mr. Gurney!" said Sniggs; "not a bit of it. Where's the synocha,—where the languor and drowsiness which invariably characterize that complaint? No, no; the blood wants cooling. I'll send him something which will set him all to rights in no time."

"Well," said I, "but do *you* know we generally believe it to be the small-pox?"

"Ha, ha!" said Sniggs, "that's deuced good; who is likely to know best?"

"My brother says it is small-pox," said I.

"Oh, very likely," said Sniggs.

"Mrs. Brandyball says so," continued I; "so does the housekeeper, and——"

"My dear Sir," said Sniggs, "these are all very respectable people in their way, but wholly incapable of distinguishing the difference between the most dangerous case of variola confluens and the simplest affection of febris urticata."

"Well," said I, rather worried at being pooh-poohed in so decided a manner, "Dr. Downey, who is here, says it is the small-pox."

"The deuce he does!" said Sniggs. "Dr. Downey here,—is he,—umph,—that's Mrs. Wells's doing,—never mind,—does *he* say it is the small-pox?—Hold up your face again, Master Tom. Small-pox,—eh?" Sniggs rubbed the boy's forehead, and looked very wise. "Dr. Downey says it is small-pox;—put out your tongue, Master Tom.—So,—by Jove, it *is* small-pox, sure enough;—never like to create unnecessary alarm,—umph,—very odd. Oh! yes, yes,—that's small-pox,—not the least doubt of it,—never can mistake *that*."

The suddenness of Sniggs's conviction with regard to Tom's disorder

would have affected me more perhaps than it actually did, if I had not recollected that a much more eminent man did precisely the same thing when one of the Princes of the Blood caught, in mature age, and for the second time, the measles. Upon that occasion his Royal Highness having ascertained from two of the most eminent physicians of the day the real nature of his complaint, subsequently sent for his facetious body-physician, who, as Sniggs did, most strenuously denied the least resemblance between measles and his Royal Highness's rash, until, being informed that Baillic and Heberden had both decided that measles was the complaint—like Sniggs, the worthy doctor looked again, and decided that measles it was.

Having now received the authentication of all our worst fears, I proceeded to Cuthbert, having previously informed our apothecary of his extreme desire to have every living inhabitant of the house vaccinated, and of his anxious wish for his complete purification, previous to his visit. Sniggs, delighted with the idea of having anything to do, seemed soothed at once, and smothered his angry feeling which I saw rankling with regard to Dr. Downey's visit; however, I was à l'abri, for he laid the whole scheme at my poor dear mother-in-law's door, and believing in the proverb which makes the mother say—

“ My son is my son till he gets him a wife,
My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life,”

imputed to her influence over Harriet his very disagreeable exclusion from the honour of ushering the heir or heiress of Ashmead, as the case might be, into this world of trouble. So far I got off scot free, and I was not sorry for it; because, as poor Mrs. Wells had long before rendered herself obnoxious to what Lieutenant Merman used to call Sniggs's “sculduddery,” a little more of his ire could do *her* no harm, and I might escape unscathed.

In the Hall, we encountered Mrs. Habijam, who appeared entirely lost in a dread of the consequences of the infection; she intreated Sniggs to make all the haste he could to his own house, to procure a sufficient supply of what she called the “various” matter; in short, I never saw a panic so general or so serious. I congratulated myself however on having escaped Mrs. Brandyball and the young ladies, whose appearance would have detained me from making fresh inquiries about Harriet.

All I heard was that everything was going on extremely well, and that Doctor Downey wished to know when luncheon would be ready; this was music to my ears—he could not care about luncheon if everything was *not* going on extremely well, and I felt delighted in having the opportunity, under such circumstances, of talking to the man to whose skill and judgment I was to be indebted, under Providence, for the safety of my dearest love.

Luncheon was ready, but Cuthbert had retired to his own room. The exertion of being very much frightened had been more than he could bear; besides, as he was resolved to be the first person in the family vaccinated, he determined, like Cæsar, to die with decency, and accordingly betook himself to his bed in order to catch the gentle infection from the lancet of our Lampedo.

“Well, my dear Sir,” said the Doctor, “we are all doing as well as possible; the sweetness of our dear patient's temper cannot fail to be in

the highest degree beneficial to her during her illness. I think I never saw such mildness and amiability. Great care must be taken about the young gentleman's small-pox. I trust we shall have one child in the family; in an hour or two, about whose having been vaccinated or not there can be no question; and upon that account I should say the lad ought to be removed while he is yet able to bear it."

"But whither is he to go?" said I; "and will his affectionate father-in-law suffer him to be separated from him?"

"I am, of course, not competent to answer either of these questions," said the Doctor; "but I only do my duty in apprising you of the danger to be apprehended to the infant by his remaining here, and having communication with those who are also in the habit of going into Mrs. Gurney's room."

"What can I do?" said I; "my brother is actually in bed; he, I am sure, will neither let Tom go without him, nor with him—in the one case he would apprehend the worst consequences to the boy, and in the other the most dreadful results to himself."

"I merely speak professionally, Mr. Gurney," said the Doctor, "and not with any view of interfering with your domestic arrangements; but were I to remain silent upon the subject, I feel I should incur a very serious responsibility."

It struck me that perhaps Sniggs would allow Tom to be removed to his house, whither perhaps my brother might be induced to let him go, with the satisfactory conviction that he would be constantly under the superintendence of the medical man in whom, spite of my mother-in-law's prejudices, he had an exceedingly high opinion. I mentioned this expedient to the Doctor, who, being acquainted with Sniggs only by name, and totally ignorant of the terms upon which he lived with our family, hesitated—as he generally did—to give any decided opinion upon its probable success. I resolved, at all events, to mention it to Cuthbert, before Sniggs's re-appearance at Ashmead. I did so, and found him by no means disposed to expose his darling lad to the difficulties of a removal, or the inconveniences of a strange house.

"No," said Cuthbert, "I had better go—Mrs. Brandyball would like to take the two girls—you know they were going on Tuesday—so—I think, after I have undergone the operation, I will try to be got up, and go with the girls and their governess to Bath—eh, dear!—what a terrific idea!—how dreadful a circumstance!—however, we must make three days of it—it must be nearly a hundred miles from this to Bath."

"Yes, my dear Cuthbert," said I; "but however this plan may secure *you* and the girls from danger, and however happy we should be to pay every attention to Tom in your absence, it leaves poor Harriet and her child exposed to extreme peril."

"I have ordered Hutton to sprinkle vinegar all over the house," said Cuthbert, "and to fumigate the passages down stairs with gunpowder."

"Yes," replied I; "I can vouch for his activity too; I never smelt anything so horrible in my life."

"Ah!" said Cuthbert, "never mind smells—dear, dear— isn't it dreadful?"

"Well," said I, seeing that I had no chance of succeeding alone in obtaining an order of removal for Master Tom, "I will go back to Doctor Downey, and the moment Sniggs comes he shall be sent to you."

Sniggs did come—I presented him to the physician, and felt at once pleased and perplexed by finding his opinion with regard to the removal of Master Falwasser entirely agree with that of the Doctor. Sniggs was essentially good-natured, extremely fond of meddling, delighted to be “doing,” and excessively anxious to show the “public” of Blissford that he stood exceedingly well with the family at Ashmead, in spite of Mrs. Gurney having, under her mother’s influence, called in other medical aid, and he—as it were intuitively—started the very proposition which I was about to make.

“Why not take Master Tom to *my* house,” said Sniggs; “I shall have him there under my own eye. Mrs. Sniggs will be as careful of him as if he were her own. All difficulty will be removed, and I shall be too happy to be of any use in relieving you from your difficulties.”

“Have you any objection to open the business to my brother?” said I.

“Not the least,” replied the apothecary. “That he ought to be moved from this house nobody can doubt; he can be removed at present without danger—where can he go better than to the house of a medical practitioner, in whom, as I flatter myself, his father-in-law has so much confidence? I’ll go this instant—give my opinion and advice—vaccinate my patient, and then make every necessary arrangement.”

The natural readiness for action which uniformly characterized the proceedings of Mr. Sniggs, blended with the prospect of the profits arising from his successful attendance upon the darling lout, filled him with energy and eloquence. What he said or what he did in the way of persuasion to my brother, I do not pretend to guess. All I know is, that in less than half an hour the operator returned to the dinner-room, where Downey and I were sitting, and with sparkling eyes and a joyous countenance announced the consent of Cuthbert to the arrangement, provided the Doctor would give a favourable opinion as to the safety of the young patient’s transport from one place to the other.

Our difficulties now were nearly overcome—we were sure of the Doctor’s voice in our favour, and a few minutes more sufficed for the arrangement of the whole affair. I confess I felt myself relieved of a heavy burthen, and not a little anxious to see the project carried into execution. Having got so far, I ventured to suggest to Cuthbert that there would in that case be no necessity for his leaving us; but Hutton’s entrance into the room to mention that one of the housemaids, he was afraid, was sickening, set all doubt upon that question at rest; in fact, as it appeared to me, the preparations for the joint departure of Mrs. Brandyball, the girls, and Cuthbert were already far advanced, and that a regular communication had been kept up between the high contracting powers, who for their own separate and particular reasons had resolved upon leaving Ashmead immediately, and leaving it together.

The girls were tired of us already, and as the mirthful noises and romps, in which they much rejoiced, would be of a necessity suspended for the next two or three weeks, they anticipated more of dullness and quietude during the rest of their stay than suited their tastes and genius; and this, added to the necessity of Mrs. Brandyball’s return to her seminary by a particular day, concluded that faction in their resolve to decamp, having first undergone the preservative and preventive process which was to be universally inflicted by the skilful hand of Sniggs.

With respect to Cuthbert, kind as his professions were, and liberal as his conduct might be, I could not help observing an increase of that indifference towards Harriet which I had previously noticed in a slighter degree. Kitty's private consultations and conversations with her father-in-law struck me to be somehow connected with this disagreeable change. And I could not help fancying that his invincible desire to leave Ashmead was in some degree attributable to the same influence. What I feared was that the influence—powerful as it most unquestionably was—was not spontaneously exerted. I was alarmed lest its operations should be directed by the more matured judgment of Mrs. Brandyball. What her objects were I could not exactly define; but I felt convinced that she had some point of first-rate importance to herself to carry, and I could not divest myself of the idea that she made Kitty the tool with which she might carry on her machinations.

To be candid, however, as one may be, at least when he writes for no eye but his own, I did not regret, in this particular instance, the success of the young lady's persuasiveness. To put Cuthbert to any inconvenience would have given me the greatest pain and uncasiness, but he preferred leaving me—so far I had nothing to reproach myself with; and as for the removal of the rest of the party, nothing could be more agreeable. Accordingly, I submitted to his expressed will. Less than two hours were allowed for the packing of the carriage in which the travellers were to make their journey. Four horses were ordered to be at the door at half-past three, by which arrangement it was proposed that the party should reach Salisbury by seven or eight o'clock, where they were to sleep, Hutton and Cuthbert's other servant with *their* luggage, filling Mrs. Brandyball's post-chaise, and bringing up the rear.

It was determined, moreover, that Tom should not be apprized of any of these arrangements, inasmuch as, if he had even quietly acquiesced in them, there must have been a parting, which would have defeated the main object of the flight. Sniggs therefore undertook to amuse the lad by performing various tricks of magic and conjuration in his room while my guests were getting under way.

Dr. Downey had resumed his close attendance upon my wife, whose side her affectionate mother had never once left since she came to her in the morning. Wells and Bessy had come over from the Rectory, and were just in time to take leave of the travellers; and within a few minutes of the proposed time, I received the parting kisses of Kitty and Jane, handed Mrs. Brandyball into the carriage, and shook hands with Cuthbert, feeling, I scarcely can tell why, a presentiment that I never should see him at Ashmead again. He seemed to me to have thrown himself—or rather, passively to have fallen—into the hands of strangers; and when he bid me farewell, he did not make the faintest allusion to Harriet, or express the slightest wish to hear the result of her confinement.

The subsequent scene with Tom was very remarkable. Sniggs having made himself excessively entertaining, suggested to Tom that if he liked to come to his house, and dine and sleep, while there was so much bustle going on at Ashmead, it would do him no harm, and that there was no objection to his doing so. Tom jumped at the proposal: and Sniggs having taken the proper opportunity of sending for a hack chaise from the inn, charitably preferring the risk of infecting a public carriage,

into which fifty strangers might in the next day or two be buttoned, to using any vehicle belonging to the family, wrapped the hopeful youth up in a great coat and a cloak, and carried him off unresistingly to his residence in the High-street of Blissford; nor was it until the next morning that Master Tom clearly understood the character of his visit there; he was then enlightened by the enforcement of the severe discipline which had at first been ordered, and clearly comprehended that he had been sent away from home on purpose to be out of the way. The rage and passion of the young gentleman exceeded all bounds, and it required main force and the intervention of a strong lock to keep him where he was. At length, however, as the disorder advanced, his spirit sank, and he continued to take the medicines which were prescribed, and not take the food which was proscribed, with a sulky sullenness which, if not more amiable, was at least more endurable than his violence.

At half-past seven o'clock on the evening of the departure of the amiable family and their charming friend, I became the father of a fine boy, pronounced by Mrs. Wells and the nurse to be as like me as possible. The Doctor looked pleased, and congratulating me with the greatest warmth, announced *that* which was the welcome part of his important intelligence, that the mother and child were "as well as could be expected."

THE REPROACH.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER KERR.

Oh! thou hast wronged me! by each thought, each word

Which I in lonely musing may have spoken—

And is it well of thee, that I, unheard,

Must bear the anguish which my peace hath broken?

Dost thou not know how those, the fond, the true,

Whose hearts have long been linked in Friendship's chain,

Would rather, than give back the bitter word, subdue

In their own writhing breasts their deep and rankling pain?

Some careless word to thee offence hath given,

Some slight, some fancied wrong I never meant;

And must the bonds of love thus, thus be riven—

The gather'd hopes be scatter'd, on which we fondly leant?

LUNACY IN FRANCE.—NO. II.

THE large square in which the female patients dwelt precisely resembled in form and extent that of the men, from which it was separated by a covered passage. A wide corridor ran all round, affording a sheltered walk: in the centre was a large grass-plot. The evening being beautiful, many were walking, not with the light and graceful step of most Frenchwomen, some in groups, others alone, with the sad and aimless pace which is never known in the streets and gardens of Paris. The greater portion might be termed incurables, yet the hope of final cure is rarely abandoned by Mon. E—, who will scarcely allow any one to be absolutely beyond relief and hope. Many were young, and had been happy; and were evidently taken from kind homes and exciting circles: they looked more like exiles than the men, and seemed to feel so.

The face of the female maniac is more mangled by madness than that of the man, its grace and expression more utterly overthrown. The features of the gentlemen were but little ravaged by the mental disease; they often preserved their good and even agreeable looks; but in those of the ladies there was a wreck of comeliness, softness, and of all attraction. Of all human sorrows, not one surely is so wretched as to see the wife and mother visited by insanity: her heart growing cold to her children, her look wild and strange to her husband, and her beauty fading away like the moth,—the prey, mind and body, of this invisible fiend. No wonder that the ancient Hebrews believed almost all lunatic possessions to be the work of the devil: the looks of some of these ladies were demon-like, the play of their lips peculiarly disagreeable, and the laugh thrilling and cheerless. Their empire, like that of the king of Babylon, passes away from them when cast forth from their homes of love, and sway, and anxious cares: how few of these will ever say, "Mine understanding and my reason returned unto me!" From that potentate even to the present time, pride is perhaps the most fertile source of madness in women as in men, though in the former it besieges the brain through fewer avenues.

Yet this master-passion was evinced the moment we entered the corridor,—not against us men, for what did these ladies care for our hopes, ambitions, and vanities, which supplied no fuel to their desolated feelings? but our companion was a handsomely-dressed woman, and her good looks and expensive array called forth at once every envious, jealous, evil feeling. It seemed to them a mockery on their own fallen state and humble appearance, for they were all in a plain garb just at this hour. Several gathered eagerly round the stranger, with flashing eyes, and looks full of all uncharitableness and malice. Had they been permitted, they would have laid violent hands on her, for they could not endure to see her walk thus among them, and would fain have despoiled the dress and ornaments. But for the evident anguish these ladies suffered at the sight, and the envenomed sallies in which it found vent, we could almost have laughed at their agitation.

One of these was a young woman of about three-and-twenty, attended,

as was every patient, by a servant, who was ever at her side ; she had been good-looking, probably, ere the malady came ; tall, and of a good figure ; but madness sat upon the features, to which it gave a piteous expression. The circumstances of her family were affluent ; of this she retained a vivid consciousness, and was intensely anxious that we should not think her poor. Perhaps the sight of the female visiter brought to mind her own days of pride and gaiety, of the toilet and its enjoyments ; for, amidst all the vehemence of envy, she wept bitterly, and said many times, " My father and my family are rich, I also was rich : do not think I am poor." And even when the object of dislike had disappeared, the dominant feeling of wounded pride was still awake ; and addressing us for the last time, with clasped hands, a face bathed in tears, and an imploring attitude, " O, do not think me poor : I was rich once : my family are still rich." She chanced, like her companions, to be clad in the plain and simple dress in which they go to the evening bath, and the sense of this was very aggravating to them, for they were exquisitely conscious of the disparity in their attire to that of the visiter.

They are allowed to dress as their fancy inclines,—expensively, gaudily, or fantastically ; a variety of tastes and fashions is often exhibited beneath the corridor, which is their daily promenade. They also frequented the winding alleys and beautiful grounds in which were the green mound and pleasure-house already described : here, but not at the hours when the male patients came, they often walked and sat : some peering wildly over the sweet scene as if in pursuit of a lost lover or child, and talking eagerly as they gazed ; others musing complacently, it could scarcely be said thoughtfully, for thought was not often a familiar dweller in their aspect. Several hours were generally passed each day in the gardens, if the weather was not intolerable, and they were mostly willing, and often anxious, to take this exercise and recreation ; whereas several of the men could with difficulty be persuaded at times to leave their chambers, and parted reluctantly from their occupations.

The love of flowers was a great solace to a number of these ladies, a taste so generally cultivated and cherished by Parisian women, who are passionately fond of purchases and presents from the *Marchés des Fleurs* ; their apartments are rarely without vases filled with choice plants and flowers. These insane ladies had brought this love to the *Maison de Santé*, and it was liberally administered to ; many of their solitary chambers looked gay, and were perfectly fragrant : this was an unfailing and welcome relief to the thoughts ; many an hour of the day was occupied in anxious attention to the favourite collection, altering its position, shifting it to the sun or shade.

In the grounds there were beds of flowers, whose sight or fancied guardianship cheered many a lonely walk. Of what pleasure is this taste the source in every circumstance of life ! even in the chamber of sickness, when the pots of flowers send their fragrance through the room, the thyme and rosemary strewed on the floor, the foliage of the trellised rose on which the sun is falling, are exquisitely welcome to the thoughts and senses, even though death be hovering near.

They seem to be still more dear to the maniac, as if the rich hues and odours had a kind influence on the distempered fancy, and like a loved

and familiar voice of former days, soothed its reveries and suspicions by some mysterious sympathy, some appealing sweetness or mercy known only to the sufferer. Many of the rooms were adorned with vases filled according to the tastes of the inmate, and various and capricious were these tastes.

One lady, whose malady was of a mild and gentle character, was distinguished above the others in the array of her apartment. The window was open, and she looked forth occasionally on the patients who walked and talked without, and busied herself wholly in the care of her flowers; perhaps she spoke to, and held secret communion with them, for they were her chief companions from day to day; never mingling with the inmates, rarely going forth even to the pleasure-grounds, save to examine and sometimes rifle the parterre; her collection was her little world of being, of friendship, of interest, and perhaps of hope: they were carefully set forth in the window; the tables presented a rich array, as did the chimney-piece. We looked in at the display and the occupation. She was moving amidst them, like one intent on beautiful and precious things, like a mother amidst her infant children: her long and attenuated fingers, white as those of a corpse, looked more white and spectre-like as they handled the bright leaves and blossoms; her frame was wasted, and her countenance sad yet seemingly resigned; there was nothing of the wildness and constant restlessness so evident in those around her. She never spoke, save to herself, and then it was in soft tones, or rather whisperings, as if talking to those who could not answer her again. There were no books in the chamber, for she would not read; loving the one taste and occupation she had chosen better than any other.

The quietude of this lady was strangely contrasted by the vehemence of a very young and pretty woman, the youngest of all the patients, who walked beneath the corridor with a ceaseless and rapid step; this was her daily habit; her step never relaxed in its quick, uninterrupted walk, from the time she left her apartment till her return to it, an interval of several hours. She spoke incessantly, her tongue moving as rapidly as her feet; she had resided here about three years; had been brought up in affluence, and well educated, but her parents had suffered a reverse of circumstances; the luxuries and enjoyments of home had passed away with their fortune, and the daughter was unable to bear the bitter reverse. The coldness of the world, the indifference of some intimates and friends, the estrangement of others, above all, the blight of her own ambitious hopes as to a flattering establishment in marriage, upset the mind. There had been, also, as is in many cases evident, a constitutional tendency, as well from bodily and mental sources, to derangement; but this tendency would probably have slept, as it sleeps in numbers, without being suspected, had not the wreck of fortune and hope called it forth.

The features of this girl were soft and interesting; she had been much prettier when she entered the establishment, but her beauty had been injured, and her features partly distorted by the violent abuse in which she daily indulged; words the most intemperate fell in torrents from her lips, and sometimes they were of a kind which a young and handsome woman, if sane, would have shuddered to utter.

A propensity to words and ideas the reverse of modest is by no means
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rare among the female patients ; even from lips that could never before have violated delicacy, of the once gentle and guarded woman, it is strange to hear the language of licentiousness issuing with a zest and fluency as if they were not new sounds and thoughts, but that the fountains of former reveries, long suppressed, were broken up. The case of this girl was one of the most hopeless as well as desperate nature, though the tongue was her only instrument of mischief. The sudden and irrecoverable overthrow of her station and prospects in society disposed her spirit to evil, and that continually ; it had no resting-place, but seemed to find, though new to vice and in its life's morn, a savage pleasure in venting its bitterness on others, and heaping all ills and calumnies on their heads.

It must be confessed that woman is seen to less advantage in such an Asylum than man ; there is more of the littleness of our nature peeping out ; her helplessness is there without her attractions, for madness kills them ; her rivalries, jealousies, and caprices, without the play of fancy and charm of tenderness that were their companions ; in general without the relics and gloomy ruins of the strong intellect often preserved in men.

The most hopeless effect of being crossed in passion is the moping and melancholy mood : it is the hardest to cure ; there may be a few exceptions, who, like Ophelia, in the freshness of her love's blight, could sing sad songs, and call up wild and sweet images to their shattered thoughts : and thus, though rarely, a woman's madness shall become interesting. Even without poetry, Sterne invested his poor Maria with a touching interest : but she was a denizen of the wild, a wanderer by the stream and hill, who could be alive to the kind offices of others, and administer kindness in return. Whereas, in absolute lunacy, the sealing of the heart is often more fearful than the burial of the intellect.

There is perhaps one alleviation as to the softer sex, that the proportion of men under the power of this malady is in general the more numerous. This was the case in the period of the promulgation of the gospel : during the mission of its divine Author, the lunatics brought to be healed were chiefly men : whatever the form and manner of the madness, helpless or ungovernable, the female subjects were comparatively rare. It has been thus in France, also, during the last ten or twelve years : the political changes that have so often convulsed society, suddenly wrecked the well-founded ambition of the able, and blasted the delusive dreams of the weaker candidates ; the revolutions that have disappointed the most bitterly those who were the movers, and ended a long-cherished hope in despair, have operated peculiarly and fatally on the minds of men. Fortunes lost in a few days, excellent appointments given to fierce political adversaries, influence and power changed into humiliation and poverty at a moment's warning. " I was returning from a ball at the Duchesse de ———," said an eminent functionary to me ; " and seeing some disorder in the streets, I walked in my ball dress to my office ; armed men were guarding the door, who rudely told me to be gone, that my master's day was over." After the Cent Jours an unusual number of lunatics were admitted into the establishments of Paris ; the greater number had long served in the army ; all were furious, and few were cured. The spectacle of so much grandeur, so

strangely acquired in the career of Napoleon, not only excited astonishment, but raised up, even in the coarsest minds, hopes and illusions of the most dangerous kind. Everywhere were to be found reformers and founders of empires and constitutions: simple artisans and aspiring soldiers thought themselves destined to overturn kingdoms and to mount thrones. Such beliefs, unfortunately, are the most difficult to be got rid of: and the military have contributed largely to people the *Maisons des Fous*.

One of the residents was a daughter of an English family of rank and wealth; for this establishment annually receives some English ladies, who rarely fail to benefit by its pure air and freedom, and its judicious treatment. A sister of this patient returned last year, quite cured, after a residence of a few months only; so easy is it in some cases to arrest this visitation on its first appearance in the system. Success in the case of this lady was doubly delightful to her family, who received her, perfectly restored, almost as one risen from the dead. She was a very accomplished and interesting person, whose sweetness of temper and peace of soul no passion or sorrow had yet embittered: the malady was not hers, but her ancestors': it had capriciously visited some members of her family for two or three generations; and had individually attacked the two sisters just as they came to woman's estate, a selection probably of the best and loveliest, the other children evincing no symptom of the malady. Perhaps the strong attachment of the two sisters to each other, and their constant companionship, might render the visitation contagious. They were separated, and the elder sent first to Ivery, and, on her convalescence, the other was placed under the same skilful care. The sufferer was scarcely conscious, perhaps, of the palace-like home she had quitted; the park, the gardens, the groves, and the many and exquisite luxuries and refinements of a magnificent English mansion; or if conscious, she had, during the interval of separation, little cause of regret as to personal comfort and attention: the idea of being in an asylum could scarcely enter the wandering mind, so studiously are the capricious tastes consulted, and ideal wants supplied.

The two golden rules of Mon. E—— to promote the cure of the patients, are open air and bathing: in all weathers, cold, rain, or wind, he prevails on them to take gentle exercise every day, convinced that a confinement within doors, even in bad weather, is more injurious to the spirits and fancy, than to breathe the free air of heaven. The wide colonnades were built, that they may come forth at all hours and seasons; and from their manner, during this sheltered promenade, and in the tasteful grounds beyond, they are in general heedless of the inconveniences of the elements of the sultry heat or driving blast. The suite of bathing-rooms is extensive, and admirably arranged; including vapour, shower, and medicated baths: tepid are greatly preferred to cold baths: they occupy a separate building, which is connected with the residence of the ladies by a long covered passage. A daily use of these baths is considered to be indispensable even in the mildest cases: if the malady be deep seated, several times a day are prescribed; and long experience induces the director to place much reliance on its efficacious results. He observed, that in our English asylums, the bath was by no means sufficiently in use. The life of a maniac at Ivery is not wholly

a vain shadow ; the poor inmates, in the care of their shattered minds, are mostly very busy in their avocations, and are led to eschew idleness by every possible inducement. What with walking, music, flowers, embroidery, very many hours every day are occupied : in many a monastic establishment life has passed even more uselessly, perhaps, than here. A very wild looking lady, in whose eyes there was the expression of one possessed by a restless, if not an evil spirit, observing us pause before the window of her apartment, brought several pieces of her work, and laid them in the window with a look of pride : they were her daily amusement, and were the only thing that ever induced her to pause in her movements, or sit still for a few moments. Her madness consisted in putting the pieces of her work into the drawers, and taking them out again ; in taking the bed to pieces, and putting it up again ; which operations were repeated almost every hour. Ever restless and in movement, by day and night, she had scarcely leisure to close her eyes in sleep ; and was supposed to pass a whole week occasionally without any slumber. The patients recognised the director of the establishment as he passed by them ; some bowed, others smiled, or exchanged a few words of salutation. It is said that deranged persons often have an aversion to their keeper ; but kindness of manner and look, a seeming interest in their caprices and whims, and unvarying mildness of treatment, have soothed the fears and dislikes of these unfortunates. Paris is to the ladies an object of as vehement and fevered desire as to the gentlemen ; it haunts them like a beautiful phantom : they love to talk of it, even to themselves, and to tell that they shall very soon return there ; to-morrow, or in a few days they shall be again in its parties, theatres, balls, or any other excitement that may be the favourite one of the dreamer : even to walk in its streets, and gaze on its multitudes, would, from the words they drop, be supreme delight to many of them. Even in madness, as in sanity, Paris seems to exercise its ascendancy over the French mind.

On leaving this interesting place, the nephew of our host engaged to attend us the next day through the Salpêtrière. The day was fortunately fine ; for this extensive institution covers a vast extent of ground. As a public and national establishment, it is the finest of the kind in Europe. Such neatness, cleanliness, and excellent order, the stranger is hardly prepared to find in a French asylum for lunatics, as he so often misses them in the dwellings of the sane. The whole building may be said to form an immense oblong square, and is divided into three large squares leading into each other : it is 1680 feet long, and 1164 broad ; begun by Cardinal Mazarin, and increased by Louis the Fourteenth. The original building is said to have been a saltpetre manufactory ; which the taste of Louis dignified and enlarged magnificently for an asylum for the beggars and indigent who then infested Paris. Additions have been made during succeeding reigns. The lunatics amount to 1500 ; the remainder, 4000, are indigent people, kept here in comfort, cleanliness, and plenty ; they are not forced to work, or occupy themselves with any task : they have spacious gardens to walk in. Rarely are the indigent so blest, in home, in absence of all care, in the palace-like roof over their heads, in the sure prospect of a calm decline of life. A fine old church, peculiarly for their use, forms a portion of the building.

The lunatics are equally well off: their edifices consist of long and lofty galleries, and sleeping wards, the beds separated from each other, the linen white as snow, the floor of polished oak: they are all finely ventilated, and carefully warmed by stoves. The patients are placed in different divisions, according to the state and character of the disease. There are large squares planted with trees for promenades; and a garden for the use of the convalescent. A number of small pavilions have recently been built in one of the squares, about fifty feet apart from each other, for the more noisy patients to sleep in alone, it being found that their voices and cries in the night disturb the others; these pavilions, scattered along the alleys, have a curious and tasteful appearance, and look like little hunting boxes in the wilderness, for the rich wayfarer to take his rest. The new buildings of the Salpêtrière are 200 feet long, and form two parallel ranges, joined together by a covered gallery, interrupted by two buildings for baths, and are appropriated solely to the use of lunatics. We inquired if suicide was frequent in the public or private asylums of France: it has of late years become so fashionable and common among the genteel, the bourgeois, and the lower classes of Parisians, that the Aliénés, as the deranged are called, had as good a right to quit life, *à discretion*, as their saner neighbours. Our medical companion said, that suicide was scarcely known among the patients, that the most melancholy or desperate never evinced any propensity to it, and that in many years, only two instances of self-destruction had occurred. The looks and demeanour of the inmates were mostly mild and quiet; but the interest they excited was not that of the establishment of Esquirol. Even in madness there is a great gulf fixed between the better and intellectual, and the poorer and ignorant classes; mind can alone give any interest to madness; and education, and society, and the remembrances and feelings they leave, supply the place of a fine intellect, and give food and field to the wandering spirit, to bound towards the future, to retrace the past, to live in its own lone world. But in the minds of the poor, what a blank, a dulness, a famine of thought, and memory, and hope, does madness present! or their materials are in general so coarse that you scarcely pause to regard them.

The inmates of the Salpêtrière are all females, and those of the Bicêtre are all men, and are equal in number, about 5000. Industry, so rarely known or encouraged in the English asylums, is no stranger in the Salpêtrière, and is a sovereign resource to a number of the people. This work is entirely voluntary, and consists in making shirts and other articles of apparel; a matron presides in an apartment supplied with materials, and doles out to each Aliéné a portion of linen, cotton, &c., for plain and useful work. It is received eagerly, and these women, of all ages, are seen busily employed in their spacious rooms, or galleries, seated in groups, intent on their business, as if the maintenance of a family, or a handsome profit, depended on it.

The chief medical man of the Salpêtrière is M. Pariset, a distinguished member of the Institute, and decidedly the beau idéal of amiableness and excellence in a Frenchman, advanced in life: perfect urbanity, and gentleness of temper and manners, were in him, combined with an acute judgment and powerful intellect. Idolized by every member of the establishment, by the guardians, who amount to sixty, and

the domestics, to 220—it is evident to the observer that the influence and spirit of Pariset pervades the whole government and details of the mansion. He travelled, many years since, extensively in Upper Egypt, to explore its antiquities, and even now contemplates another journey there. The guardian who attended us through the wards was herself a remarkable instance of what kindness and attention will effect in even the worst cases of lunacy. We were remarking to Pariset on the clearness and intelligence of her details, and the pains she took to explain everything to us, when he remarked, “You will scarcely believe that she was one of the worst lunatics in the establishment: she entered here fifteen years ago, in apparently a hopeless state of melancholy insanity, from the bad treatment of her husband. In a few months there was a transition to a joyous and buoyant state of feeling; and at the end of three years, kindness and attention effected a complete restoration: but when told that she might leave the establishment, she wept bitterly, and implored to be allowed to remain, as she was strongly attached to the place, and had now no sympathies without its walls.” After a time, finding her diligence and fidelity exemplary, she was raised to a principal situation, and during twelve years, had been one of the most useful and faithful guardians. It was curious to listen to minute and graphic details of the progress and power of derangement in various patients, from the lips of one who had been for years an *Aliéné*, from moody melancholy to laughter wild, and who now held the keys of authority and mercy.

In one of the private *Maisons de Santé*, on the other side of Paris, there now resides an illustrious patient, whose beauty madness has not all faded, for her disease of mind is gentle and calm, and took its rise from the excess of affectionate concern, heightened by terror. This is Madame Lavalette, who procured the celebrated escape of her husband from prison. Having engaged, by her persuasions and entreaties, Sir Robert Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, to aid Lavalette’s flight to a place of safety, she was permitted to enter his prison the evening before his execution: his hair was already cut off, as a preparation for the guillotine: he fled in the disguise of his wife’s dress. His heroic wife was bitterly reproached and threatened by the governor of the prison; and her nervous anxiety lest Lavalette should be retaken, of which she was assured there was no doubt, was so excessive, that she never after recovered the miseries of that night. After a time, the fine intellect gradually gave way, and she has resided some years in this maison, anxiously attended. Lavalette is now dead; but her silence is never broken by any event: she walks often in the garden, and plucks the flowers, or sits for hours on the garden seats, but never speaks, and has not been heard to utter a word for some years. Her look is sad and lonely, and she seems no longer to feel sympathy with any being: a transition from devoted union, from passionate tenderness, to the chilliness and dreariness of the tomb.

HUMAN ZOOLOGY.—NO. II.

LIONS.

"Anglia LEONUM, arida nutrix."

A few months ago, we favoured our readers with a chapter on certain varieties of the human race, familiarly known by the name of "Tigers." That communication we consider as forming an apt predecessor to the matter we have now in hand; and we have accordingly styled and entitled our present lucubration, "Human Zoology, No. II." The relations which man holds with the inferior animals are various; and first, as to external appearance—physiognomists, if they have the slightest imagination, may detect in the human face divine, as it is exhibited in society, a more or less striking resemblance to that of some particular species; in one to a monkey, in another to a horse, in a third to a dog, a sheep, a parrot, an eagle, &c. &c. A further examination will also discover that in such instances the rules of physiognomic science hold good; and that the disposition of the individual follows that of the animal whose likeness he bears. This strange fact in the natural history of man, which at first sight is so startling, is perhaps no more than a natural consequence of the newly-discovered law of progressive development. According to this law, the several more perfect species of animals owed their existence to a happy excess of development, which, at some remote time, took place in an inferior species; and it is accordingly found, by anatomical examination, that the nervous system of man, in its progress from the first discoverable speck of living entity, to the full completion of its existence, assumes progressively the form and condition of all the lower classes; passing from that of the mollusca to the insect, the fish, the bird, the reptile, and the quadruped type, in order to become definitively human. It may readily then be imagined, in agreement with this doctrine, that the several species of animal-men, above alluded to, are respectively descended from the species they resemble; and that each has preserved, in a modified degree, the traits and lineaments of his proper ancestor. If this supposition, however, be deemed too directly at variance with the Mosaic record of man's unity of origin, for adoption, we may at least imagine that the several inferior organizations were inclusively and potentially contained in that of "our general father;" and by him transmitted to his descendants, with this condition, that one or other of them should remain occasionally predominant, according to some physiological law, which has hitherto escaped detection. Be the causation, however, of this resemblance what it may, the fact is constant: woe to the person who trusts to the integrity and straightforwardness of a monkey-faced man; and double woe to the sheep-faced gentleman who lays plots for setting the Thames on fire! Phrenologists may boast as they please of the indications of character they have discovered, for we are decidedly for letting every man, as far

as we are concerned, ride his hobby along the king's highway unmolested, be that hobby biped, quadruped, or like the animalculæ lately manufactured by Mr. Cross (those violations of all animal usages), vi-toped. But "this we will say," that there is no surer way of coming at a man's idiosyncrasies, than by detecting the particular animal which lurks in his features. A true philosopher should go through the world with his Bewick in his hand, and avoid, as far as possible, all social intercourse with human beasts of prey; taking to exclusive dealing with the herbivorous; and, above all things, carefully abstaining from matrimony with the most seducing "*joli minois*" (no offence to Jenni Vertpres), if it bears the remotest similitude to that falsest of all animals, a cat.

This branch of Human Zoology is, however, too vast to be confined to an episode; and we shall, perhaps, return to its consideration on some future opportunity. The proper business of the present paper is not with the natural, but the social and conventional Zoology; and as a *pendant* for our former sketch of the tigers of society, we intend to-day to confine ourselves very closely to its lions.

The origin of this application of the term "lion," is a point of history almost too notorious to require illustration. But lest there be any one so strange to all the realities of life, so immersed in the fogs of Bloomsbury, as to require an explanation, we will merely recall to his or her recollection, that at the time when Zoological gardens were not, and before the Wombwells became itinerant, the acquaintance of untravelled Englishmen with animal nature was scanty. The King's menagerie, in the Tower, was then the only school open for their instruction; and attempts at imposition on rural simplicity and ignorance became exceedingly common in the shapes of various non-descript substitutions and fictitious combinations—"monsters and chimeras dire,"—which were passed upon the village public for whatever bird, beast, or fish, the showman thought the most farfetched and attractive. We ourselves remember even in the streets of the metropolis, a most portentous hyæna "as never was tamed;" but which was neither more nor less than a very cleverly painted Newfoundland dog.

In diebus illis, the Tower was naturally the great centre of attraction to all temporary sojourners in London; and the stranger who had not "seen the lions," was a stranger of very little soul indeed. With this hint to assist him, a person of the slowest understanding will conceive that "a lion" stands, by a rhetorical figure, for any standing object of attraction to the curious stranger; and may comprehend why "to see the lions," should be a general expression for the traveller's visit to anything visible. We know not whether we can quite so satisfactorily explain another and a secondary meaning of the word, which has latterly prevailed, very nearly to the exclusion of the first; and by which "a lion" is used to represent not the external object of curiosity, but the stranger himself. If, however, it be borne in mind, that there is a natural reciprocity in most of the relations of life, it may be conceived, that if a city and its externals are lions to a stranger, the stranger may also prove a lion to the natives. Now the progress of society, or what is called the march of intellect, having vastly overstimulated the anxious inhabitants of great cities, they have fallen into an *ennui* and listlessness which have thrown them entirely out of themselves. Any

money for a new sensation is the general cry. Hence has arisen a custom with those who have no intrinsic attractions of their own, of drawing society about them, by converting their salons into *ménageries*, in which all manner of lions are collected and paraded for the public amusement and edification, which strut their hour on the stage, coming like shadows, and so departing; to be succeeded in their turn by other beasts newer and rarer, and therefore more attractive.

To define what constitutes "a lion," would be about as easy a task as to describe the colours of a chameleon. The elements of lionism are of necessity evanescent, as they are various. Provided the thing be not common-place and familiar, there is scarcely a particular that will not constitute its owner a lion. The nearest approach, therefore, that can be made towards precision, is to state that a lion is—whatever society chooses to adopt for one. Under the sanction of that great authority, the merest jackass in nature may arise to leonine celebrity: and hence, probably, the origin of the fable. Had Æsop's lion not brayed, he might have continued a lion to the end of the chapter; and so too might ours, if they could abstain from being too demonstrative in their way, make their angel visits few and far between, and take care to get out of town whenever they see themselves in danger of being superseded by something more taking and transmutative than themselves. Without this foresight the throne of lionism is more subject to frequent and sudden revolutions than that of France; and nothing is more common than to see the lion of yesterday, reduced to the jackass of to-day. Whatever, then, be the accidental quality which equips a man with the mane and tail, and qualifies him to grin at the unicorn in the king's arms, novelty is essential to the transformation. Few lions survive the season; and they even who have established the most enduring claims to that social *élut*, are never "rampant" for more than the first year. We look, for instance, upon Mr. Moore, as being, by his poetic reputation, his agreeable talent, and his exhilarating powers of conversation, about as lasting a lion as any the age has produced; but he knows life too well, to enter into useless competition with a Turk, an Osage, or an Ashantee, at the moment when they burst on the delighted gaze of the town, in all the radiant brilliancy of a first arrival. Thus it is that one lion supersedes another, *velut unda supervenit undam*; that inferior claims, if unworn, are more powerful than the highest, when once they have become the worse for the wear; and that without reference to the kind or the degree of personal merit, in the matter of lionism, "the last fool is welcome as the former."

It is with human, as with leonine laws, they do not admit of a dense population, and are anything but gregarious. A lion "bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne," and, if he knows his own interest, will always avoid the haunts of those ladies who have a morbid ambition of assembling the species in numbers. The danger of neglecting this precaution was finely illustrated in the case of the Scientific Association. Never were so many, or such fierce lions collected in one arena as there are at its meetings! Chemists, astronomers, geologists, botanists, mechanicians, entomologists, make each their separate claim on public admiration; but, mark the end of it. These multitudinous lions, each individually so distinguished, so delightful, so talented, so

very nice, jumbled together in the crowd, were vulgarized, nullified, neutralized till they became as common as an egg a penny, and as little estimated as if they had been only men of worth and ability. Lions, we know, are proverbially the "monarchs of the wood;" what an absurdity, then, to revolutionize them into a republic! Neither, on the other hand, does the proprietor of the menagerie gain anything by such a violation of natural habits, by turning his lions into puppy dogs, in order to parade them in masses. The world, even of professed and professional admirers and starers *par excellence*, have only a certain quantum of wonder and astonishment to employ. The whole stock of their little souls is not too much to bestow upon a single well-conditioned lion; but when it is simultaneously called upon by several, the material is so utterly exhausted, that amusement is brought to a stand still; and the end and purpose of the congregation is completely defeated.

In this respect, the present generation labours under an *embarras de richesse*. Lions are as familiar in the streets of London, as they were in the Capitol the night before Cæsar fell. We have them of all nations, Italians, Poles, Russians, Persians, and Hindoos; to say nothing of opera singers, actors, painters, improvisatori, expounders of hieroglyphics, American poets, Polar voyagers, and princes in search of the crown matrimonial. The earliest lion upon record in London society was Dr. Johnson, and he long reigned alone; or if haply any *leo minorum gentium* thrust his rival head into good company, the bluff old lexicographer roared so loudly and so long, that the intruder could not obtain a hearing. If, however, Leo the First were to come to life, and roll and growl his way once more into our hyper-lionized companies, he would be driven from his throne by the mass, and would not be even *primus inter pares*, nor count as a star of no more than the ordinary magnitude. This modern multiplicity of lions is in a great degree a result of the opening of the Continent. Among our earliest recollections of lionism we remember the advent of Mr. Otto, the French ambassador from Buonaparte, who was a lion of the first water (never mind the confusion of metaphor) and reigned alone. In those days, too, even musical lions were solitary, or at best hunted only in couples. Catalani, accordingly, in those days was more ran after than an incognito emperor would be now. Lords were her linkboys, and duchesses her handmaids; whereas, in these degenerate times, Grisi might catch cold (the worst calamity which could happen to a singer), for want of an assistant to hand her a shawl, unless some old-fashioned fanatico came to her aid, and that not out of admiration for the lion, but in pure sympathy and affection for the talent of the sufferer. The first outbreak of a bevy of lions was at the commencement of the Spanish resistance to Napoleon, when the emissaries from the revolted Cortes came by the hackney-coach load to our parties, and brought liberality and mustachios into fashion; then followed a Greek invasion, which swept all before it. But the greatest remained behind, and the victorious sovereigns, after the entry into Paris, made prouder conquests in their leonine character in England, than they could boast in all their previous campaigns. They had moreover the wisdom to take themselves off again, before they had exhausted the sight-seeing capability of his Majesty's lieges, and made themselves quite as common as the twopenny-postman. For a

time the exiled Poles ruled the roast, their gallantry and their unprecedented misfortunes being powerfully backed by the variety of their elegant accomplishments, and (in most cases) by the high aristocracy of their birth; but they have had their day. Faction seized on them as a convenient tool, and they who affect to think the welfare of Europe dependent on the imperial knout, forgetful of all chivalrous, generous and British feelings, have transferred their affections to the subjects of the conqueror.

Of the isolated individuals who have figured as lions, and have strutted their hour on the stage of fashion, the list is too long for formal enumeration, and we shall content ourselves with writing down a few only, as they rise upon the recollection, without order or regard to chronology.

The earliest we recollect was Merlin, the proprietor of a mechanical museum, the wonder and delight of our schoolboy eyes. He was the inventor of that modern utility, a one-horse covered carriage (for such a one he made), and drove himself from within, the reins passing through two holes in the front of the body for that purpose. By the splash-board was a common horsewhip, which he plied *pro re nata* (as the doctors phrase it) by means of a spring. There was also an adometer attached that had a very magical appearance. On fifty-two Sundays in every year was it the wont of this venerable lion to drive up and down and about the park and west end of the town, by way of a vagrant advertisement of his own museum. Thus, in all probability, he became the great original of our modern advertising caravans, and of those humbler machines in human form, who perambulate our streets with an inscription board hung before and behind over their shoulders, "like an herald's coat without sleeves."

Occupying the same site, and nearly his contemporary, roared the illustrious Marten Von Buchell, lionine for his beard, his large spectacles, his low, rounded crowned hat, and his white pony carefully marked with regular spots of paint. This whimsical quack, so pre-eminently a lion himself, was also in possession of another lion, for some time in great estimation among the idlers of the town. This was no less than his own wife, comfortably dead, embalmed *secundum artem*, and quietly disposed under a glass case.

Another famous lion, well worthy record, was Colonel Hanger; but he has himself chronicled his own roarings. We think we see him, now, seated also on a pony (though that was not painted), with a thundering Irish shillelah in his hand, and slowly perambulating Pall-Mall and St. James's-street, at the top of which latter highway it was his custom ever of an afternoon to take his stand as the sun sank in the west, with the said shillelah carried bolt upright—a well-known signal, like the broom at the mast-head, that he was not disposed of for the evening, and as yet had not received an invitation for that day's dinner. Quaint and copious was his converse, and careful (as the Americans say) were his oaths; he had a regular four hundred horse power of swearing; but he was, we believe, a harmless man, who caricatured rather than exceeded the vices of his age.

The history of poor Byron's lionship lives in all our memories. He was not only a lion himself, but a cause of lionism in many others, who clung to the mantle of his reputation for a share of his notoriety, or

(worse still) persecuted and ill treated him for the same purpose. Never did lion pay a severer price for his sovereignty, nor throw it aside with more indignation, when experience had opened to him the elements of which it was composed. The lion indeed has long been dead, but the poet will live contemporaneously and ubiquitously with the English language; and when the passions of society shall have changed their direction, and "hypocrisy and nonsense" have been shamed to silence, the memory of the man will be redressed and go down to posterity as of one more sinned against than sinning.

It will not be expected from us that we should touch on the living lions of the day. It is our boast, that in our wildest whims we are not personal; much less are we disposed to trifle with feelings in these our graver lucubrations. Suffice it to say, that as society increases in riches and in numbers, as the business of life multiplies and its pleasures abound, individuals cease to rely on themselves for amusement, the public taste becomes frivolous, Shakspeare is deserted for "the musical glasses," for incomprehensible dumb show and horse pageantry, and the relish for lions becomes more excessive, and therefore less discriminating. Lions, therefore, are a rapidly degenerating breed, simply because lion hunters are becoming more vapid and foolish. In many cases they are reduced to be mere gazing blocks, like the poor Persians of last year, who had not a word (of English) to throw at a dog; and whose entire intercourse with the spectators consisted in looking unutterable things at the ladies, who looked unutterable things at them in return.

But something too much of this. If our readers think we have dwelt too long on a trifle, we beg them to remember that if truth is one, and wisdom simple, folly is infinite, and therefore prolix.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

General Phipps's Birth-Day, April 7, 1837.

Too soon, by a month, you were born upon earth,
Folks allege—no'er heed what they say;
Tho' tear-dropping April lays claim to your birth,
With you to extinguish her sadness by Mirth,
She comes as the Herald of May.

The Unsuccessful Candidate.

No mortal, of voters, e'er met with a rummer set;
Your hopes at Bridgewater met with a summerset.
Return the electors your thanks for their bounty,
You're out for the borough, but in for the county.

J. S.

THE PHANTOM SHIP*.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. IX.

WE must allow the Indian fleet to pursue its way to the Cape with every variety of wind and weather. Some had parted company; but the rendezvous was Table Bay, from which they were again to start together.

Philip Vanderdecken was soon able to render some service on board. He studied his duty diligently, for employment prevented him from dwelling too much upon the cause of his embarkation, and he worked hard at the duties of the ship, for the exercise procured for him that sleep which otherwise would have been denied.

He was soon a favourite of the captain's, and intimate with Hillebrant the first-mate; the second-mate, Struys, was a morose young man, with whom he had little intercourse. As for the supercargo, Mynheer Jacob Janse Von Stroom, he seldom ventured out of his cabin. The bear Johannes was not confined, and therefore Mynheer Von Stroom confined himself; hardly a day passed that he did not look over a letter which he had framed upon the subject, all ready to forward to the Company, and each time that he perused it he made some alteration, which he considered would give additional force to his complaint, and would prove still more injurious to the interests of Captain Kloots.

In the meantime, in happy ignorance of all that was passing in the poop-cabin, Mynheer Kloots smoked his pipe, drank his schnapps, and played with Johannes. The animal had also contracted a great affection for Philip, and used to walk the watch with him.

There was another party in the ship whom we must not lose sight of—the one-eyed pilot, Schrifton, who appeared to have imbibed a great animosity to our hero, as well as to his dumb favourite the bear. As Philip held the rank of an officer, Schrifton dare not openly affront him, but he took every opportunity of annoying him that he dared to do, and was constantly inveighing against him with the ship's company. To the bear he was more openly inveterate, and seldom passed it without bestowing upon it a severe kick, accompanied with a horrid curse. Although no man on board appeared to be fond of this man, everybody appeared to be afraid of him, and he had obtained a control over the seamen, which appeared unaccountable.

Such was the state of affairs on board the good ship *Ter Schilling*, when in company with two others; she lay becalmed about two days' sail to the Cape. The weather was intensely hot, for it was the summer in those southern latitudes, and Philip, who had been lying down under the awning spread over the poop, was so overcome with the heat that he had fallen asleep. He awoke with a shivering sensation of cold over his whole body, particularly at his chest, and half opening his eyes he perceived the pilot, Schrifton, leaning over him, and holding between his finger and his thumb a portion of the chain which had not been concealed, and to which was attached the sacred-relic. Philip closed them again to ascertain what were the man's intentions; he found that he

gradually dragged out the chain, and, when the relic was clear, attempted to pass the whole over his head, evidently to gain possession of it. Upon this attempt Philip started up and seized him by the waist.

"Indeed!" cried Philip, with an indignant look, as he released the chain from the pilot's hand.

But Schrifton appeared not the least confused at being discovered in his attempt, looking at Philip with his malicious one-eye, he mockingly observed—

"Does that chain hold her picture?—he! he!"

Vanderdecken rose, pushed him away, and folded his arms.

"I advise you not to be quite so curious, Master Pilot, or you may repent it."

"Or perhaps," continued the pilot, quite regardless of Philip's wrath, "it may be a child's caul, a sovereign remedy against drownin' "

"Go forward to your duty, Sir," cried Philip.*

"Or, as you are a Catholic, the finger-nail of a saint; or, yes, I have it—a piece of the holy cross."

Philip started.

"That's it! that's it!" cried Schrifton, who now went forward to where the seamen were standing at the gangway.

"News for you, my lads!" said he; "we've a bit of the holy cross aboard, and so we may defy the devil!"

Philip, hardly knowing why, had followed Schrifton as he descended the poop-ladder, and was forward on the quarter-deck, when the pilot made this remark to the seamen.

"Aye! aye!" replied an old seaman to the pilot; "not only the devil but the Flying Dutchman to boot."

Flying Dutchman, thought Philip, can that refer to — and Philip walked a step or two forward, so as to conceal himself behind the main-mast, hoping to obtain some information should they continue the conversation. In this he was not disappointed.

"They say that to meet with him is worse than meeting with the devil," observed another of the crew.

"Who ever saw him?" said another.

"He has been seen, that's sartain, and just as sartain that ill luck follows the vessel that falls in with him."

"And where is he to be fallen in with?"

"Oh! they say that's not so certain, but he cruises off the Cape."

"I should like to know the whole long and short of the story," said a third.

"I can only tell what I've heard. It's a doomed vessel; they were pirates, and cut the captain's throat, I believe."

"No! no!" cried Schrifton, "the captain is in her now—and a villain he was. They say, like somebody else on board of us now, he left a very pretty wife, and he was very fond of her."

"How do they know that, pilot?"

"Because he always wants to send letters home when he boards vessels that he falls in with. But, woe to the vessel that takes charge of them!—she is sure to be lost with every soul on board!"

"I wonder where you heard all this," said one of the men. "Did you ever see the vessel?"

"Yes, I have!" screamed Schrifton; but, as if recovering himself,

his scream subsided into his usual giggle, and he added, "but we need not fear her, boys; we've a bit of the true cross on board." Schrifton then walked aft as if to avoid being questioned, when he perceived Philip by the mainmast.

"So, I'm not the only one curious!—he! he! Pray, did you bring that on board in case we should fall in with the Flying Dutchman?"

"I fear no Flying Dutchman," replied Philip, confused.

"Now I think of it you are of the same name; at least they say that his name was Vanderdecken—eh?"

"There are many Vanderdeckens in the world besides me," replied Philip, who had recovered his composure. And having made this reply he walked away to the poop of the vessel.

"One would almost imagine this malignant one-eyed wretch was aware of my cause of embarkation," mused Philip; "but no! that cannot be. Why do I feel such a chill whenever he approaches me? I wonder if others do; or whether it is a mere fancy on the part of Amine and myself? I dare ask no questions.—Strange, too, that the man should feel such malice towards me. I never injured him. What I have just overheard confirms all; but there needed no confirmation. Oh, Amine! Amine! but for thee, and I would rejoice to solve this riddle with my life. God in mercy check the current of my brain," muttered Philip, "or my reason cannot hold its seat!"

In three days the *Ter Schilling* and her consorts arrived at Table Bay, where they found the remainder of the fleet at anchor waiting for them. Just at that period the Dutch had formed a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, where the Indian fleets used to water and obtain cattle from the Hottentot tribes who lived on the coast, who for a brass button or a large nail would willingly offer a fat bullock. A few days were occupied in completing the water of the squadron, and then the ships, having received from the Admiral their instructions as to rendezvous in case of parting company, and made every preparation for the bad weather which they anticipated, the anchors were again weighed, and they proceeded on their voyage.

For three days they beat against light and baffling winds, making but little progress; on the third, the breeze sprung up strong from the southward, until it increased to a gale, and the fleet were blown down to the northward of the bay. On the seventh day the *Ter Schilling* found herself alone, but the weather had moderated. Sail was again made upon the vessel, and her head put to the eastward that they might run in for the land.

"We are unfortunate in thus parting with all our consorts," observed Myuher Kloots to Philip, as they were standing at the gangway; "but it must be near meridian, and the sun will enable me to discover our latitude. It is difficult to say how far we may have been swept by the gale and the currents to the northward. Boy, bring up my cross-staff, and be mindful that you do not strike it against anything as you come up."

The cross-staff at that time was the simple instrument used to discover the latitude in which the vessel must be in, which it would give to a nice observer to within five or ten miles. Quadrants and sextants were the invention of a much later time. Indeed, considering that they had so little knowledge of navigation and the variation of the compass, and

that their easting and westing could only be computed by dead reckoning, it is wonderful how vessels traversed the ocean in the way they did, with comparatively so few accidents.

"We are full three degrees to the northward of the Cape," observed Mynheer Kloots, after he had computed his latitude. "The currents must be running strong; the wind is going down fast, and we shall have a change, if I mistake not."

Towards the evening it fell calm, with a heavy swell setting towards the shore; shoals of seals appeared on the surface, following the vessel as she drove before the swell; the fish darted and leaped in every direction, and the ocean around them appeared to be full of life as the sun slowly descended to the horizon.

"What is that noise we hear?" observed Philip; "it sounds like distant thunder."

"I hear it," replied Mynheer Kloots. "Aloft there; do you see the land?"

"Yes," replied the man, after a pause in ascending the topmast shrouds. "It is right ahead—low sand hills, and the sea breaking high."

"Then that must be the noise we hear. We sweep in fast with this heavy ground-swell. I wish the breeze would spring up."

The sun was dipping into the horizon, and the calm still continued: the swell had driven the *Ter Schilling* so rapidly on the shore that now they could see the breakers which fell over with the noise of thunder.

"Do you know the coast, pilot?" observed the captain to Schrifton, who stood by.

"Know it well," replied Schrifton, "the sea breaks in twelve fathoms at least. In half an hour the good ship will be beaten into toothpicks, without a breeze to help us." And the little man giggled as if pleased at the idea.

The anxiety of Mynheer Kloots was not to be concealed; his pipe was every moment in and out of his mouth. The crew remained in groups on the forecastle and gangway, listening with dismay at the fearful roaring of the breakers. The sun had sunk down below the horizon, and the gloom of night was gradually adding to the alarm of the crew of the *Ter Schilling*.

"We must lower down the boats," said Mynheer Kloots to the first-mate, "and try to tow her off. We cannot do much good, I'm afraid; but at all events the boats will be ready for the men to get into before she drives on shore. Get the tow-ropes out and lower down the boats while I go in to acquaint the supercargo."

Mynheer Von Stroom was sitting in all the dignity of his office, and it being Sunday had put on his very best wig. He was once more reading over the letter to the Company, relative to the bear, when Mynheer Kloots made his appearance, and informed him in a few words that they were in a situation of peculiar danger, and that in all probability the ship would be in pieces in less than half an hour. At this alarming intelligence, Mynheer Von Stroom jumped up from his chair; it knocked down the candle which had just been lighted.

"In danger! Mynheer Kloots!—why, the water is smooth and the wind down! My hat—where is my hat and my cane? I will go on deck. Quick! A light—Mynheer Kloots, if you please to order a light

to be brought; I can find nothing in the dark. Mynheer Kloots, why do you not answer? Mercy on me! he has gone and has left me."

Mynheer Kloots had gone to fetch a light, and now returned with it. Mynheer Von Stroom put on his hat and walked out of the cabin. The boats were down and the ship's head had been turned round from the shore; but it was now quite dark, and nothing was to be seen but the white line of foam created by the breakers, the roaring of which was awful.

"Mynheer Kloots, if you please I'll leave the ship directly. Let my boat come alongside—I must have the largest boat for the Honourable Company's service—for the papers and myself."

"I'm afraid not, Mynheer Von Stroom," replied Kloots, "our boats will hardly hold the men as it is, and every man's life is as valuable to himself as yours is to you."

"But, Mynheer, I am the Company's supercargo. I order you—I will have one—refuse if you dare."

"I dare, and do refuse," replied the captain, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"Well, well," replied Mynheer Von Stroom, who now lost all presence of mind. "We will, Sir—as soon as we arrive—Lord help us!—we are lost. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" And here Mynheer Von Stroom, not knowing why, hurried down to the cabin, and in his haste tumbled over the bear Johannes, who crossed his path, and in his fall his hat and flowing wig parted company with his head.

"Oh mercy! where am I? Help—help here! for the Company's honourable supercargo!"

"Cast off there in the boats, and come on board," cried Mynheer Kloots, "we have no time to spare. Quick now, Philip, put in the compass, the water, and the biscuit; we must leave her in five minutes."

So appalling was the roar of the breakers that it was with difficulty that the orders could be heard. In the meantime Mynheer Von Stroom laid upon the deck, kicking, sprawling, and crying for help.

"There is a light breeze off shore," cried Philip, holding up his hand.

"There is, but I'm afraid it is too late. Hand the things into the boats and be cool, my men. We have yet a chance of saving her, if the wind freshens."

They were now so near to the breakers that the swell in which the vessel lay becalmed turned over here and there on its long line, but the breeze freshened and the vessel was stationary! the men were all in the boats with the exception of Mynheer Kloots, the mates, and Mynheer Von Stroom.

"She goes through the water now," said Philip.

"Yes, I think we shall save her," replied the captain; "steady as you go, Hillebrant," continued he to the first mate, who was at the helm. "We leave them now—only let the breeze hold ten minutes."

The breeze was steady—the *Ter Schilling* stood off from the land—again it fell calm, and she was swept towards the breakers—at last the breeze came off strong, and the vessel cleaved through the water. The men were called out of the boats; Mynheer Von Stroom was picked up along with his hat and wig, carried into the cabin, and in less than an hour the *Ter Schilling* was out of danger.

"Now we will hoist up the boats," said Mynheer Kloots, "and let us all before we lie down to sleep thank God for our deliverance."

During that night the *Ter Schilling* made an offing of twenty miles, and then stood to the southward; towards the morning the wind again fell and it was nearly calm.

Mynheer Kloots had been on deck about an hour, and had been talking with Hillebrant upon the danger of the evening before, and the selfishness and pusillanimity of Mynheer Von Stroom when a loud noise was heard in the poop cabin.

"What can that be?" said the captain; "has the good man lost his senses from his fright? Why, he is knocking the cabin to pieces."

At this moment the servant of the supercargo ran out of the cabin.

"Mynheer Kloots, hasten in—help my master—he will be killed—the bear!—the bear!"

"The bear! What, Johannes?" cried Mynheer Kloots. "Why the animal is as tame as a dog. I will go and see."

But before Mynheer Kloots could walk into the cabin—out flew in his shirt the affrighted supercargo. "My God! my God! Am I to be murdered?—eaten alive?" cried he, running forward, and attempting to climb the fore-rigging.

Mynheer Kloots followed the motions of Mynheer Von Stroom with surprise, and when he found him attempting to mount the rigging he turned aft and walked into the cabin, when he found to his surprise that Johannes was indeed doing mischief.

The panelling of the state-cabin of the supercargo had been beaten down—the wig-boxes lay in fragments on the floor—the two spare wigs were lying by them, and upon them were strewed fragments of broken pots and masses of honey, which Johannes was licking up with peculiar gusto.

The fact was, that when the ship anchored at Table Bay, Mynheer Von Stroom, who was very partial to honey, had obtained some brought in by the Hottentots who had gathered it in the woods, and having stowed it away in empty jars, it had been put by at the bottom of the two long boxes by his careful servant, for his master's use during the remainder of the voyage. That morning, the servant fancying that the wig of the night before had suffered when his master tumbled over the bear, had opened one of the boxes to take out another. Johannes happened to come near the door and scented the honey. Now, partial as Mynheer Von Stroom was to honey, all bears are still more so, and will venture everything to obtain it. Johannes had followed the impulse of his species, and, following the scent, had come into the cabin, and was about to enter the sleeping-berth of Mynheer Stroom, when the servant slammed the door in his face. Whereupon, Johannes, who was most determined on obtaining it, had beat in the panels and found an entrance. He then attacked the wig-boxes, and proved to the servant that he would not be trifled with, showing a most formidable set of teeth at his attempt to beat him off. In the meanwhile, Mynheer Von Stroom was in the utmost terror; not aware of the purport of the bear's visit, he imagined that the animal's object was to attack him. His servant at last took to his heels after an effort to save the last box, which was met by the bear rising and attacking him; and Mynheer Von Stroom finding himself alone, had at last sprung out of his bed-place, and escaped as

we have mentioned to the fore-castle, leaving Johannes master of the field, who was now luxuriating upon the *spolia opima*. Mynheer Kloots immediately perceived how the case stood. He went up to the bear and spoke to him, then kicked him, but the bear would not leave the honey, and growled furiously at the interruption. "This is a bad job for you, Johannes," observed Mynheer Kloots; "now you will leave the ship, for the supercargo has just grounds of complaint. Oh, well! you must eat the honey, because you will." So saying, Mynheer Kloots left the cabin, and went to look after the supercargo, who remained on the fore-castle, with his bald head and meagre body, haranguing the men in his shirt, which fluttered in the breeze.

"I am very sorry, Mynheer Von Stroom," said Kloots, "but the bear shall be sent out of the vessel."

"Yes, yes, Mynheer Kloots, but this is an affair for the most puissant Company—the lives of their servants are not to be sacrificed to the folly of a sea-captain. I have nearly been torn to pieces."

"The animal did not want you; all he wanted was the honey," replied Kloots. "He has got it, and I myself cannot take it from him. There is no altering the nature of an animal. Will you be pleased to walk down into my cabin until the beast can be secured? He shall not go loose again."

Mynheer Von Stroom, who considered his dignity at variance with his appearance, and who perhaps was aware that majesty deprived of its externals was only a jest, thought it advisable to accept the offer. After some trouble, with the assistance of the scamen, the bear was secured and dragged away from the cabin, much against his will, for he had still some honey to lick off the curls of the full-bottomed wigs. He was put into durance-vile, having been caught in the flagrant act of burglary on the high seas. This new adventure was the topic of the day, for it was again a dead calm, and the ship lay motionless in the glassy wave.

"The sun looks red as he sinks," observed Hillebrant to the captain, who with Philip was standing on the poop; "we shall have wind before to-morrow, if I mistake not."

"I am of your opinion," replied Mynheer Kloots. "It is strange that we do not fall in with any of the vessels of the fleet. They must be all driven down here."

"Perhaps they have kept a wider offing."

"It had been as well if we had done the same," said Kloots. "That was a narrow escape last night. There is such a thing as having too little as well as too much wind."

A confused noise was heard from the scamen who were collected together, and, looking in the direction of the vessel's quarter, "A ship! No! Yes it is!" was repeated more than once.

"They think they see a ship," said Schrifton, coming on the poop. "He! he!"

"Where?"

"There, in the gloom!" said the pilot, pointing to where the horizon was darker than elsewhere, for the sun had set.

The Captain, Hillebrant, and Philip directed their eyes to the quarter pointed out, and thought they could perceive something like a vessel. Gradually the gloom appeared to clear away, and a lambent pale blaze

to light up that part of the horizon. Not a breath of wind was on the water—the sea was like a mirror—more and more distinct did the vessel appear, till her hull, masts, and yards were clearly visible. They looked and rubbed their eyes to help their vision, for scarcely could they believe that which they did see. In the centre of the pale light which extended about fifteen degrees above the horizon, there was indeed a large ship about three miles distant, but to all appearance she was buffeting in a violent gale, although it was a perfect calm, plunging and lifting over a surface as smooth as glass—now careering to her bearing, then recovering herself; her topsails and mainsail were furled, and the yards pointed to the wind; she had no sail set, but a close-reefed foresail, a storm staysail, and a trysail abaft. She made little way through the water, but apparently neared them fast, driven down by the force of the gale. Each minute she was plainer to the view. At last, she was seen to wear, and in so doing, before she was brought to the wind on the other tack, she was so close to them that they could distinguish the men on board—the foaming water hurled from her bows—hear the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipes—the creaking of her timbers, and the complaining of her masts; and then the gloom gradually rose, and in a few seconds she had totally disappeared!

"God in Heaven!" exclaimed Mynheer Kloots.

Philip felt a hand upon his shoulder, and the cold darted through his whole frame. He turned round and met the one-eye of Schrifton, who screamed in his ear—

"PHILIP VANDERDECKEN—that's the *Flying Dutchman*!"

(*To be continued.*)

LINES BY A YOUNG LADY OF FIFTEEN.

When, from a rocky height,
We gaze upon the dark-blue deep below,
O'er whose broad bosom Heaven's reflected light
And visionary starbeams glow,—

The glittering shadows seem
So like the light-clad sentinels of Heaven,
So beautiful, that one might almost deem
A starry host had been to Ocean given.

And thus the shadow bright
Of bliss, whose glory beams in Heaven alone,
Casteth o'er Life's dark tide so fair a light,
We think that lustre is the dim waves' own;—

Till, plunging in the stream,
To seek the fallen pilgrim of the sky,
We find no trace of that delusive beam,—
'Twas but the shadow of the light on high.

LOUISA MERRITT.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun,
 Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
 Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
 Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie."

IVANHOE.

THE melody of birds finds its way to the heart of every one ; but the cause that prompts the outpourings which make copse, rock, and river, ring again on a fine spring morning is more a matter of doubt with ornithologists than the uninitiated in zoological mysteries might suppose. Much has been written on this subject, but upon a consideration of the different opinions, aided by our own observations, we are inclined to think that love and rivalry are the two great stimulants, though we do not mean to deny that a bird may sing from mere gaiety of heart arising from finding itself in the haunts dear to it, and in the midst of plenty of the food it likes ; to give vent, in short, to the buoyancy of spirit arising from general pleasurable sensations.

In this country the season of reproduction is undoubtedly that wherein—

"The isle is full of pleasant noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight."

And about ten weeks have been mentioned as the period during which most of our wild birds are in song. That there are exceptions to this rule there is no doubt. We have heard a wild thrush, one of the sweetest singers of his tribe, sing far into September, but we watched narrowly and never could find that he had a mate. Then, again, we have the autumnal and even the winter notes of the robin long after the breeding season ; and caged birds, if well fed and kept, will sing the greatest part of the year.

Let us endeavour, before we proceed further, to give the reader some idea of the natural musical instrument with which the loud and complicated passages of song-birds are executed. The *larynx* is formed much after the fashion of some artificial wind-instruments, and consists of two parts : of these the first contains the proper *rima glottidis*, at the upper end, while the bronchial, or lower *larynx*, is furnished with another *rima glottidis* with tense membranes. The lower apparatus may be compared to the reed in a clarionet or hautboy, and the upper to the ventage or hole of the instrument that utters the note. Besides all this, it has been truly asserted that there is no part of a bird's structure impervious to air ; and, as M. Jacquemin observes, it is the volume of air which birds can introduce into their bodies, and the force with which they can expel it, that solves the problem how so small a creature as a singing bird can be capable of sending forth notes so loud and of warbling so long and so prodigally without apparent fatigue. The muscles, whose province it is to regulate this wonderful wind-instrument, are proportionably strong and highly developed in the sex which is more peculiarly gifted with musical power. Thus John Hunter, on dissecting a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a

cock linnet, and a cock and hen chaffinch, found the muscles of the *larynx* to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all the instances where he dissected both cock and hen, he remarked that the same muscles were stronger in the cock. The rivalry with which some of these feathered songsters will sing against each other in captivity is well known to bird-fanciers, and Bechstein observes, speaking of the Thuringian Canary birds, that there are some males which, especially in the pairing season, sing with so much strength and ardour, that they burst the delicate vessels of the lungs and die suddenly.

The Hon. Daines Barrington, who paid much attention to this subject, remarks that some passages of the song in a few kinds of birds correspond with the intervals of our musical scale; but that much the greater part of such a song is not capable of musical notations. He attributes this to the following causes:—First, because the rapidity is often so great, and it is also so uncertain where they may stop, that it is impossible to reduce the passages to form a musical bar in any time whatsoever;—secondly, on account of the pitch of most birds being considerably higher than the most shrill notes of instruments of the greatest compass;—and lastly, because the intervals used by birds are commonly so minute that we cannot judge at all of them from the more gross intervals into which our musical octave is divided.

But though, as the same author observes, we cannot attain the more delicate and imperceptible intervals in the song of birds, yet many of them are capable of whistling tunes with our more gross intervals, as in the case of piping bullfinches and canary-birds. This faculty of learning the first notes that the bird is able to distinguish, leads us to another interesting part of our subject, and we will now proceed to the experiments made by Daines Barrington, showing that the varied songs which distinguish different species of birds, are the consequence of the parental notes which first meet their ears.

The learned author states that to be certain that a nestling will not have even the *call* of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food. After stating the trouble of breeding up a bird of this tender age, and admitting that he himself never reared one, he goes on to speak of a linnet and a goldfinch which he had seen, and which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old, and to mention some other curious instances of imitation in the following terms:—

“The first of these (the linnet) belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, which, from a want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words *pretty boy*, as well as some other short sentences. I heard the bird myself repeat the words *pretty boy*; and Mr. Matthews assured me, that he had neither the note nor call of any bird whatsoever. This talking linnet died last year, before which many people went from London to hear him speak.”

“The goldfinch I have before mentioned was reared in the town of Knighton, in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear as I was walking by the house where it was kept. I thought, indeed, that a wren was

singing; and I went into the house to inquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage. The people of the house, however, told me that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to sing its own natural note as they called it; upon which I stayed a considerable time in the room, whilst its notes were merely those of a wren, without the least mixture of goldfinch. On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the nest when only a day or two old, that it was hung in a window which was opposite to a small garden, whence the nestling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the *call* of a goldfinch. These facts which I have stated, seem to prove very decisively that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. But it will possibly be asked, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the same song, inasmuch that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him? This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others, which may, perhaps, be singing around him. Young *Canary* birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts, and yet I have been informed that they only learn the song of the parent cock. Every one knows that the common house-sparrow, when in a wild state, never does anything but chirp: this does not, however, arise from want of power in this bird to imitate others, but because he only attends to the parental note."

Two points in this interesting description will be noted by the observer, and the questions will occur—how was the first bird of each species taught, and is not the assertion touching the sparrow somewhat bold?

The difficulty surrounding the first is more apparent than real; for, if it be granted that species were created, all the distinctions of voice and plumage follow of course; and it will equally follow that they have been regularly transmitted down to the present period in such species as have not become extinct. With regard to the second we shall permit Mr. Barrington to speak for himself, for he *has* proved the fact:—

"To prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged and educated him under a linnet; the bird, however, by accident heard a goldfinch also, and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch."

The same experimentalist educated a young robin, under a very fine nightingale, which, however, began already to be out of song, and was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight: the scholar afterwards sang three parts in four nightingale, and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call "rubbish," or no particular note whatever.

Bechstein observes that nearly all birds when young will learn some strain whistled or played to them every day; but those only whose memory is retentive will abandon their natural song and adopt fluently the air that has been taught them. In proof of this position, he adduces the cases of the goldfinch and bullfinch, stating that a young goldfinch will, indeed, learn some part of the melody played to a bullfinch, but will never repeat the lesson so perfectly as the latter, and that this difference is not caused by the greater or less flexibility of the organ of the voice, but rather by the superiority of the bullfinch's memory.

In the cultivation and management of the human voice, and to keep up its tone, and the power of execution, we know how necessary constant practice is ; and we find the same sort of discipline resorted to both by caged birds, and those which pour forth their "wood notes wild."

"It is remarkable," says Bechstein, "that birds which do not sing all the year, such as the redbreast, siskin, and goldfinch, seem obliged, after moulting, to learn to warble, as though they had forgotten ; but I have seen enough to convince me that these attempts are merely to render the *larynx* pliant, and are a kind of chirping, the notes of which have but little relation to the proper song ; for a slight attention will discover that the *larynx* becomes gradually capable of giving the common warble. This method of recovering the song does not, then, show deficiency of memory, but liability to rigidity, occasioned by disuse of the *larynx*. The chaffinch will exercise itself in this way some weeks before it attains its former proficiency, and the nightingale practises as long the strains of his beautiful song, before he gives it full, clear, and in all its extent."

This "practising" is termed by our British bird-fanciers and bird-catchers, "recording," a word, according to Daines Barrington, probably derived from the musical instrument formerly used in England, called a "recorder,"* which seems to have been a species of flute, and was probably used to teach young birds to pipe notes. The term "recording" is more particularly used by the same fraternity, to distinguish the attempt of the nestling to sing, and which may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble.

"I have known," says Barrington, "instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old. This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song ; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at. Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting ; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them. What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself. A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered. When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to *sing his song round*, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause."

Barrington defines a bird's song to be a succession of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crotchets in an *adagio* movement, or whilst a pendulum swings four seconds. Now let us see what notes have been detected in the song. Observers have marked *r* natural in woodlarks ; *A* in thrushes ; *c* falling to *A* commonly in the cuckoo ; *A* natural in common cocks ; *B* flat in a very large cock ; *p* in some owls ; *B* flat in others. Thus we have *A*, *B* flat, *C*, *D*, and

* The passage in "Hamlet" will occur to every one.

f, to which Barrington adds *c* from his own observations on a nightingale which lived three years in a cage; and he confirms the remarks of the observer who furnished him with the list, and says he has frequently heard from the same bird *c* and *f*. To prove the precision of the pitch of these notes, the *b* flat of the spinnet by which he tried them was perfectly in tune with the great bell of St. Paul's. *e* then is the only note wanting to complete the scale; but, as he says, the six other notes afford sufficient data for making some conjectures with regard to the key in which birds may be supposed to sing, as these intervals can only be found in the key of *f* with a sharp third, or that of *c* with a flat third; and he supposed it to be the plaintive flat third, that affecting tone which, in the simple ballad, or "wild and sad" chorus, so comes home to our bosoms.

" Oft have I listened, and stood still,
As it came softened up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men,
Who languished for their native glen."

Barrington pronounces in favour of the flat third, because he agrees with Lucretius, that man first learnt musical notes from birds, and because the cuckoo, whose "plain song" has been most attended to, performs it in a flat third. He strengthens his argument by showing that most of our simple compositions—old melodies such as "*Morva Rhyddland*," and old music generally—are almost always in a flat third. The music of the Turks and Chinese, he also adduces as having half of the airs in a minor third which is "adapted to simple movements such as may be expected in countries where music hath not been long cultivated."

It will appear, however, from the following observations collected by White, in his enchanting history of Selborne, that neither cuckoos nor owls keep to one key. One musical friend informs the natural historian that all the owls that are his near neighbours hoot in *b* flat. But in the next letter to the author whom we have so largely quoted, dated August 1, 1771, before the publication of that zoologist's memoir on the singing of birds, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, bearing date 1773, White says that a friend remarks that many (most) of his owls hoot in *b* flat; and that one went almost half a note below *a*. He adds, that a neighbour with a nice ear remarked that the owls about Selborne hooted in three different keys,—namely, in *g* flat, or *f* sharp, in *b* flat, and *a* flat. "He heard two hooting to each other, the one in *a* flat, and the other in *b* flat." The same person found that the note of the cuckoo varied in different individuals; for, about Selborne wood, he observed, they were mostly in *d*; he heard two sing together, the one in *d*, the other in *d* sharp, "who made a disagreeable concert;" [one should think as much.] He afterwards heard one in *d* sharp, and about Woolmer forest, some in *c*.

It may seem a rather Milesian method of treating the subject of singing birds, to dwell so long upon the notes of cocks, owls, and cuckoos; but we shall find that the distinctness and simplicity of intonation in these birds afford a much better chance of accurately determining the key than the rapid gush of song of the true warblers; and it will be necessary, before we enter upon the melodies of that exhilarating

tribe, to draw the reader's attention to what may be called the conversational notes of birds.

Those which congregate in bushes keep up a constant twittering, as if to apprise each other of their presence; and all have notes expressive of alarm, or satisfaction, to say nothing of the language of incubation. These powers may be particularly remarked in the common poultry. The peculiar shrill cry with which "the bird of dawning," with uplifted eye, and head raised on one side, to give the widest upward sweep to his vision, gives warning of the horrible advent of the kite or sparrow-hawk; the note with which he gallantly calls his seraglio about him, to feast on the barleycorn which he has found and saved for them; the exulting cackle of Dame Partlet giving notice that one more milk-white egg is added to the number of those that have entered this best of all possible worlds, a cackle that is caught up from farm-yard to farm-yard, till the whole village is in an uproar, must be obvious to every one: even the newly-hatched chicken—it is White, we believe, who makes the observation—will seize a fly, if offered to it, with complacent twitterings; but if a wasp be tendered, a note of aversion and distress is the consequence.

The wild fowl, in their lofty aerial flights, keep up a constant watch-note of communication with each other; and far and wide in the silence of night does their cry resound. The windpipes of many of these are complete wind instruments; that of the wild swan takes a turn within the sternum somewhat after the fashion of a French horn or bugle. May not these unearthly sounds, heard from on high,

"At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power," have assisted the legends of the ghostly huntsman, and his wild chase in the air, sweeping overhead like the rush of withered leaves?

The *call*, as it is technically termed, of singing birds seems to have an almost miraculous power over the race, as the bird-catcher well knows.

"When the bird-catcher hath laid his nets, he disposes of his *call-birds* at proper intervals: It must be owned that there is a most malicious joy in these *call-birds* to bring the wild ones into the same captivity, which may likewise be observed with regard to the decoy ducks. Their sight and hearing infinitely excel that of the bird-catcher. The instant that the wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the rest of the *call-birds*, (as it is by the first hound that hits on the scent, to the rest of the pack,) after which follows the same sort of tumultuous ecstasy and joy. The *call-birds*, while the bird is at a distance, do not sing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird-catchers call *short jerks*, which, when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance. The ascendancy by this call, or invitation, is so great, that the wild bird is stopped in its course of flight, and if not already acquainted with the nets, lights boldly within twenty yards of perhaps three or four bird-catchers, on a spot which otherwise it would not have taken the least notice of. Nay, it frequently happens that, if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets, and share the same fate; and should only one bird escape, that bird will suffer itself to be pulled at till it is caught—such a fascinating power have the *call-birds*.*

* Barrington on the small birds of flight.

We do not mean to detain the reader upon a bird-catching expedition—though it would be more full of interest than some would think—but he ought to know, before he goes on one, that a bird acquainted with the nets is by the bird-catchers termed a *sharper*: him they endeavour to drive away, as they can have no sport in his company. It is worthy of note, too, that even in their captivity the natural instinct of the *call-birds* is in many points no whit blunted; for the moment they see a hawk, caged though they be, they communicate the alarm to each other, by a plaintive note, nor will they then *jer*k or *call*, though the wild birds are near.*

It is in the Inessorial order† of birds that the songsters abound, but there is one remarkable exception among the Raptorial order, in that warbling African, *Le Faucon Chanteur*‡ of Le Vaillant, perhaps the only known bird of prey—Cuvier says the only known one—that sings agreeably. Its song is very sweet, but dangerous as the lay of the Sirens, and

“ Mocks the dead bones that lie scattered by.”

Few spots are more musical with song-birds than these islands. Not that the woods of America are mute—but they want the brilliant variety of ours; and one of her sons, who has so well deserved of the lovers of natural history in all countries, has endeavoured to colonize the Transatlantic groves with the feathered songsters of Britain. And yet they have that wonderful polyglot the mock-bird.§ Him we have seen and heard in captivity, and—but Wilson has immortalized the bird with his graphic pen, and, in all humility, we lay down ours.

“ The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity; and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and,

* Barrington.

† *Falco musicus* of Daudin.

‡ Inessoria—Perching birds.

§ *Orpheus polyglottus*.

as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, 'He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recal his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.' While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk. The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squawks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow, with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions. * * * * *

Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley."

But we must return to the singing birds of Britain, which may be divided into two classes, the regular visitors and the residents. Food is the principal motive that induces migration on the part of the former, which, like Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, and, though last not least, Lablache, leave the more genial climes of the south to shiver in the spring of our more austere shores, delighting our ears, and revelling in the harvest made ready for them. But we are not entirely dependent on these warbling strangers, for we number among our residents many that in sweetness of tone, if not in brilliancy of execution, rival the visitors.

What with the influenza and the cutting easterly winds, it has been, Heaven knows, a bitter black season for us unfeathered bipeds; but it has been worse than bitter for the birds. What a month was the

"Month before the month of May!"

well did it justify the corresponding line, telling us that

"The spring comes slowly up this way."

The berries were almost all gone, the insects wisely came not forth, and, in short, the supplies were all but stopped. Verily there hath not been much disposition

"To forestal sweet Saint Valentine"

this year. But now, while we are writing, the redstart, which seldom, it is true, appears among us before the middle of April, and is often not seen

till the end of that month, is running on the grass plat, picking up its insect food, and vibrating its tail at the close of every run, its white cap and black gorget contrasting strongly in the sunshine. It is a blessed change. The swallows are come, and they do make a spring, if not a summer.

When we proceed to enumerate the different species of singing birds in a future number, we shall inquire as to the time of year when each may be considered, generally speaking, to be in full song. At present we shall merely observe, that it depends in great measure both upon the health and spirits of the individual, and the state of the weather. Not that any of them, hardly, are to be heard in anything like full song in January, except very rarely. February, March, and April, are more and more tunable. Often, in the latter month, the chill gloomy morning, rendered more dreary by a cutting easterly wind, clears away into a fine warm afternoon. In such mornings, while Eurus predominates, everything around is silent with the exception of the "untuneful" flowing of the stream; but the wind changes, the clouds disperse, forth breaks the sun, the insects swarm, the stream becomes alive with the rising trouts, and the groves burst out into melody.

In May, "the mother of love," the year is more confirmed, and every garden, orchard, and copse rivals the singing-tree of the Arabian story. Now it is that the full power of song is developed; witness the clear mellow pipe of that blackbird perched on the tallest acacia in the garden, while his mate with half-shut eyes, and pressing her little ones to her bosom, listens in security on her nest in yonder hawthorn hedge spangled with its dewy May-flower blossoms.

SCENES IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

NO. IV.—OLD TIMES AND MODERN TIMES.*

It will be unnecessary to follow with any great minuteness the course of events which, during a period of nearly a year after Captain Morland's departure, occurred at Carperby Hall. Sir George and Lady Oldstyle had pursued their usual routine of occupation, only varied by the anxiety about their daughter's health, which, according to their greater or less susceptibility, was felt by both her parents. It was not that they saw in her any symptoms of severe illness; for the cough, which she could not get rid of, notwithstanding her mother's infallible remedies, was perhaps merely the result of the severity of the winter, and might fairly be expected to take its departure with the arrival of more genial spring weather. No; it was an indisposition to all exertion, so different from her former activity, and a want of that elasticity of spirit which had marked her as their "merry little Fanny," that had early attracted the attention of the kindhearted Sir George, and later, even that of the unobservant Lady Oldstyle.

It was not that she no longer read to them in the evenings as before, for she was scrupulously observant in not changing in the smallest degree her former occupations—but the tone of animation which had added

* Concluded from page 70.

such a charm to all she read was wanting. True, she played her game at chess as usual with Doctor Dawkins, on each occurrence of his periodical visits, but neither excitement nor interest was produced by victory or defeat. True, she was as ready to take her place at the pianoforte, but, during the progress of her well-known sonatas, her hands seemed to stray over the keys, while her mind was far away; and if her father, anxious to indulge her, "cudgelled his brains" for the names of some of the Italian airs Captain Morland had recommended, the pleasure with which she evidently played them was succeeded by a more unsettled state of spirits for the rest of the evening.

The change which we have thus described in Fanny, and which she was ashamed to acknowledge, while she could not disguise it from herself, was the cause of a constant internal struggle, under which her health could not but suffer. She tried to banish Captain Morland from her heart, she had no desire to act the part of a heroine of romance, and was too sensible to think of feeding her mind with recollections which to all appearance might be productive of nothing but bitterness. If, therefore, the inquiry of what would be Captain Morland's opinion on any subject under discussion often presented itself to her mind, it was because it is impossible to check the wandering thought, which is ever at the command, not of the will, but of the associations which call it into being.

When once Lady Oldstyle began to perceive that the derangement in her daughter's health was beyond the power of her hitherto all-sufficient skill, she bethought herself of a gentleman, whom, amid the medical advice which she had distributed in her family, and among her poorer neighbours, she had quite contrived to forget, and almost managed to ruin—no less a person than Mr. Gowland, the country apothecary. In short, she at last, to the great joy of Mr. Gowland, gave utterance to the thoughts, if not the words, of Romeo, "I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts he dwells." As would naturally be expected, that functionary, when once allowed to "prescribe, attend, the medicine make and give," became a pretty constant visitor at Carperby Hall.

When spring had fairly set in, and the usual period had arrived for Fanny to pay a visit to a maiden aunt in London, Mr. Gowland was duly consulted by Sir George as to how far his daughter might safely undertake so long a journey, and encounter the dissipation of a London life.

"Why, Sir George," said Mr. Gowland, shaking his head very solemnly, "I confess I hardly know what to say; when we see the languid state, almost amounting to *syncope*, in which I frequently find Miss Fanny in my morning visits, and the low spirits and headache which are apt to supervene in the evening, I should be very cautious in giving my consent, and yet I should have a professional delicacy in forbidding it."

"Come, come, Doctor," said the impatient Sir George, "for Heaven's sake give me, if possible, a straightforward answer one way or the other. Do you think it would do her harm to go to town, or not?"

"Well then, I must say, I think Miss Fanny had better stay quietly here."

And so it was settled. Doctors are so well known to be disinterested, that we are prevented from supposing that Mr. Gowland was in any way

influenced in his decision by the effect which might be produced on his annual income and professional importance, by having a member of the family at the Hall under his hands. We can therefore only regret that he did not know more of the real cause of her indisposition, so as to infer that any meeting which could satisfactorily clear up her doubts as to Morland's feelings towards her would do more for her health than all the artillery which he was directing against her unfortunate cough. *Dans ces sortes de maladies la santé semble être aux ordres de l'âme.*

Sir George and Lady Oldstyle were indeed too happy to follow the advice of Mr. Gowland, and keep their daughter at home with them, as they viewed with a sort of horror the idea of letting her out of their sight, still more of sending her off to London in her precarious state of health. Upon Fanny herself the effect of this decision was, strange to say, for the time, rather salutary than otherwise. She had, no doubt, looked forward to her expedition to town as the period when all her doubts were to be cleared up, and in it were centred all her hopes of a favourable termination to her anxieties. But when once it was settled that she was to stay in Yorkshire, the mere exchange of certainty for the former alternation of hopes and fears, was conducive to the partial re-establishment of her health.

Of the first appearance of convalescence, and abatement of her cough, Sir George took advantage to dismiss Mr. Gowland; being, as he said, "quite happy to shut the door upon that solemn humbug, and all his *doctor's stuff*." Mr. Gowland, indeed, fully came up to Cowper's description of

"The solemn sop, significant and budge,
A fool with judges, among fools a judge;"

and as Sir George's mother-wit made him rather belong to the class of judges, it was easily to be foreseen in what way he would estimate Mr. Gowland.

As the season advanced, Fanny was glad to find that Captain Morland's name rarely or never appeared as frequenting the gay balls and parties which were now nightly occurring, although the accounts of the interesting Parliamentary debates very frequently contained an eloquent speech from the young member, whose voice and manner she could bring most completely before her. These debates she read to Sir George as formerly, with the greatest regularity, and when she came to a speech of Captain Morland's, her voice recovered all its wonted animation, and her tones their ancient spirit. Indeed it is supposed to be about this time, and chiefly at Miss Oldstyle's suggestion, that the three-days-a-week paper, which had answered their purpose for so many years, was exchanged for a daily one. This, when it appeared, as it sometimes did, in its double sheet, furnished Sir George, in one day, with almost as much food as had formerly lasted him a week. It seemed tacitly agreed in the family that the name of Captain Morland should not be mentioned, except when it occurred in the newspapers, though each would have been puzzled to advance any reason for their silence about him. Sir George, indeed, did on one occasion, when allusion was made to some opinion which had been advanced by him in the debate, add, "Ah! *that* Captain Morland; I'm afraid he's only one of your fine gentlemen, after all. He has never thought of coming to visit us, you see, though he talked so much about it."

"My dear Papa," said Fanny, timidly, "how could he do so at this season?"

"Ah, no!" said Sir George, "he don't think of his sketching while all the balls are going on."

"No, I did not mean that," said Fanny, "for we never see his name at balls," (she forgot that her father did not, as she was in the habit of doing, examine the lists to ascertain that fact,) "I mean from his being in Parliament. He is always presenting petitions or making speeches."

"Ah, yes," said Sir George, laughing, "I know he's a good hand at making speeches; and as to petitions, there was one petition I thought he *would* have presented, but no matter——"

And here he stopped, from seeing the state of distress and confusion into which he had put poor Fanny, who soon after left the room. Alas! Sir George quite forgot, as many a *brusque* but well-meaning person has done before him, that in abusing one who has inflicted an injury, in the presence of the party injured, he is brandishing a two-edged sword which often inflicts a wound where he least intends it.

During the sultry weather which August brings with it, Fanny passed a great part of her time out of doors. She was not strong enough for any long walk or distant expedition. She generally therefore betook herself soon after breakfast to a seat under a wide-spreading beech-tree, in their old-fashioned garden. Here, from within its quiet shade, she could, when she raised her eyes from her book, extend her view to the distant hills, whence came the cooling breezes which played about her, or confine it to the gaudy garden which displayed its variegated colours within a few yards of her in that glowing sunshine from the effects of which she was sheltered.

At this seat she bestowed most of her idle moments, and here were Sir George and Lady Oldstyle accustomed to seek her, to partake of the same enjoyment; here, too, was the family party frequently assembled to take their coffee after their early dinner.

On the morning of the last day of August, Fanny was roused from her book, while seated under her favourite tree, by the approach of Sir George.

"A letter by the cross post, my dear Fanny," he began, "and an invitation."

"For you, Papa?"

"Ay, and for you, too, my dear; indeed, for all of us; but your mother does not wish to go."

"Nor I, I am sure, Papa. I need not go, need I?"

"Hear what it is, first, my little Fanny. It is to the musical festival at York."

"At York!" she exclaimed; "I would not go there for the world."

"The invitation," continued her father, "is from Lord Morland to go to Morland Castle."

"Oh, you will refuse it! We need not go there, dear Papa, need we?" insisted poor Fanny, who felt with all a woman's delicacy that if they were to meet, it was *Morland* who ought to seek *her*; and who could not bear the idea of crossing half Yorkshire to present herself before him in his own home.

"Hear the letter first, my own Fanny, and then you shall decide freely, and for your ownself; I have no doubt you will determine for the best,

and I am sure I only wish to please you," said the kind father, as, first giving her a kiss, he drew from his pocket the letter. "It is rather what I should call a diplomatic letter," said he, as he unfolded it; "but he was always a bit of a diplomatist." And he read as follows:—

"Dear Oldstyle,—I am ashamed to think that it is so long since we have met or corresponded, that you will be almost surprised to get a letter signed by your old friend Morland. It is, however, all owing to your shutting yourself up in that remote corner of Yorkshire, from which I now wish, if possible, to draw you. You know that the musical festival at York takes place this year, and I mean to have a gay party in my house. My son William, who has just got away from his parliamentary duties, will not stay here for it, because he says he is engaged at that particular time to repeat his visit at Carperby Hall, and I cannot persuade him to put that off till later. Will you, my dear Oldstyle, let me amend this arrangement, by getting you and your family to come and pay us a visit during the festival. I remember, of old, how fond you are of Handel; and I can promise you a great treat, while I can, at the same time, assure you that no music will be a greater treat to me than the sound of an old friend's voice.

"Believe me yours, very truly,

"MORLAND.

"P.S. As we hope you will kindly agree to come, William begs me to enclose this list of the stages on your route, which, he says, he knows you like to have made out beforehand. As we do not dine till half-past seven, though our hour is seven, you will find it an easy day's journey."

Sir George said not a word after he had finished the letter, as he wished to leave his daughter to her own decision. Fanny was silent for a minute. She found, however, on consideration, that to refuse would be merely to insist on Morland's coming over to see *them*; and because she felt that *that* was what she should prefer, she, strange to say, for that very reason decided on the other course, and with a doubting mind, and in a reluctant spirit, gave her consent to accepting the invitation. She could not but acknowledge, with an inward pleasure, that Captain Morland had shown no symptoms of forgetting them, or of being indifferent to the pleasure of seeing her again.

"Well, I am glad you have so decided," said Sir George; "I think it would have looked like affectation or *huffiness* to refuse; and the letter is a good letter after all, though the music of my voice is a bit of humbug. To be sure, it is a long while since he has heard it."

"Let me look at the list of stages," said Fanny to her father. She would not have confessed even to herself that this was from a desire to look upon the well-known characters of the writer.

"Yes," said Sir George, as he gave it to her, "it was very kind of the Captain to think of that. I must own I do like to have a plan of my route made out. He has marked all the best inns, too. I dare say it's very correct, but, for all that, I shall just compare it with Patterson and Carey; there's nothing like doing a thing for one's self."

"It is only fifty-five miles," said Fanny, returning it to him; "it certainly is not a very formidable day's journey."

"No, indeed," said Sir George, "one might go half over England before a half-past seven o'clock dinner, provided one laid in a good stock of

luncheon. The only thing I don't like is his saying that the dinner hour is seven, though they dine at half-past. It seems to show the character of the place. There is no such slavery as want of punctuality in a house."

They now went in-doors; Sir George to write his answer, and Miss Morland to give orders about such preparations for their visit as might be necessary, as it had been settled that they should arrive at Morland Castle a day or two before the commencement of the festival.

It were useless to give a history of the feelings which filled Fanny's mind during the period that intervened before leaving home. They most likely consisted, as is generally the case on such occasions, of anticipations of circumstances that never occurred, and resolutions as to her conduct in events that were not destined to arise.

On the day settled for their arrival, they had, at a very early hour of the afternoon (such had been the regularity with which Sir George had ordered everything as to their setting out and progress), arrived within a stage of Morland Castle. Here they found Lord Morland's horses waiting for them, the coachman saying that, as there were several cross roads, and as his Lordship wished them to arrive by a particular approach, he had thought it best to send his horses, adding, "that they had been there some hours, as the Captain had given them particular orders to be in good time."

There are little attentions which, though unimportant in themselves, have a surprising effect in conciliating and giving pleasure to those on whom they are bestowed; and this little circumstance, this speeding the *coming* guest, was the means of putting Sir George in the highest good humour. To Fanny also, who was afraid of their arriving earlier than they were expected, this was a relief from any such fears, and also a proof that their visit was not looked to as that of ordinary guests.

Notwithstanding all this, they certainly did drive up to the gates earlier than Lord Morland had reckoned on; the consequence was, that though he had fully intended to be there to receive them, he was out driving with some other guests.

William Morland, however, had long before taken his post at the library windows, which commanded a view of the approach, determined not to be outdone in hospitality by his old-fashioned host of the year before, or perhaps urged by some other, but to him equally pressing motives. He was therefore ready at the portico to welcome them on their arrival. Sir George returned his hearty shake of the hand most warmly, and Fanny, who was the most natural creature in everything, showed all the pleasure which she really felt in meeting him again. She could not think this a proper moment to practise the reserve of manner to which she had schooled herself, and indeed his delight was too evident, and too warmly expressed not to be catching.

The party were not sorry to have a little time together before the arrival of the other guests, though all proper apologies for his father's absence were offered in due form by Captain Morland, and very readily accepted by Sir George. They had, however, in the first moment of meeting, so many mutual inquiries to make, and so many mutual recollections to recall, all referring to the time spent together at Carperby Hall, that the hour which intervened before the return of the driving party passed very quickly.

Captain Morland could not help remarking the alteration which had taken place in Miss Oldstyle's appearance. Her health seemed to him, who had not seen the gradual changes it had undergone, to have suffered much. The beauty of countenance, indeed, which had originally attracted his attention in London, and afterwards delighted him so much in the country, was not at all diminished, but had, on the contrary, gained additional character, not only from the change which a year makes at that age in a young lady's appearance, but *even* from the delicate state of health in which he saw her.

She appeared at this moment even more *abattue* than usual, partly from the fatigue of the journey, which was a greater exertion than she had lately ventured to encounter, and partly from the languor which naturally succeeded to the excitement of their meeting. Under these circumstances, Captain Morland, as soon as he saw the large party of guests returning from their drive, was disinterested enough to suggest to Miss Oldstyle the retiring to her room to rest till dinner-time. Fanny rewarded him with a look of thanks; and by the time the voices of the party were heard in the hall, was safe in the quiet retreat of her own chamber.

She now renewed to herself all the resolutions as to reserve in her manner towards William, which she had formed before leaving home—resolutions entered into, from a consciousness that the affection she had felt for him had exceeded any which he had manifested, at least by word or action, for her. In pursuance of this, she, when they went into dinner, contrived to occupy a seat as far as possible from that which she would willingly have enjoyed near William. He had to officiate as carver at the bottom of the table, and she seated herself near his father, not far from the top of the room.

Lord Morland, with whom she now for the first time made acquaintance, was in reality a contemporary of Sir George's, as they had been at college together; however, by the assistance of a skilful toilette, a brown wig, a black neckcloth, and the most gorgeous of waistcoats, he almost contrived "to set his name down in the scrolls of youth." He was, as Sir George had hinted, a little diplomatic in his style of conversation, and rather pompous in his periods; notwithstanding all this, as he was good-natured, and always very attentive to young ladies, they generally considered that their noble host himself had no small share in the repute which Morland Castle enjoyed as an agreeable house to visit.

Lord Morland was quite delighted with Fanny, who, partly from the interest she felt in him as William's father, and partly from her natural sense of politeness to her host, had given him much more of her attention than any merits in his conversation would have procured for him. The evening, upon the whole, passed pleasantly, excepting to Fanny, who was a good deal under constraint, and to William, who, from various causes, (and for the first evening he considered them to be merely accidental ones.) found he never could get near Fanny, so as to have a *quiet talk* with her.

The next morning, Sir George, having ascertained that the breakfast hour was ten, opened the door of the room appropriated to that meal, as the tower-clock struck the appointed hour. He found here merely the footman engaged in some interchange of facetious dialogue with the housemaid, who was about to make her exit with a scuttle full of ashes,

while the sticks in the newly-lighted fire were spitting and hissing defiance at the unexpected intruder.

The cloth had just been laid for breakfast, and on the side-table was ranged a display of tea-cups and coffee-cups, which would have done honour to a china-shop.

"Hollo!" said Sir George; "what, breakfast not ready yet?"

"No, Sir George," cried the servant; "would you like to have yours got?"

"No, I don't want to breakfast by myself; I'll wait till the rest come down. What is the regular breakfast hour?"

"There is no regular hour, Sir George; some will be down in about half an hour, and some not till eleven or twelve."

Sir George gave a look of horror, and a sort of groan. "Well, well, I will wait at least till a few more come."

His daughter now appeared, true to her home habits of punctuality. As he knew that in her weak state of health, it would be better for her not to wait, he rang, and ordered their breakfast in the true spirit of what appeared to him the somewhat too independent customs of the house. This had hardly been done, when Captain Morland, who suspected what was likely to occur, and who was naturally early in his habits, made his appearance.

"Ah, my young friend," said Sir George, "I am glad to see you; I declare it is quite the Carperby party over again: so now I don't care if nobody else comes down. Let's to breakfast; Fanny will make tea for us."

"Oh, we shan't trouble Miss Oldstyle with that," said William, "the housekeeper will be here in a minute for that purpose."

"The housekeeper! will she!" said Sir George, in a tone of surprise; "well, I suppose that is one of your new fashions, but I must say I think that tea tastes all the better for being made by the fair hand of a lady, and it certainly does not improve conversation to have a gossiping old housekeeper. But you'll excuse me, I hope, Captain, I'm forgetting that I am not at home."

"My dear Sir George, I hope there will be nothing to remind you of that fact; and, perhaps, as we are so small a party, Miss Oldstyle would be so good as to undertake the tea-making. It no doubt would be a hundred times pleasanter not to have the old housekeeper here," added William, certainly saying no more than he felt.

They all enjoyed most completely their snug little party; but Fanny, who was not the one that by any means enjoyed it the least, felt that this arrangement for the mornings was not at all in accordance with her preconceived resolutions; she therefore contrived, on the subsequent mornings, under the plea of delicate health, to come down more at the hour when the rest of the company would be assembled.

All this could not, of course, escape the observation of William Morland, nor could he any longer ascribe it merely to chance that he never found himself seated next to Miss Oldstyle at dinner, notwithstanding all his efforts solely directed to that purpose. Once, indeed, he contrived to *outmanœuvre* all her *manœuvres*, by taking upon himself the arrangement of the guests at his end of the table, and thus secured Miss Oldstyle as his neighbour. Upon that occasion Fanny, in accordance with her natural character, which abhorred anything like affectation or acting, talked with him, and appeared to enjoy his conversation as in former times; but on the next evening she made her

way to the upper end of the table so decidedly, that poor William gave up that point in despair.

The fact was, Fanny was ignorant of an occurrence in the Morland family which might have afforded the key to many of the difficulties she felt in judging of William's conduct. Within a very short time after his departure from Carperby Hall the year before, intelligence had been received of the death of his elder brother at Lausanne. Hence arose the absence of Captain Morland's name from all the balls and parties of the season; hence his father's anxiety to keep him at home for the Yorkshire party assembled at his house; hence the removal of all William's scruples about paying his addresses to the heiress of Carperby Hall; and hence the increased warmth of his manner, which she thought it her duty to discourage. She was aware of no reason why his attentions should now *mean* more than had before been the case; and she knew by experience, that the pleasure which, during the period of her visit at Morland Castle they would no doubt afford her, would be purchased at the expense of much after misery.

The day had now arrived for the first performance at the Minster, and even in the arrangements for going there, Captain Morland remarked with much pain, that Fanny, by expressing a wish to go in the same carriage with his sister, managed to avoid the one to which he belonged. On the first day, was a miscellaneous concert, and Fanny, though much fatigued on her return, did not appear to have suffered from the exertion. The next day, however, when the whole of the Messiah was given, the effect of the *ensemble* of the music, combined with the grandeur of the scene in which it was given, was too much for her now easily excited nerves. Even so early in the performance as the grand chorus, "The government shall be upon His shoulders," the swelling notes of the pealing organ, the united voices of the double chorus, and the magnificent orchestra, were insufficient to prevent William Morland's remarking the increased agitation which Fanny was in vain endeavouring to hide. When at length all these were combined with increased effect for the latter part of that grand chorus, she could control herself no longer, and burst into tears.

Luckily she was seated next to Miss Morland, and as William was by her side in a moment, she was led by them with as little fuss as possible out of the building. This was no time for considering matters of arrangement; in the first carriage, therefore, that could be got ready, they, together with Sir George, returned to Morland Castle. This was no time for considering conduct, or weighing expressions; William, therefore, expressed no less warmly than sincerely his anxieties, his fears, his hopes about her health, and was rewarded by a look of gratitude from Fanny, who when they reached the castle was conveyed to her room by Miss Morland. William saw nothing more of her that day.

Sir George announced next morning at breakfast that his daughter was better, but did not feel equal to going to the Minster that day, though she was so far recovered as to insist on his not staying at home on her account. At the moment the party were assembled in the Hall preparatory to setting out for York, it was announced that Captain Morland, preferring to go on horseback, had already set out by himself. After Sir George had remarked, "that he was an unsociable fellow not to have mentioned it, as he would have gone with him if he had known it," they all set off without further comment.

When the house was quite clear of the party, Fanny descended from her room into the library, her favourite retreat. She had not been there long when the door opened, and Captain Morland entered.

"Captain Morland!" she exclaimed, with much surprise, "You here! I thought you were gone to York long ago."

"I had set out, but without any intention of proceeding thither; I could not have enjoyed such a scene while you were an invalid in my father's house."

"Ah, I am better to-day, thank you; almost well;" and taking up her book, she rose to leave the room.

"Stay, one moment, I entreat you, Miss Oldstyle; I have much to say to you, and can no longer delay it."

She coloured, doubted a moment, and then resumed her seat. *What* it was he said was never known, nor (a far more important matter,) *what she* said; but that their interview was satisfactory would have been inferred by any tolerable judge of countenances who saw them at the moment the returning carriages appeared in the distant avenue.

"*So soon!*" exclaimed Morland. "Surely they cannot be yet returning?"

All that is further known of that day is, that William had a long interview with Sir George as soon as he went up stairs, and that Fanny was most warmly complimented by Miss Morland when she came in, on the improvement which one day of "complete rest" seemed to have made in her health. Notwithstanding this improvement, she confined herself to Miss Morland's sitting-room for the rest of the evening, where the only visitors admitted, besides her father, were Lord Morland and his happy son. As the party was to break up the next day, it was communicated to a select few only, that Miss Fanny Oldstyle was shortly to become Mrs. Morland.

Not many weeks after this, Carperby Hall looked gayer than ever, though the garden had been stripped of its boasted flowers to form the wreaths, and festoons, and garlands, which had been prepared for the wedding-day. Old John Dale was of course asked up to the hall on such an occasion, and while he boasted of having foreseen all along "that t' Captain would marry t' young leydy," he little thought how much *he*, plain John Dale, had been instrumental in delaying the accomplishment of his own predictions.

Time and space would not serve me, gentle reader, else I would tell thee, how, on the day of the wedding, Lady Oldstyle busied herself in the preparations, till she could think of little else; how Sir George laughed till he cried, and then cried till he laughed; how the vicar, Doctor Dawkins, boasted that he had given his fair pupil checkmate and stalemate, and now he was going to give her the best mate of all; how John Dale talked Yorkshire and shook hands with every body; and how the poor, both young and old, showered blessings on the happy pair; all this "thou shouldest have heard, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to the grave."

It is, however, quite unnecessary to enter into any such particulars to convince the experienced reader, that a wedding conducted in the manner and celebrated with the festivities of "old times," is the most pleasing scene in a country-house which modern times can afford.

THE ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.

No. I.—THE PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THOU ! whose impassion'd face
 The Painter loves to trace,
 Theme of the Sculptor's art and Poet's story—
 How many a wand'ring thought
 Thy loveliness hath brought,
 Warming the heart with its imagined glory !
 Yet, was it History's truth,
 That tale of wasted youth,
 Of endless grief, and Love forsaken pining ?
 What wert thou, thou whose woe
 The old traditions show
 With Fame's cold light around thee vainly shining ?
 Didst thou indeed sit there
 In languid lone despair—
 Thy harp neglected by thee idly lying—
 Thy soft and earnest gaze
 Watching the lingering rays
 In the far west, where summer-day was dying—
 While with low rustling wings,
 Among the quivering strings
 The murmuring breeze faint melody was making,
 As though it woo'd thy hand
 To strike with new command,
 Or mourn'd with thee because thy heart was breaking ?
 Didst thou, as day by day
 Roll'd heavily away,
 And left thee anxious, nerveless, and dejected,
 Wandering thro' bowers beloved—
 Roving where *he* had roved—
 Yearn for his presence, as for one expected ?
 Didst thou, with fond wild eyes
 Fix'd on the starry skies,
 Wait feverishly for each new day to waken—
 Trusting some glorious morn
 Might witness his return,
 Unwilling to believe thyself forsaken ?
 And when conviction came,
 Chilling that heart of flame,
 Didst thou—oh ! saddest of earth's grieving daughters—
 From the Leucadian steep
 Dash, with a desperate leap,
 And hide thyself within the whelming waters ?
 Yea, in their hollow breast
 Thy heart at length found rest !
 The ever-moving waves above thee closing—
 The winds, whose ruffling sigh
 Swept the blue waters by,
 Disturb'd thee not !—thou wert in peace reposing !

Such is the tale they tell !
 Vain was thy beauty's spell—
 Vain all the praise thy song could still inspire—
 Though many a happy band
 Rung with less skilful hand
 The borrowed love-notes of thy echoing lyre.
 FAME, to thy breaking heart
 No comfort could impart,
 In vain thy brow the laurel wreath was wearing ;
 One grief and one alone
 Could bow thy bright head down—
 Thou wert a WOMAN, and wert left despairing !

A TIGER HUNT ON THE NEILGHERRY HILLS.*

BY AN OLD FOREST RANGER.

WE left our Neilgherry friends asleep, and Master Charles engaged in such very pleasant dreams that it appears almost cruel to disturb him.

But day-light begins to dapple the eastern sky, the jungle-cocks are crowing, and old Ishmail, who has been kept awake all night by the pain of his wounded shoulder, is so clamorous for revenge, that, for peace sake, we must rouse them to prosecute our feud with the tiger.

"Sound the *réveille*, then, you tiresome old pagan, and let's to it with a will."

But whilst our worthy friend Lorimer is rubbing his eyes, and damning the bugle, as he no doubt will do most heartily, we may as well mention the arrangements which he and Mansfield had made the night before, whilst Charles was so well employed in flirting with his pretty cousin. Of course the first thing to be done was to attack the tiger. But as they expected to make short work of him, and as many of the hounds, which were wounded, would not be ready for work for some days, it was settled that, as soon as the tiger was disposed of, Mansfield and Charles should mount their horses, and ride off to a famous spot in the great jungle, about twenty miles from the foot of the hills, where bison, deer, and wild elephants abounded ; and where they might amuse themselves for a few days till Ishmail and his dogs were sufficiently recovered to take the field again. Agreeably to this arrangement, tents and camp-equipage had been sent on, during the night, to be ready for their reception ; and Charles, although he sighed at the idea of parting from his beloved Kate for three, perhaps four long days, looked forward with no small degree of interest to the prospect of opening his first campaign in the forest, under the auspices of so famous a sportsman as Mansfield.

"What the devil brings you here !" exclaimed old Lorimer, as Ishmail, armed to the teeth, advanced to hold the stirrup whilst he mounted his horse ; "I thought Dr. Macphee had ordered you to keep your bed."

"He did so, *sahib* ; but I could not rest. There is blood between that tiger and me, and my wounds will not heal till I have been revenged on him. With the permission of your highness, I must have a hand in his death."

* Continued from p. 52, No. cxvii.

"Well, well, so be it, you blood-thirsty old savage, and much good may it do you. But is all prepared—have plenty of fireworks been sent to the ground—and has the ravine been watched during the night?"

"The slaves of your highness never sleep, *sahib*. Our best scouts have been on the watch ever since sunset yesterday; a mouse could not pass them unobserved; and I myself have seen that there are plenty of fireworks prepared. By the holy Prophet, it shall not be for want of fire if he beats us this time."

"Good!—Then mount and follow us."

The sun was just peeping over the hill-tops as our party came in sight of the ravine, where they had left the tiger the evening before. Under the shelter of a large tree, a group of natives, who had been relieved from their cheerless watch, sat enveloped in their dark *cumpleys*, couching round the embers of a wood fire, and shivering with cold, as they handed from one to another the sociable *kallioom*, the never-failing comfort, and almost only luxury of the temperate Hindoo.

"These poor fellows have had a cold night's work," remarked old Lorimer, as the natives arose to salute him; "but never mind, we shall soon find employment for them, that will warm their blood, else I'm mistaken. Here, Ayapah, what news of the tiger? Have you marked him in?"

"*Ho, sahib*;"* replied Ayapah, bringing the palms of his hands together, and raising them to his forehead, as in the attitude of prayer. "The tiger awaits your highness's pleasure."

"Where is he? In this ravine?"

"No, *sahib*. He killed a bullock last night, and is now lying in a small ravine close to the *Todah Mund*."

"All the better; we shall have less trouble in driving him out. Ayapah, show us the way."

Ayapah shook the dew from his *cumpley*, drew his *cumberbund* more tightly round his loins, thrust a long hunting-knife into his belt, and, grasping his matchlock, led the way down a rocky path which crossed the large ravine, in the direction of the *Todah Mund*.

"Are not these a fine race of men," remarked Mansfield, as they approached the village, pointing to a group of *Todahs* who were lounging about with the bold careless air of independent mountaineers.

"How different is their manner from that of the effeminate Hindoos. You see they are perfectly respectful, and salute us with a gentle inclination of the head; but there is nothing cringing or timid in their mode of doing so. They are too dignified even to evince curiosity, which they consider womanish, and appear to be almost unconscious of our presence. Look at that fine venerable old patriarch leaning against his hut, which appears hardly large enough to contain him; his high and strongly-marked features bear the native stamp of dignity, whilst his finely-formed head, covered with a profusion of short curling hair, and the lower part of his face almost concealed by his enormous whiskers and long flowing beard, might serve as models for a bust of Hercules."

"They are indeed a noble race of people," replied Charles, "and not only their appearance, but their dress is perfectly classical. That single web of coarse cloth, thrown around them in graceful folds, is exactly the Roman toga."

* Yes, Sir.

"And here comes a Roman matron," added Mansfield, pointing to a very handsome Todah woman, who approached them, followed by a laughing group of naked children. She was dressed in a web of cloth similar to that worn by the men, but arranged so as to conceal more of the person. Her complexion was not much darker than that of an Italian, and her skin so transparent that the blue veins could be distinctly traced under it. Her long silky hair, the arrangement of which had evidently cost her some little trouble, hung in flowing ringlets over her shoulders, and her only ornaments were some heavy bracelets formed of brass. Her easy, natural, yet graceful carriage was that of a true child of nature; ignorant of crime, and happy in her ignorance; whilst her clear hazel eye, beaming with confidence and innocent simplicity, formed a striking contrast to the dark rolling voluptuous orbs of the more coy beauties of the plain. She displayed none of the haughty reserve so remarkable in the men; but coming up to the party, with a smiling air, began, like a true daughter of Eve, to talk with great energy, laughing and gesticulating all the time, and appearing perfectly satisfied with herself; although it was evident, from the manner of her hearers, that they did not understand a single word she said.

"Who would have supposed that this pretty young creature is the wife of ten or a dozen husbands," remarked Mansfield.

"The wife of a dozen husbands!" exclaimed Charles in astonishment. "Why, Mansfield, you are laughing at me. A plurality of wives is bad enough, but who ever heard of a plurality of husbands! The thing is impossible."

"Both possible and true," replied Mansfield, "all these men, whom you see lounging about, are her husbands. The law of the Todahs allows but one wife to the inhabitants of each village, and, till within the last few years, a still more barbarous custom existed amongst them, that of destroying all the female children, except one, which was reared to supply the place of the mother. I am happy to say, however, that Government have succeeded in putting a stop to this horrible system of infanticide. You may remark that there are now as many female as male children, and as these grow up, the plurality of husbands will no doubt gradually fall into disuse."

"Now then, lads," exclaimed old Lorimer, bustling up with his heavy rifle across his shoulder, "let's to work, and see who'll win the tiger-skin. Bones of my ancestors, boys, I never saw so pretty a place to kill a tiger, in all my life; but come and see—I think I have arranged it so that he can hardly slip through our fingers."

The place, into which the tiger had been marked, was a small ravine at the back of the village; the tangled brushwood, which grew out of the sides, meeting over it, in the form of an arch, so as to exclude the rays of the sun even at mid-day. A few large trees grew along the banks, perched upon which the sportsmen might defy the rage of their formidable enemy; and the ground, for several hundred yards on each side, was open and free from brushwood, so that the tiger could not possibly break cover without exposing himself to a murderous fire.

"Now, then, gentlemen, we have no time to lose," cried Lorimer, "you must each climb into one of these trees: Ishmail and his gang will scour the ravine with rockets, and the moment the tiger is afoot you will be good enough to give the alarm, that the beaters may fall back to the shelter of the village. As to you, Father Long-legs," addressing the

doctor, "I beg that you will keep your eyes open, and try for once to shoot like a gentleman. By the beard of the Prophet, if you allow the tiger to pass you, as you did the deer yesterday, I shall be tempted to send you a messenger from old 'Kill-devil,' that will make you jump off your perch like an electrified frog."

"Hoot toot! Maister Lorimer, but your awfu' raised like this mornin'," replied the doctor, grinning like an ogre; "I'm thinkin ye'r turnin daft on our hands a' thegether. To speak o' knockin a dacent man aff the top o' a tree like a hoody-craw!—Shootin an M. D. wi' as little ceremony as if he were a muckle black ape!—O'd, sir, you'r no canny—you'r waur than the tigre himsell!—I'll just specl up, and be out o' your reach, afore the deevil gets the upper hand o' you."

So saying, the doctor sprang to the nearest tree, into which he climbed with wonderful agility; and having perched himself, astride, on a comfortable branch, sat dangling his long legs, and grinning defiance like an overgrown baboon. The rest of the party followed his example, and were soon perched on the various trees which skirted the ravine. Old Lorimer alone remained on foot, being too unwieldy to attempt such feats of agility.

"What do you intend to do, sir?" inquired Mansfield, hailing him from a tree; "you are not going to remain on foot, are you?"

"Not exactly on foot," replied Lorimer, "I intend to sit on that bush;" pointing to one, on a little rising ground about two hundred yards from the ravine. "I shall look on, and if you all miss the tiger, I shall be ready to *ripe your eye*—so mind your hits."

"You don't mean to say you will trust yourself on that bush!" exclaimed Mansfield in astonishment. "Why, it is not three feet from the ground—and if the tiger charges, you are perfectly at his mercy."

"It is not exactly the most desirable seat in the world," replied the old gentleman, laughing; "but it is better than nothing. The tiger is less likely to charge me there, than if I were on foot. And supposing he does come at me, I must just trust to Providence and old 'Kill-devil,' as I have often done before. Here, Ishmail, just throw a *cumblay* over it, to keep out the thorns, and help me to get up. So, so!—that's very comfortable—now then, my rifle, and then to work. Don't spare the rockets—singe his whiskers for him, the blackguard."

Ishmail grinned a fiendish smile as he moved off to obey his orders.

The bush which Lorimer had selected for his seat was one of those thorny shrubs which, growing in round isolated masses, become so densely matted and interwoven together as to afford an excellent seat, which, when covered by a thick blanket, to defend one from the thorns, is almost as comfortable as an air cushion. On the top of this sat old Lorimer, much to the amusement of his young companions, with his legs crossed under him and his rifle resting on his knees, looking perfectly happy, and very much like the figure of a Chinese mandarin on a mantel-piece.

Whizz!—crack!—away goes a rocket darting through the tangled brushwood in a zigzag course, like a fiery serpent.

It is answered by a tremendous roar which makes the earth tremble.

Hurra! a whole volley of rockets sweep the ravine, like a storm of fire. Now then he must show himself—nothing but a salamander can stand this. Every rifle is cocked, and every eye strained to catch a glimpse of the skulking-savage.

"Look out! he is afoot!" shouted Mansfield, as a low growl and a rustling in the bottom of the ravine announced that the tiger was at hand. "Be ready for a start, Ishmail, and see that all the beaters make a dash for the village the moment he shows himself."

Again all was hushed in breathless silence, but no tiger appeared.

"Confound the skulking brute," roared old Lorimer, *halching* about on the top of his bush in an agony of impatience. "Blaze away, Ishmail, give him more fire, man; blow the cowardly beast to the devil!"

Again a shower of rockets swept the ravine from end to end. Again the beaters rent the air with their shouts, but still no tiger. Ishmail actually foamed with rage, and Mansfield, unable longer to restrain his impatience, sprang from the tree. "I see how it is," cried he, snorting like a war-horse. "He has got into a cave again, as these rascally hill tigers always do, when they can. But though it be deep as hell and dark as Erebus, I'll have him out. Here, my hearties, lend a hand to cut away some of these bushes, that we may see what we are about."

The bushes having been partly cleared away, so as to admit sufficient daylight, Mansfield cautiously descended into the ravine, closely followed by the trusty Ishmail. After a short search they discovered a small rocky cave in the bank of the ravine, the entrance to which was about four feet from the ground.

"He must have taken shelter here," remarked Mansfield, "and if so, it strikes me, I shall be able to manage him. The entrance to the cave being so high above the ground, I can peep in without showing anything but my head; and if I can only catch the glare of his eyes, I think I can plant a ball between them before he has time to make up his mind for a charge."

"It is a dangerous experiment," replied Ishmail, shaking his head, "but your fortune is great, *sahib*; the tigers tremble at your presence; we shall try it."

"Not both of us, Ishmail, you can be of no service to me here; I must attempt it alone. But do you go and withdraw the beaters to a safe distance, and tell the gentlemen to be ready to pour in a volley in case he should charge." Ishmail felt much inclined to grumble at this arrangement, which prevented his sharing in the adventure.

But he well knew that Mansfield's orders were not to be disputed, and accordingly withdrew, muttering prayers, and invoking the aid of the Prophet in his behalf.

Mansfield having removed the caps from his rifle, to ascertain that the powder was well up in the tubes, replaced them with fresh ones, so as to prevent the possibility of his weapon missing fire. He then crept quietly along till he was right under the cave, and raising his head, peeped cautiously into the gloomy recess. At first all was impenetrable darkness, but as his eye became gradually accustomed to the subdued light, he perceived two bright green orbs glaring upon him, from the inmost recess of the cavern. Now then for a steady hand, thought Mansfield, as he slowly raised himself so as to bring his rifle to bear. A low surly growl announced that the tiger was on the alert, and a certain impatient switching of the tail, which invariably precedes a determined charge, did not escape the practised ear of Mansfield.

Full well he knew there was no time to be lost. Quickly but steadily the heavy rifle was raised to his shoulder, his finger was on the trigger

—another instant would have sent a two-ounce ball crashing through the tiger's skull, when a terrific roar burst from the cave—a huge mass of yellow fur shot over his head, as if projected from some powerful engine—the rifle exploded in the air, and our hero found himself sprawling on his back in the bottom of the ravine, and, strange to say, unhurt.*

With one bound the tiger gained the top of the opposite bank, and bursting through the tangled brushwood, started across the open ground at racing speed. A shower of balls saluted him as he made his appearance, but not a single shot took effect.

The only chance now remained with old Lorimer, and every eye was fixed upon him as "*Kill-devil*" was slowly raised, and the sight brought to bear upon the tiger.

"Noo then," exclaimed the Doctor, twisting his features into the most extraordinary contortions, and wriggling about on his perch in a perfect ecstasy of excitement. "Noo then, Maister Lorimer, noo, sir, for the love o'goodness haud straight. Od's my life, if you miss him noo, we'll never see mair of him. O! man, tak a good vizzly; O! sir—hurra!—he's deed—he's deed,"—shouted the doctor, almost screaming with delight, as "*Kill-devil*" poured forth its deadly contents, and the wounded tiger, uttering a shrill roar, bounded high into the air. But this triumphant shout was changed to a groan of horror as the enraged brute turned from his course, and dashed with terrific bounds towards the bush on which Lorimer was seated.

Again his rifle was raised with the coolness of despair—again the report was answered by a short angry roar, announcing that the ball had taken effect, but the tiger only dashed forward with increased speed: Nothing now can save him—every rifle has been discharged—three bounds more, and poor old Lorimer is a mangled corse. The tiger has gathered himself together for the last spring—Charles can bear it no longer, but burying his face in his hands, groans aloud. Ha! he's down—it's all over—No!—hark to that shot—'tis Mansfield's rifle—the ragged bullet whistles through the air, and the tiger, rearing up to his full height, falls back gasping in the last agonies.†

A simultaneous shout of triumph burst from the assembled multitude as Mansfield stepped from the ravine, and dropping the butt-end of his rifle to the ground, drew a long breath like one who has just had a heavy load of anxiety removed from his mind.

"My blessing on you, for a trusty companion," murmured he, regarding his favourite weapon with a look of affection, as if it had been a living creature—"You have stood my friend in many a hard pinch, but never before did you put forth your beauties in so good a cause. There was life and death on that shot—I had but one barrel left, and had I failed—it makes me shudder to think what that poor old man would now have been."

The moment it was ascertained that the tiger was fairly unable to rise,

* This extraordinary escape from a tiger actually occurred about five years ago at Dharwar, and will, no doubt, be remembered by those who were stationed there at the time.

† This adventure also happened to a particular friend of the writer, exactly as it is related, with this exception, that the tiger after being twice hit in the charge, fell dead from loss of blood when in the act of making his last spring.

the beaters and villagers rushed down in a body to glut their eyes with the dying struggles of their vanquished foe, and many were the curses and maledictions showered upon the expiring tyrant, as he lay, terrible even in death, still glaring fiercely on his tormentors, and making feeble attempts to growl, whilst the frothy blood bubbled in his throat and choked his dying sobs.

"God bless you, my boy," exclaimed old Lorimer, grasping Mansfield's hand in both of his, and squeezing it hard; whilst the tear of gratitude dimmed his eyes. "I have not words to thank you as I could wish, but I feel it—I feel it in the bottom of my heart, and my poor dear motherless child will bless you, and pray for you, whilst she lives, for having saved her old father from a cruel death."

Mansfield blushed like a bashful maiden at hearing the praises which were lavished upon him on all sides, and turned away to hide his confusion, whilst he busied himself, with more than usual care, in reloading his rifle.

"Poo! poo! nonsense," cried he at last, "what a fuss you all make about knocking over a tiger. Why it was not much of a shot, after all, although it happened to be put in at a lucky moment; any one of you might have done the same had your rifles been loaded."

"I'm no' just so sure o' that," remarked the Doctor, with a *pawky* leer; "there are some of us no' just that good at the lang ranges, and you was a deevle of a long range. But be the shot good, or be it bad, it saved the life o' the best friend I hae on earth, although he did threaten, no' half an hour ago, to ding me aff the tree like a pyat; and for that same I shall hae a respect for you, and your rifle gun, and your lang ranges, till my deein day—so gie's your hand, my trusty friend, and my blessing go wi' you."

In the mean time Ishmail, who had dispatched the tiger by firing a matchlock into his head, was busily employed, with a lighted match, in singeing off his whiskers.

"How do you like that, you sulky-looking old *bantchoat*," muttered Ishmail, as he squatted in front of the dead tiger, singeing away with great industry. "You little thought, half an hour ago, that you should have me for a barber; but I've got you by the beard now, and the devil a bristle shall I leave on your ugly snout. No, no, I had trouble enough with you when alive, and have no fancy to be haunted by your ghost now that you are dead."*

Ishmail having finished the singeing operation to his entire satisfaction, the dead tiger was placed upon a cart drawn by four bullocks, and driven off towards the cantonment, followed by a crowd of natives, blowing horns, beating drums, and shouting forth the praises of the victor.

Mansfield, Charles, and the Doctor mounted their nags, to proceed on their expedition to the jungle, and Lorimer, with the rest of the party, cantered home to announce their victory.

KOONDAH.

* The natives of India have a superstitious belief that unless the whiskers of a tiger are singed off immediately after he is killed, all those who have been accessory to his death will be haunted by his ghost.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

1.

THE Christmas days, the merry days,
 The Christmas days of old,
 Will ne'er return to you or me,
 Though many years unfold.
 Remember, sister, that gay time,
 When all was careless mirth,
 Though other joys we yet may share,
 That *one* has pass'd from earth.

2.

Did not the thought of that bright day
 Each childish cloud remove ?
 Did not each eye upon us beam
 With more than wonted love ?
 And many a gift was then bestow'd,
 And many a hope exprest ;
 Oh, sister, those were happy hours,
 And prized beyond the rest.

3.

The sun shone warmer on that day,
 The air seem'd far more light,
 The robin's carol was more sweet,
 Each blade and twig more bright.
 Remember, sister, to our ear
 How pleasant were the chimes
 That call'd us to the house of prayer
 At this most bless'd of times—

4.

All the long-absent ones were home,
 Young voices raised the song,
 And older friends their age forgot
 Our pleasures to prolong.
 And gaily look'd the stately hall
 Deck'd out with holly bough,
 Oh sister, think upon those days,
 Not *thus* we keep them now.

5.

But few short years have pass'd since then
 Yet childhood now is flown,—
 Our thoughts and feelings all are changed
 And other pleasures known.
 A change, too, has come o'er our lot,
 And alter'd are our ways,—
 Yes, sister, you do well to weep
 O'er bygone Christmas days!

THE MOTHER'S REVENGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH-WAYS AND BYE-WAYS."

THE rose of the village, the lily of the valley, or any other epithet of the same beautiful and modest order, means always the prettiest girl of the hamlet. The title, however, implies the possession of more than one attribute; for there is infinite justice in rural distinctions, and rustic eyes consult honest hearts before they give their suffrages. The "rose" or "lily" must be amiable as well as lovely; and then in the sweet triumph of her simple nature the synonyme holds good.

Agatha Engelmann was the only child of Franz, the richest miller on the banks of the Neckar, and she was in all ways worthy of her pre-eminence over her kind-hearted and unenvious companions. Besides her beauty, she possessed quite as much goodness and far more gracefulness than any of them. Nature is never vulgar. The infant, fresh from her hands, is a model of good taste and elegance. The movements of its little limbs, its delicate fingers, the soft, clear, blue-white of its eyes, their silken lashes, the melting circle of the iris, and the exquisitely fine skin, are all hers. The babe has come into the world upon her credit, and it remains for man to pervert and disfigure it.

Agatha was the most sportive and graceful of village children. Every one admired her, and her parents doated on her. At the age of seven she would climb her native hills, and pass whole days in that mysterious enjoyment of existence known only to children. Who can forget the vague and expansive bliss of childhood? Yet there may be some who have never known it—some whose very entrance into life has had no morning—whose delicate and injured spirits have never risen to a sense of pleasure. Injustice and privations have been the tutelar giants of their nurseries: and many a deep-drawn sigh in after years has told how every fairy tale was spoiled! An unhappy child is, beyond comparison, the most unwholesome of all anomalies; a harsh parent the most odious of moral malformations. Happiness is the main point of education, and indulgence is the chief element of happiness. Yet a certain degree of restraint is absolutely necessary. It sweetens liberty, and is essential in bringing about the very contrivance of new enjoyment.

Perhaps it had been better if our little Agatha had gone earlier to school; for when at length the task of teaching her to read began, it was hard to say whether the village pedagogue or the light-hearted child was most to be pitied. She was little better than a harnessed butterfly; he badly suited to guide her winged movements; and as a matter of course she made little or no progress in either reading or writing: so the grave and somewhat surly-looking master shook his overloaded head, and prophesied that the little maiden would be a dunce.

Many a wiser man than Herr Hormuth of Siegelhausen has been deceived in these matters; for many a precious infant suddenly stands still, and many a dull one as suddenly pushes forward. Adaptation is the secret. Speak at once to the taste and inclination of the child, and you will have an answer. Agatha saw nothing in her alphabet half so pretty as flowers, birds, and sunshine; and she therefore endured the monotonous sledge-hammer of instruction, without once having her attention roused so far as to make her ask what it might mean. In the school-room she was half asleep, and, at all events, dreaming. But as

soon as she felt the freshness of the young grass, while the breath of the new-mown field fanned her innocent face, she was awake to the minutest attractions of nature. The violets could not hide themselves from her; and she carried whole handsful home in her bosom to her mother.

Now, Franz Engelmänn, being a thrifty man, and turning all his possessions to the best account, reserved two rooms of his spacious residence for lodgers; and the notable house-mother of the mill kept them so neat and comfortable that they were seldom tenantless. Those airy apartments looked out upon a delicious landscape, which the Neckar intersected, carrying one's thoughts away with it somewhere beyond the Rhine and its mountain horizon. What a restless and impatient river this Neckar is!—quarrelling with every rock that rises to its surface, and fretting itself to death with useless but most harmonious murmurings! How often have I moralized, as I paced its romantic sides, or marked it from my hill-top elevation, and thought it a fit emblem of the human mind—for ever moving onwards to some great goal, yet irritated by every pebble of a circumstance that impedes its progress! How often did poor Agatha gaze on it in her young womanhood, as if to see the depth of her own sorrows within it!

But I must turn from this lingering contemplation, and tell the effect of sixteen summers on the warm cheek of the miller's daughter.

Is it, however, necessary to describe the petals of the lily or the calix of the rose? Must I say that Agatha's hair was long and silken, her complexion rich, her eyes bright and beaming, with soft dark fringes to lengthen and to shade their twilight rays? Cannot it be imagined, without my telling it, that the homely German jacket could not entirely conceal her sylph-like figure, nor repress its budding symmetry; nor any other equally unbecoming article of peasant dress mar the natural grace of every movement?

Il nous faut un témoin de ce que nous valons, said an old French countess some centuries ago; and I perfectly agree with her. Beauty must reflect itself in a thousand varieties, and ascertain its own image in the minds and hearts of others before it becomes thoroughly conscious of its own existence. We shall see whether the beauty of Agatha Engelmänn was afforded an opportunity of self-appreciation.

It was the *Kirchweich*, or church-consecration, an annual festival in honour of the patron-saint of the village-church; so the diminutive and little-used sanctuary of Schlierbach was dressed up with wreaths and emblems suited to the taste of the rural congregation. The schoolmaster's son and daughter, Karl and Gertrude, the early playmates of Agatha, were intrusted with the arrangement of this display of fanciful piety, subject however to the approval or dissent of a personage of great significance—the parish beadle, bailiff, or principal cocked-hat of the commune. Gertrude implicitly deferred to the decisions of this important functionary; but Karl took the opinion of Agatha on every individual point of decorative taste. But on what possible point of taste, sentiment, or feeling would Karl have dreamed of appealing to any other mortal tribunal? In fact, poor Karl loved Agatha with all the awkward sincerity of country affection, but he never could muster up courage to tell her so. His honest heart panted and heaved with the burthensome secret, but it kept it close; and he watched over the sweet girl with more than a brother's care, anxious to do, and more anxious to antic-

pate her bidding: His sister more than half-guessed the state of his feelings; but, in the natural propriety of her own mind, she forbore any allusion to the subject either to her brother or her friend.

And now the village maidens had put on their white gowns, coloured aprons, and smart handkerchiefs; their gloves also; and their hair was plaited and braided with all imaginable ingenuity; and they each carried in their hands a hymn-book and a folded white pocket-handkerchief. The youths had disfigured themselves as much as possible by trying to look their best; but their hay-making faces more than half-neutralized the overpowering effect of their hideous hats, and the supremely ill-fashioned articles which completed their bodily costume.

I remember having seen the groups of mingled gaiety and gravity passing by, as I stood upon the terrace that overhung my little flower-garden close to my bird's-nest-looking cottage, and feeling rather inquisitive as to the incongruities of thought that were in existence among those below me. Whether religious rites or music and dancing were predominant I cannot venture to determine; but there is in those continental pictures of pleasant piety a close association with innocent pleasures that is extremely touching, and that it would be grievous to separate.

After twelve o'clock, by which expression I mean after dinner, there was to be as much merry-making and waltzing at the mill as a violin, a base, and a flute could set in motion; and I witnessed something of all this from a grassy elevation, to which I insensibly strolled, on the hill-side which formed my pleasure-ground, just above Franz Engelmann's hospitable dwelling. Every one seemed happy: partners were bespoke; and various groups were busy with plans of amusement, for no people, perhaps, have so many as the rural classes of Germany. Many a pair of rustic lovers thought it happiness enough to be together, and agreed upon a walk in the woods as the very best employment of the joyous hours. Many an old couple looked on and smiled, and moralized on the marvellous similitude between the pleasures of the present generation and the past.

As for myself, I could not help sighing over the probable mischances of individual happiness; and I felt assured that the aggregate of unchequered good would fill but little space in after years. But I would not for the world have broken, even if I could, the thread of enjoyment which bound the present to the future. As I gazed and mused, I thought there was one among the party at least as mournful as I was myself disposed to be. The general gaiety of the scene did not seem to inspire Agatha with her usual good spirits. I thought I had never seen her look so serious, or move with so little buoyancy. Why was this? Did she feel herself *alone* in the bright assembly? What had checked the boundings of her young heart? And why did Karl stand aloof, half concealed by the tree against which he was leaning, his arms folded across his breast, and his cap slouched over his eyes?

I resolved to witness, if I could, the explanation of those unpropitious appearances, and this from an interest of a better nature—at least I think so—than mere curiosity. The riddle seemed solved by the following conjecture. Karl had possibly declared his attachment to Agatha, and she had refused to appropriate it to herself. Yes, surely, poor Karl was writhing under the cramp that binds up the strength of the heart—the pang of disappointed love; and Agatha, without being

able to guess the extent of his sufferings, was conscious of having inflicted pain, and she was sorry for it. I gave myself credit for quickness of perception, as I came to this conclusion. But suddenly the whole train of feeling that led to it became confused. The portly miller, in all the plenitude of self-complacency, and carrying a pipe full a yard in length, came forth from his house, accompanied by a person whose whole air and appearance seemed greatly out of keeping with the scene, and whose approach produced a visible agitation in the manner of the two young friends. I then recollected having heard, some days before, and with something like regret, that Franz Engelmann had let his two rooms to a rich student, who was likely to occupy them during the spring and summer. The handsome and flashily dressed young man, therefore, whose appearance had made such a warm welcome glow on Agatha's downy cheeks, and which had banished Karl as instantly from the scene, was Gottfried Wilmar!

He lounged carelessly forward until near the bench where Agatha was sitting, and then threw himself gracefully, as if more by accident than design, at her feet. I started up with undefined anxiety, and an incipient foreknowledge of ill, on seeing this. I could have believed that it was a Upas tree, and not an Acacia, that was bending its playful foliage over the little group. The whole scene lost its charm for me. Like Karl, I left the spot; but not like him, poor fellow, to feed on consuming thoughts, in some depth of shade and solitude that might at once nourish and conceal them.

Unfortunately for Agatha, her weak but loving mother was firm in the belief that her beautiful and only child was born to be a lady; that she would marry above her station in life; and so fulfil all the prophetic day-dreams of maternal ambition, rare in the Germans of any class, but most so among the rural tribes, who feel a pride and dignity of place, quite apart from those degrading yearnings for superior rank, so common to all classes of English society below the very highest, which is alone exempt from the national taint, merely because it can look no higher.

"Is not Agatha the prettiest girl to be seen in all the village round? And does not every one admire her? Who can say what may not happen?"

Thus argued Frau Engelmann with her husband, on the expediency of receiving Herr Wilmar as a lodger; and Franz admitted, in the pride of his heart and in the plain dealing of his understanding, that no one could say what might, or might not, happen. So he took the matter with easy gravity, and the three months' payment in advance for the lodgings in very good part.

Gottfried Wilmar was clever as well as handsome. He was only twenty years of age. But then he was old in the practices of the world, and deep versed in all the subtleties of the school of cold-hearted licentiousness, in which he was entitled to a high degree. Complete master of that language which goes readiest to the heart of an inexperienced girl, his seductive eloquence and well-feigned enthusiasm were in almost every case irresistible. Were they so in this one? We shall see—and, alas! too soon.

Wilmar had many University friendships; for he possessed abundantly those qualities which young men find so attractive in each other.

He sang, played, rode, fenced, and drank—all the first *well*, the last *deeply*. Pre-eminent in his intimacies was his brother-in-law elect, Eberhard Von Heintal. This latter, sharpened by anxiety to secure his wealthy companion for his sister, had not failed to see the possible danger to his friend's pledged allegiance, in the attractions of his host's daughter; and he rallied Gottfried on his sudden resolution of turning hermit in the month of May, and having chosen the mill as his place of refuge. But Gottfried parried those attacks with skilful hypocrisy; and baffled, if he could not remove, the fears which inspired his friend's remonstrances. The hideous clatter of the incessant wheel seemed to have no chance of disturbing his meditations. Study and retirement were Wilmar's decided taste. All Eberhard's expostulations were twisted and untwisted; and at length tied into a hard knot, with one decisive monosyllable. The little word *no* is always able to destroy the best train of argument that ever was invented by reason, interest, or common sense.

And we must now hopelessly resign our gentle Agatha to all the perils of the unequal contest which she entered on, under the treacherous guise of an opening friendship. We must see her young, ardent, and ignorant heart exposed to the besetting sins of vanity and self-love; while the influence of flattering, yet arrogant superiority reigned supreme over her humble and confiding nature. Love in this form is a dictator, a monster, and a tyrant. There is no sweet equality of giving and receiving. It is all *taking*. Many a timid entreaty is suppressed; many an impulse of genuine feeling hushed into a half-breathed sigh. It is all dominion on one side, all fear on the other. There is no reciprocity, and of course no confidence.

I would, but cannot, save poor Agatha! The moral malaria that surrounded her was sure of its victim; and she at last consented to fly with Gottfried to the mountains beyond the Rhine. This was removing to the extreme limits of her world. She must leave her home, her companions, and her parents; and return no more! Poor, delicate, and deluded Agatha! Earth was crumbling beneath her feet; heaven was hiding itself from her. But it was too late to pause. Yes—this last sacrifice must be made. What! though early recollections of happy innocence were whispering to her in mournful voices—though filial affection trained its tendrils round her heart? There was but one answer to all these—it was too late!

During the interval between the decision of the morning, and the evening of her project's execution, Agatha was restless and downcast. Her mother was sitting in the opposite side of the window recess; and ever and anon she looked up from her perpetual knitting to gaze on the wasted countenance of her child. Agatha's eyes at length met those of her mother, and confusion spread its guilty blush across her pale but lovely face.

"Why do you colour so, dear child?" said Bertha Engelmann. "Why will you not tell me, your own mother, what makes you so pale and sorrowful of late? You used to be gayer than the bird of spring, and fresher than the rose. Tell me, my darling, what has happened to you?"

"Do not distress me, dearest mother," replied the unhappy girl; "do not weary me with so many questions, for I cannot answer them, and they break my heart. Leave me to myself—as you have always done."

"Do you mean to reproach me, Agatha, for my long indulgence?" said the poor woman, letting her knitting drop from her hands. This was enough for the swelling heart of her daughter—the last drop into the brim-full chalice of her wretchedness. She rushed into her mother's out-streard arms, and fell upon her bosom.

"Oh, mother, mother! what shall I do?" sobbed the unfortunate Agatha; and just at this instant, when maternal love and her own ingenuous temper might have snatched her from the last abyss of misery, the house-door opened, the miller strode into the apartment, and every chance of safety was over. The mother and daughter started at the well-known tramp of the miller's heavy boots on the floor, and they gazed in astonishment at the enraged countenance with which he looked on them as he spoke:—

"Ay, there you are, disgrace of my old age! and your foolish mother still encouraging your vanity to the very last, not knowing that it has brought you to sin and shame! Hear me, Bertha Engelmann, your mad pride has brought a curse upon us instead of the blessing you promised. Agatha is ruined—I know it—I am sure of it—it is all over the village—and who but a weak woman like yourself would have expected anything else? Who but an idiot would have listened to you as I have done?"

Agatha was shocked into silence. As for the poor mother, she wiped her eyes, stared at her husband, and then burst forth—

"*Gott im Himmel!* what is it that you mean, Franz? What, oh, what has befallen Agatha?"

"Fool!" exclaimed the furious man, pushing her aside and advancing to his daughter, who seemed frozen to a statue. He took her roughly by the arm, and said in the hollow tone of subdued anger, "Tell me, Agatha, and tell me truly mind you, in what light do you stand with Herr Wilmar?"

"I hope—I hope I am his wife," stammered Agatha.

"Enough, enough!" muttered the father, throwing down the arm he had grasped, and rushing from the house. Agatha clasped her icy hands together, and Bertha Engelmann fell senseless into her chair.

Agatha fled. But it was not till nightfall that the mother discovered that her child was gone. When, however, under the influence of vague suspicion and uncertain dread, she opened the door of the silent chamber and found it empty, a sickness of heart and soul came over her, and she sat down in a kind of stupor within the forsaken walls. She heard her husband's footsteps still pacing up and down, and she checked her very breathing lest a moan of womanish anguish should tell him that they were bereaved.

* * * * *

And now we must pass over several long months, and bring Agatha back to the house of her childhood. The angry spirit of her father was not there to receive her. It had burst its prison-home of grief, and he was laid in the mossy bed of the *Kirchof* of Schlierbach.

Her mother, with the appearance of five or six additional years, which as many months of intense anxiety had inflicted upon her, stood in the porch to welcome her lost child, and to take from her arms the infant grandson who came to plead for her. Poor Bertha dried her tears with the cotton robe of the infant, as she stooped down to kiss its cheek.

"Now welcome to thy grandmother's heart, thou fair boy!" said she, vainly striving to recover from her agitation.

"Oh, my much-injured mother!" sobbed Agatha, bending on one knee, and placing her head upon the baby's lap, as it rested upon that of the old woman.

"God's will be done!" continued the grandmother, "but if he who is now in his grave could see this sight, it would be a blessing to my worn-out heart and give peace to his."

This allusion to the sudden death of her father was terrible to the young mother, and she fainted. Gertrude, her faithful friend, was present, and caught the beloved Agatha in her arms; nor did she quit her during that sad night. As to Bertha, or widow Engelmann, as she was now properly and commonly called, her heart seemed bound up in the fairy clasp of little Gottfried's arms, for though her daughter received much considerate kindness from her, it was to the infant she devoted herself from the first moment of its entrance into the house.

And thus time stole on. Herr Wilmar never ventured across the threshold of the mill, but Agatha carried the boy to Heidelberg, where the student still continued, as often as her strength allowed, for the father doated on his child to excess; and Agatha fondly thought that in Gottfried's love for her darling she had the best evidence of his unchanged attachment to herself;—the best security for the promise he had solemnly given to claim her as his wife on leaving the University. And yet these were gloomy walks sometimes!

On one occasion, Wilmar, as if delighted with the playful endearments of the little boy, said with rather a careless air, which covered a deep design,

"Agatha, you must really give me this boy, for I cannot live without him."

"Are we not *both* already yours, dearest?" was her reply.

Gottfried's heart failed him for very shame, when on the point of disclosing to Agatha his intention of speedily fulfilling his engagement with the Fraulein von Heintal. He had wished to propose taking his boy with him to his paternal estates in Bavaria, or in default of her consent to part with him, making Agatha an annual allowance for his maintenance, until his education should regularly commence. For the present, therefore, he merely told her that he hoped to set out on the morrow on a tour during the vacation with his friend Eberhard, resolving to write what he felt he could not utter in the presence of the blue eyes that fixed themselves upon him with so painful and inquiring a look. So he kissed her cold cheek, embraced his child several times—and he was gone.

"What foreboding is this? What weight of disappointment hangs over me? Why has he left me so abruptly? Without one word or look of strong affection! To-morrow—and with Herr Von Heintal! Is it possible that he should love me less than he did?—that he can *forget*?" These were stifling interrogatories, and as they arose, Agatha pressed her son closer to her bosom, and walked rapidly home. Widow Engelmann and Gertrude tried in vain to comfort her that night and for two successive days. At length, on the third evening, the following letter was brought to her by some private messenger, who left it at the mill, saying "it required no answer." True! It fully answered itself, and perhaps more than fulfilled its intended object.

"My dear Agatha,—It is useless to conceal from you the childish folly of the expectations you seem still to cherish; but circumstances

of a very important and decided nature oblige me to undeceive you at last.

"I think you cannot doubt my providing for your future comfort in a handsome manner; and what more could you hope for? As to my darling boy, I shall, I trust, be able to persuade Amalia—you must know the title that is reserved for her—to receive him, and I promise you that no expense shall be spared in his education and future advancement by me, his father.—Yes, his father! I am proud of the word, and deeply do I thank thee, my pretty Agatha, for this gift of days gone by. They are gone, dearest Agatha. Those things cannot last for ever; and it is only your romantic imagination that makes you fancy you love me as you once did. But we shall be always tender and faithful friends.

"And now let me prove my disinterestedness, and recommend you to take pity on that kind and disconsolate lover of yours, Karl Hornmuth. Marry him, and all will be well. You have no idea how easy it will be for you to forget much that has passed between us when you hear the news of my marriage with the Fräulein von Heintal.

"Tell little Gottfried to kiss away any tears that may by chance trickle from your bright eyes on this occasion, and believe me,

"My bewitching Agatha,

"Your sincere friend and wellwisher,

"GOTTFRIED WHIMAR."

Agatha read this pitiless letter to the end, and did not suffer the torture of her stricken soul to wake into loud complaint. Widow Bertha and Gertrude sat by the stove, pleased that she should have received a letter from him whose approaching absence from the neighbourhood affected her so much. Little Gottfried was sleeping peacefully in his cradle. All was quiet; when, in a moment, Agatha darted from the window to the cradle, caught up the sleeping boy, held him high with both hands, and burst into wild and shocking laughter, ejaculating through her strained and almost choking throat, "It is mine—it is mine! He shall never have it. It is mine—it is my own!" Then, as if the terrified crying of the child recalled her a little to herself, she lowered it to her bosom, hugged it close, and leaning her cheek against its curly head, she muttered in a low and inward tone.

"Oh, God! this is thy justice! I have forsaken thee, and now dost thou leave me to bear this misery alone! Oh, help me, help me, in this hour of bitter mockery and heartless desertion!"

Thus breathing, rather than speaking, she forcibly closed her eyes, gasped convulsively, and must have fallen on the floor, had not the ready arms of her mother and friend received her.

"Merciful powers! what is this?" exclaimed the astonished Bertha.

"The letter, the letter—take it from her—it has been like death to her—and send quickly for the doctor."

"Right, right, my good Gertrude, thou art a sensible girl—give me the letter that I may tear it to pieces."

Agatha's hand was so firmly closed, that it was impossible to draw the paper from it; so Gertrude and Bertha carried the corpse-like sufferer to her bed. The village doctor came promptly and bled his patient. But restored animation could not check the fever that began to revel in her heated veins. A second attempt to disengage the obnoxious letter from her hand was followed by her recognition of it.

"It is my marriage-contract!" cried she, in a tone that made her

shocked attendants shudder. "It is the paper that makes my boy legitimate! Cruel mother, do you want to rob me of it? It cost too much—too much!—No, no, you shall not have it."

"Keep it, keep it, dearest Agatha—no one will take it from you," said the kind voice of Gertrude.

"Where is your brother, Gertrude?—where is poor Karl? There is question of him in this—he is my witness," said the poor patient with the vague look of incipient delirium.

"This must not be allowed; there must be no conversation; she must be kept perfectly quiet, or I cannot answer for the consequences," said the doctor; and as he took his leave, desiring that some one might proceed directly to Heidelberg for the required remedies, old Bertha tottered out of the room, unable to support the trying scene, and the untiring Gertrude took her position by her friend's bed-side.

Agatha watched the departure of the doctor with a cunning anxiety of countenance, lifted her hand towards her ear, as if to catch the last sound of his footsteps; and then, suddenly springing up in the bed, she exclaimed—

"He is gone—they will soon be married—I will do it *now*!"

"Oh, my sweet Agatha! be quiet; do not vex yourself with wild fancies—try to sleep—do pray lie down."

"I tell you no, Gertrude—I cannot rest—there is no sleep for me but in the grave! But *he* shall not sleep either. I will carry him with me—Gottfried, my son! He shall die with me—his father shall *not* have him. Father! what is the name of father to me but a curse?" She struck her forehead, and burst into tears.

"Thank Heaven! now she will recover!" exclaimed her warm-hearted and sanguine-minded nurse.

She wept, undisturbed, long and bitterly; and at length, quite exhausted, sobbed herself to sleep. When Agatha was fast asleep, Gertrude crept to the adjacent room to comfort Bertha, and to see if Karl were returned with the medicines.

"She sleeps, widow Engelmann," said Gertrude, in a whisper.

"Heaven be praised!" replied the dejected parent. "Poor little Gottfried! he sleeps too—he does not know the sorrow he is born to."

"Come, come, Frau Bertha, don't despond so; take courage, and hope for better days."

"Ah, Gertrude, would that I could do so! but I have no hope of good now. I reproach myself night and day for the misery that has fallen on us all. The ruin of that dear girl was my fault—it was my pride that did it. So don't try to comfort me—it only stirs up my remorse and makes me worse."

There was much justice in these self reproachings. Gertrude, therefore, was silent; and all was now perfectly hushed into repose. But Karl had not yet returned; and Bertha and Gertrude soon slept as profoundly as the mother and the child. They had suffered much. Nature and feeling were both weary; and the first few moments of mental relief soothed and overpowered the watchers.

It was during this fatal sleep of her guardians that the patient awoke; and for a time, true to the cunning instinct of insanity, she remained quiet. Then cautiously rising from her bed, she approached the open door. She saw the two women sleeping—she saw the angel infant in its cradle. She drew near on bare feet, and she carefully took up

the babe without awaking it or ruffling its cherub-smile ; and then she stole on tiptoe from the house.

I dare not follow her wild and hurried track with that precious creature in her arms. She flitted like a wind-driven cloud ; and swept past Karl as he returned from the town to the mill. The young man firmly believed that it was the wraith of the loved one that flew past, so incorporeal in air and gait, so meteor-like in speed ! When he entered the open door of the mill, he found Bertha and his sister still asleep.

"Wake, in Heaven's name ! Why are you sleeping, Gertrude ?" exclaimed he, in fearful agitation.

"Was I indeed asleep ?" said Bertha.

"How careless of me !" murmured Gertrude to herself, reproachfully.

"Ay, that you were, both of you ; and but a moment ago her spirit crossed my path ; and I thought I heard that wild laugh of hers in the sky."

"Oh, mercy ! mercy !—she is gone !" shrieked Gertrude from the inner room.

"The boy ! the child !—Oh, where, where has she taken him ?" cried the agonized grandmother at the same instant, on raising the cradle coverlid. Both women stood paralyzed ; but Karl rushed from the house, in the hope of overtaking and saving Agatha.

Vain hope ! The Neckar had taken her deep into its eddies, and covered her over, together with the hapless infant clinging to her breast ! An old fisherman, who was setting his nets, witnessed the dreadful plunge into death, and heard her previously utter these words to her crying child :—

"Don't cry, my baby boy ! Don't cry, little Gottfried ! We will go together to thy father's wife, and ask her to give us shelter. Don't cry, my child ! We shall soon see him—and I will give you to him—when——"

Here either the old man's agitation or the maniac's failing voice rendered the rest of her words indistinct, and the mother's revenge was complete ; for Agatha leaped into the river, and sank.

The old man had no boat at hand ; but he scrambled up the bank to give the alarm to the first passer-by. This happened to be Karl ; and I need not describe his efforts to save the poor suicide, and, when that was hopeless, how he searched for the mother and the child. The search, however, was long fruitless ; but the bodies were found the next morning.

Bertha Engelmann followed her daughter and grandson to the grave—in her coffin ! Yes, it was even so,—grandmother, mother, and child were all buried at one time. Karl and Gertrude walked in the sad procession with almost bursting hearts. The whole village was in tears. Even the faint tones of the children's voices died away, and the little mourners hid their faces with their hands : so the funeral hymn was unsung.

And poor Agatha lies in the Kirchhof, that stands so lone and sad-looking close to the cruel river. Peace be with her !—and may the cherub that perished in her arms have shown her the way to Heaven !

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Julius Cæsar, Act I. Scene 2.

PERHAPS there are few persons living who flatter not themselves that *they* are intimately acquainted with the surest roads to success in life. The disappointed, equally with the fortunate, hold this creed. The former will tell you that, although in the instance of themselves practice has not illustrated theory, or, in other words, their success corresponded with their deserts,—still, that such a result has not arisen from any want of acquaintance, on their part, with those principles of worldly policy, which, in the majority of cases, secure individual aggrandizement, but from their having intentionally neglected, or being above making use of those little petty arts, the knowledge of which, however, they do not the less possess. On the other hand, the fortunate attribute their better success to superior sagacity, greater industry, or some special quality they apprehend themselves to be endowed with, entirely overlooking, in their self-gratulation, the influence of accidental circumstances, or the modifying operation of fortuitous events. Now, observation of the world around us, and still more, reflection on its doings, will probably lead us to believe both these classes of persons in error, and wide of the mark of true explanation, whilst, certainly, few subjects present to the philosophic mind a more attractive, or more instructive train of inquiries. Well has the poet observed,—

"The spacious West,
And all the teeming regions of the South,
Hold—not a quarry to the curious flight
Of knowledge half so tempting, or so fair,
As man to man."

Let us then glance at one or two of the ordinary causes which appear actively operative in advancing or retarding success in life. And, first, as to *the value a man should ostensibly set upon himself*. This is a point of no slight discrepancy with authors at large, some holding modesty in speech and carriage as the best passport to advancement, whilst others maintain judicious self-praise and consummate confidence to be surer cards in the game of life. Our own opinion inclines to the latter doctrine. True it is the highest of all authorities has declared those who humble themselves shall be exalted; but this unquestionable truth, it is apprehended, applies exclusively to those future rewards which await patient virtue in a higher sphere and purer scenes than any which this imperfect planet can afford, or is indeed declared to present to the pious and holy, who are directed to look for stripes and humiliation in this world, rewards and honours in the next. But not to digress; what man can do himself justice with his fellow-men, who is wanting in self-confidence? The merchant deficient in this quality is frequently led by the specious confidence of weaker minds to yield up a deliberate judgment formed in his cooler hours, and discovers his error not before he exhibits the injury resulting from his failing. The lawyer may be possessed of great erudition, untiring industry, and na-

tural eloquence: yet, let him be wanting in respect for his own ability, or confidence in his powers, and what follows? His talents in the crowded court are unavailable; he is perhaps eclipsed by some junior possessing little merit beyond that of assurance; and his client's cause, along with his own reputation, are sacrificed at the shrine of modest diffidence. "I am very much inclined to doubt the powers of those who will give no specimen of them," is a remark of Sir Egerton Brydges. The world carries the matter beyond a doubt; and in such instances denies them altogether. The simple truth is, self-confidence makes ability available; the want of it renders talent comparatively useless. Nor is the display of it necessarily injurious. The author of "Pelham" has somewhere inquired,—How can we expect others to think well of us, if we (who best know ourselves) appear not to do so? There is much practical wisdom in this query, deduced as it is from the philosophy of the world, not of books. "The precept 'Know thyself,'" observes Cicero, "was not only intended to obviate the pride of mankind, but likewise that we might understand our own worth."

But it may be asked,—Is it necessary that this confidence in a man's own resources be merely assumed and apparent, or should it constitute, *de facto*, the real genuine feeling of the individual's heart? If to doubt be the first legitimate step to knowledge, and if one step but lead to another, doubtless an individual in reference to his own state of intellectual attainment should ever act, *in the closet*, on the principle of thinking nothing done whilst aught remains to do; but, admitting this qualification, real self-confidence *in life* is assuredly indispensable. A man's entertaining such, not merely influences the opinions of others, but it actually leads to the possession of the very qualities only at first assumed, taking it for granted (for argument's sake) that it be not in the first instance real or natural to the person. "One of the best springs of generous and worthy actions," observes the 'Spectator,' "is the having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves." Amongst those worthy thoughts, self-confidence is not by any means the least; nor need it surely be added, that empty baseless conceit, and a trust in one's own laboriously acquired powers, are two things wide as the Poles.

Few persons conversant with the world have failed to remark that, in the race of life, men of moderate means and attainments frequently outstrip competitors endowed equally by the smiles of fortune, and the gifts of genius. It is told of Chancellor Thurlow, on being consulted by a parent as to the best means his son could adopt to secure success at the bar, that he thus addressed him:—"Let your son spend his own fortune, marry, and spend his wife's, and then go to the bar, there will be little fear of his failure." Whence this recommendation? The man of certain independent means, Thurlow's observation had taught him, does not lay his shoulder to the wheel as he who is urged on by the "*res angusta domi*," and hence, as the simple result, he is distanced. The illustration of this truth may be observed every day, particularly in the learned professions. As to men of genius, the experience of all ages renders lengthened argument superfluous to prove how little calculated they are to secure success in life. Rarely do we observe knowledge of mankind and extraordinary genius combined in one and the same individual; and yet how common is it for persons to express surprise at the possessors of the latter endowment failing in their worldly career,

overlooking altogether the fact that genius, to be practically useful, must not merely be endowed with wings whereby to fly, but legs whereupon to stand. Lacon well remarks, "Men who study books may know *how things ought to be*; but it is only they who study the world who know *how things are*." The children of genius, by their absorbing studies, and peculiar temperament, are not merely ill-adapted for the common duties of life, but they dislike its habits, and shun ordinary intercourse. Hence their unpopularity, their want of success. The mass of mankind sympathize not in their feelings, nor take pleasure in their society, for "men," truly remarks Zimmerman, "are all most pleased by observing a similarity of character, conduct, and thought to their own in others." Whether that be an assumed or real approximation of ideas probably signifies little, so that the latter be believed.

It has recently been made matter of question, whether caressing the world as a kind friend, or buffeting it as a spiritless ungrateful spaniel, is the more conducive to success in life.

It is related of Dr. Ratcliffe, one of the most popular medical men of his day, that being questioned, on his death-bed, as to his mode of obtaining the great public patronage he had enjoyed, he thus answered his friend,—“Use the world ill, Mead, and you are sure to succeed.”

It ought, however, in justice to that world, to be added, that Dr. Mead pursued a totally different plan, and, if possible, succeeded better than Dr. Ratcliffe. Observation would lead us to think that each mode of conduct, affording men of talent scope for the display of their abilities, equally presents a mean of worldly advancement; but that, on the whole, he stands infinitely the better chance of success who, superadded to extensive acquirements, is possessed of conciliatory manners and an affable demeanour. How often, indeed, do we observe men endowed with little more than these latter qualities become eminent in their business or profession. So much so is this the case, that many have altogether questioned the benefit of great acquirements in the race of public competition; holding, that infinitely more depends on personal manner than on superior ability. On this point, however, we conceive they are in some degree misled by a specious fallacy; for, as Dr. Young has well remarked, although great acquirements do not necessarily secure eminence, still, as he who in a lottery possesses most tickets has the best chance of the prize, so he who has the greatest variety and extent of attainment has assuredly the greatest reason to expect success in any object he may have in view.

It is to us a source of regret that many young men entertain the idea that individual advancement in life depends as much on what is commonly called good fortune, luck, chance, &c., as on perseveringly following out correct preconceived principles of action. This mistake in worldly ethics has been fatal to the prosperity of thousands. It deters enthusiastic genius from soaring in her flights; it chills ordinary and industrious minds from untiringly following out their well approved plans; it affords temptation to the undecided to relax in their efforts; and, worst of all, it presents a plausible excuse for the inexcusable failures of the indolent and the vicious. We will not venture unqualifiedly to assert with Goethe, that “every man has his own fortune in his own hands, as the artist has a piece of rude matter, which he is to fashion to a certain shape;” but assuredly experience demonstrates, beyond the possibility

of a doubt, that more, very much more, of success or failure depends on the individual himself, than the world at large appear willing to believe. And if we wish to turn that world to our purposes, how otherwise can we learn its tendencies than by carefully studying its features, its modes of action, and its current thoughts? Man can never be understood by being analyzed in the secluded cloister, or the world's tide be estimated by abstract calculations deduced from the pages of philosophy. To know the world, we must be of the world; *there* must genuine experience be gathered: and little can it be doubted that one year's active intercourse with the busy hum of man will do more to cultivating those qualities which further success in life, than a quarter of a century of abstract study and laborious thought. Well has the physically darkened, but mentally illuminated Milton written:—

“ Not to know at large of things remote
From use and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.”

It should ever be borne in mind, that success in life is not regarded by the wise man as an *end*, but as a *mean* of happiness. The greatest and most continued favours of fortune cannot in themselves make an individual happy; nor can the deprivation of them render altogether miserable the possessor of a clear conscience and well constituted mind. The sum of human enjoyment is not, cannot be, derivable from one source;—many circumstances must contribute to it. “One principal reason,” remarks Bentham, “why our existence has so much less of happiness crowded into it than is accessible to us, is, that we neglect to gather up those minute particles of pleasure which every moment offers to our acceptance. In striving after a sum total, we forget the ciphers of which it is composed; struggling against inevitable results which we cannot control, too often man is heedless of those accessible pleasures whose amount is by no means inconsiderable when collected together. Stretching out his hand to catch the stars, he forgets the flowers at his feet, so beautiful, so fragrant, so various, so multitudinous.” In conclusion, another most fertile source of human disappointment arises from having entertained views of life altogether incompatible with the imperfect character of human nature, or the declared end of our probationary residence on this earthly planet. “What is it,” inquires Goethe, “that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation? It is that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions, that enjoyment steals away from their hands, that the wished for comes too late, and nothing reached or acquired produces on the heart the effect which their longing for at a distance led them to anticipate.”

A.

MEMOIR OF JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

(With a Portrait.)

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

JAMES SMITH maketh not "his enemy his footstool," but is doomed instead to find a footstool for his enemy. The truth is, he has not a foe upon earth but Gout—a monster who, it must be acknowledged, gives some proof of his taste and relish for good company by making choice of such a subject. James Smith has, on the contrary, a countless collection of friends, amongst whom must be reckoned every individual reader, ancient or modern, lively or severe, of this honoured magazine, to which he has ever lent his countenance, although he never showed his face in it before. As "Grimm's Ghost," he has herein revisited the glimpses of the moon, once a month, for many years past; and now in his proper person, in his habit as he lives, neither grim nor ghostlike, he makes his appearance in the character of a very old acquaintance seen for the first time.

Genuine Smiths, like James, are not to be seen every day. He is not of the Smiths, Smithy. All who bear that name owe obligations to him and his brother Horace, who, in professional avocations and literary predilections and pursuits, have enjoyed a somewhat similar destiny, and who have been still more closely associated in life by a bond of mutual regard founded upon a consciousness of each other's moral worth. The father of these twin-contributors to the harmless gaiety of nations was Robert Smith, of the city of London, Solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. To this office James was appointed on the resignation of his father; and the solicitor's pen he continues to hold even now when he so sparingly plies the sage's or the satirist's. The paternal grandfather of the brothers was a certain Samuel, collector of the customs at Bridgewater; the grandfather maternal was James Bogle French, an opulent West India merchant, who resided in St. Swithin's Lane, London. In his capacity of special juror, this gentleman became acquainted with Lord Chief Justice Mansfield; and there is said to be a vivid recollection still existing in the mind of the subject of this memoir, that once upon a time in Highgate churchyard, the boyish head to whose whims and oddities in after life we are all so much indebted, was playfully patted by the awful hand of that celebrated judge. The mere touch of such a hand may, for aught that can be told, have exercised some control over the phrenological development of the youthful James; it may have made a durable impression, evanescent as was the pat, and decided his choice of the law as a profession; but this we are not certain of, and we leave the subject open to the curious speculator.

The two brothers were educated at the free-school at Chigwell, in Essex, under the Rev. Peter Thomas Burford—and Burford's panorama of learning was not spread before them in vain. The reader will remember that our present subject has appeared in some respects as an autobiographer as well as a poet, in some pleasant verses inserted in a recent number, commemorative of "Chigwell," and of the places and persons connected with his schoolboy experience. Any one of his easy and unaffected stanzas is worth all the prose that we could indite about his boyhood. The season of law, and the season of lyrics, could not

have been far apart; for he became early in life a contributor to the magazines, and was at once welcomed by the then public as one of the liveliest and most pregnant of its periodical entertainers. His first title, we believe, was assumed in the "*Monthly Mirror*," wherein he for some time figured as "*Endymion the Exile*;" he was then recognized as "*Horace in London*;" but his contributions to these pages have appeared under various names—"Grimm's Ghost," "*London Lyrics*," "*Martial in London*," &c. It was in 1812 that, in conjunction with his brother Horace, he produced the "*Rejected Addresses*," a series of poetical imitations that are (some of them) quite inimitable; and that, though flung among the laughing crowd as the mere squibs and crackers of the moment, have enjoyed a sparkling and whizzing celebrity for an entire quarter of a century. Those who best remember them will best appreciate James's share in the production of these pleasantries. Having thus shone out as a poetical imitator of the first grade, it was natural that he should sympathise with a dramatic imitator, each of whose copies was "warranted a likeness." James Smith was, of all comic writers, the wit and humourist whom Mathews wanted; and Mathews was, of all merry-men, the intellectual wag and the refined droll whom James Smith, as a writer for the theatre, would deem essential to his purposes. Both, therefore, were fortunate, when, in 1820, the "*Country Cousins*" made their appearance at the English Opera, all in the person of that company of comedians, known by the name of Charles Mathews. The success of this entertainment seduced our author into a little extra exertion; and he produced in the two succeeding years the "*Trip to France*" and the "*Trip to America*." These comic chapters upon life and character, in all their various phases, have high and rare merits of their own, and were not, as some of the entertainments were, dependent upon the face, voice, and manner of the actor for their chance of being remembered. The wild jests and merry conceits that are set, like harmless steel-traps and innocent spring-guns on those premises, go off to this hour, with admirable effect, in companies where few who hear them guess at the originator.

Mr. Smith's official duties have prevented his literary cultivation of the comic powers, which, in these, as in almost all his compositions, he has given emphatic signs of. The author of such stray satires and odd humours as are traceable to his pen, could have written at least half-a-dozen genuine comedies. The age has lost something by James Smith's law. That Chief Justice Mansfield's pat on the head may have crushed the eggs of many glorious ideas, and left nothing in their place but "this indenture witnesseth." Certain it is that our subject has taken his case where he ought to have been indefatigable, and has only written scenes where he should have achieved comedies. He has not wooed the Muses with the assiduity, and consequently not with the success that has attended the efforts of his brother. As a writer, therefore, whose object has been as much to amuse himself as others, and who has found in literature rather an agreeable relaxation from labour than a labour at once of love and of necessity, he must be content to take an assured and not undistinguished rank among

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease;
Spratt, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
Like twinkling stars the '*Miscellanies* ' o'er."

His easy writing, however, does not constitute reading of an opposite kind, as easy writing too often does.

Our subject is a member of the Athenæum, Union, and Garrick Clubs; and at the doors of these his grey mare may be often seen. He himself is to be seen inside, rigidly restricting himself at dinner (so we are told in confidence) to a half-pint of sherry! We have just characterized Mathews as a company of comedians,—let us designate James Smith as an incorporated temperance society. But let us, above all things, do him justice. His half-pint is not his choice,—he dilutes it with frequent tears. He is restricted, not by virtuous sobriety, but by vicious gout. Of that, we have already said, he stands, or rather sits, in awe. But for that, we venture to say, there would be no such small bottle of that liquid, to remind the observer of Pope's "Avidien and his Wife," (Lady Mary Wortley and her then antiquated spouse,)—

"One frugal cruet served them both to dine,
And pass'd at once for vinegar and wine."

The late Sir William Aylett, a grumbling member of the Union, and a two-bottle man, observing Mr. Smith to be thus frugally furnished, eyed his cruet with contempt, and exclaimed, "So, I see *you* have got one of those d—— life-preservers!"

In spite of this enforced abstemiousness, James Smith is sure of a hearty reception in every society which he frequents. This he owes, not to his name, but to his character; not to his lyrics and essays, but to his practical good-humour and vivacity. These qualities he is more apt to display to advantage in a small than in a large circle. But in either his gaiety is never wanting when his turn comes round; and if he cannot hit upon an impromptu, he will sing you one of his old lyrics, in a style which is half singing and half recitation. As his voice fails him, he can eke it out with laughter. He is not the man to waste the sweets of his age in lamentations over the loss of youth, or wishes that he had his time over again. He, like Cato, tells the gods that he is satisfied. "World," he exclaims, in the poem named "Chigwell," to which we have referred,—

"World, in thy ever-busy mart,
I've acted no unnoticed part,—
Would I resume it? Oh, no!
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks, *cui bono*?"

We cannot, however, say what wishes might be excited, if our philosopher were to meet again that surnameless Nancy to whom he has given a poetical niche,—whom he sensitively remembers as—

"The pride of Chigwell Row,
Who set all hearts a-dancing;"

and whom, even in these later days, he fancies that he sees "in bonnet white, divine brunette," tripping across the fields to Chigwell church. Could he see her otherwise than as a vision, we doubt whether she would go thither alone. Of course James Smith is a bachelor? Well, whether he be or be not destined to get a glimpse of Nancy, who occupied a pew under the gallery, we trust that he will ever enjoy pleasant companionship in his own good company; and *should* he ever propose, we can only say in that case, may his Addresses *not* be Rejected!

L. B.

THE HUMORIST.

SHAKSPEARE IN CHINA.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

" I cannot tell that the wisest Mandarin now living in China is not indebted for part of his energy and sagacity to Shakspeare and Milton, even though it should happen that he never heard of their names."—*Godwin's Essay on Sepulchres.*

WE do great injustice to the College of Mandarins, if we think that body at the present time ignorant of the marvels of Shakspeare. No: Canton has produced its commentator, and by the means of his explanatory genius it is hoped that in a few years the whole Celestial Empire will, in the fulness of its knowledge, bow to the majesty of the poet. At this moment we have before us a radiant evidence of the admission of the Great Teacher into the Sacred City: believe it, astounded reader, Shakspeare has gone farther than Nieuhoff. England, however—that England, who has shown herself such an idolatress of her darling son—who has encircled the house in which he first drew breath with a golden rail—who has secured it from possible destruction at the hands of the bigot, by making it the property of the state*—that England, who, when the tree planted by the bard was felled by the axe, wept as she turned the timber into 'bacco-stoppers—that England, who, even at the present time, only a little more than two centuries after his death, has already begun to think of the propriety of erecting, at some future day, a national monument to her poet—that England cannot, after the many and affecting instances of her deep maternal love toward her most illustrious child, refuse to aid in the dissemination of Shakspearanity in any corner of the world, but at the present interesting crisis, more particularly in the empire of China. The urgency of the case calls for immediate co-operation on the part of Great Britain, and we put it zealously but deferentially to Lord Palmerston to consider, and that instantly, the most effectual means. We shall show that we ask no impertinent favour—we shall prove our case by the production of the commentaries of our Mandarin, for a correct translation of which we are indebted to an agent of Dr. Morrison; to the same learned gentleman who has so successfully rendered "The Hygeist" into the most classical Chinese, and has thereby given an extraordinary fillip to our shipping trade, fifty of the largest vessels now lying in the river, with pills in ballast for the exclusive use of the Hong merchants; men, who, until the present time, have been, and, as it now appears, most unjustly, accused of having very

* The mulberry-tree was cut down; and the race of Gastrels is not extinct.
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little bowels for "barbarians." However, let us fully state our case before we proceed to show documentary evidence.

Happily, at no time since the flag was first hoisted at the Globe, Bankside, have we been in such a condition to render assistance to our brethren, the Chinese, as in the present year. At no point of time could we spare so many actors for exportation; the pain of the sacrifice being somewhat alleviated by an indifference on the part of the town whether they ever returned again. Yes; it is but too evident that we have arrived at that enviable state of high civilization when mere passion, and mere human character, as shown in the theatre, are deemed the remnants of a gross and ignorant age, and shunned by the genteel accordingly. To be sure, exotics of a rare and delicate flavour will still delight; a jumping negro succeeds when talking comedy has passed away; and the English theatre may, possibly, flourish another twelvemonth, if, like our sugar plantations, it be cultivated by free blacks. As, however, we cannot with any modesty rely on a further supply of wit and humour from New York for the demand of next season, we submit that there never was a time so fitting as the present for the exportation of our surplus actors. Caring little about them ourselves, we are in the happiest vein to be liberal by shipping them to the Chinese. Still, in our selection of Shakspearian missionaries, it behoves us to avoid enthusiasts: inflammable zeal is, at times, worse than sluggish coldness. For instance, we would send no such fiery spirit as the present Covent-garden proprietor; a gentleman whose passionate devotion to Shakspeare is, from its ungovernable intensity, but too apt to betray him into an agreeable confusion of dates, even causing him to make yeomen of the guard mourners at the funeral of the Sixth Henry! (It may be, however, that this pleasing anachronism was intended as a delicate compliment to a brother proprietor, a distinguished private of the present corps.) Nor whilst we reject men whose Shakspearian zeal amounts almost to fanaticism, would we, in our exports, copy the Chinese in the treatment of their Howqua, sending to Canton tragedians cased in lead. We require good, steady, moderate men; and if we mistrust the unquenchable ardour, the unmitigable passion of an Osbaldiston, so, for a first experiment, would we eschew the classic coldness of a Yates. Not that we are without the most lively hopes of a speedy demand for fire and pathos: no, we trust the day is not very distant when the original Jonathan Bradford shall be the especial pet of the public of Pekin.

That Shakspeare is become with us as unfashionable as a Druid, is but too evident in the touching efforts of patent managers: nothing can exceed what we must call their zealous antiquarianism in their attempts to keep the poet before the careless and ungrateful town. With a noble obstinacy in their great purpose, how affectingly do they copy the sagacity of the Irish gentleman who, to pass off a bad halfpenny, adroitly placed it between two good ones; how, to get Shakspeare received at all, do they play a bit of him between an opera and a dance. No; we fear it is only in China that five long acts in one evening will again be placidly endured, patience being a distinguishing virtue of the Chinese.

Having completed, what we allow to have been a needless task, an essay on the inutility of Shakspeare in England, the time is now arrived to show our claims on the assistance of the Foreign Secretary, for the

instant shipment of actors to the Celestial Empire. The cry that the Chinese are not yet fit for Shakspeare—a cry raised in the same acute spirit in which people in chains have been said not to be fit for freedom—can, we think, have no bad effect on even moderately liberal men, after the production of papers now beneath our hands. All we ask of Lord Palmerston is a company, to act either on board Chinese junks or on shore, as the intellectual wants of his Majesty may require; nay, if under the direction of their own stage-manager, to exhibit themselves at any distance in the interior. The company to be paid and clothed by the government for whose benefit they act, with this condition, that they be subject to the laws and customs of the Chinese, obediently shaving their eyebrows and letting their tails grow. For the passing difficulty of the language, that we have no doubt will soon be overcome; many of the actors, we religiously believe it, speaking and playing equally well in English or in Chinese. We now come to the proofs of the fit condition of the people for Shakspeare—for that which they will “hail as a boon,” and which we shall part with as a drug.

Some months since, it was our fortune to be present at an auction of curiosities from the East—shells, parrots, rice-paper, chopsticks, japanned cabinets, and cut-throat sparrows. Our friend Peregrine—he had just arrived from the Great Pyramid, from the top of which, and by means of a most excellent glass, he had discovered, and after made captive, three giraffes—bade money for a picture: as it was a scene from Shakspeare there were of course no opposing bidders, and he became the owner of what proved to be an exquisite evidence of Chinese art and imitation; in brief, no other than a copy, faithfully drawn, and most brilliantly coloured, by an artist at Canton, of the Boydell picture of Falstaff in the buck-basket, and the Merry Wives. The picture, however, proved in itself to be of little value compared to the essay found to be inserted at the back between the picture and the frame; being written on paper, half a quire of which would not exceed the thickness of a butterfly's wing, it is no wonder that the treasure escaped even the meritorious vigilance of an auctioneer. It is this essay that we now propose to submit to the reader, in evidence of the condition of China for an instant export of a company of fine Shakspearian actors. When we state that the essay has been printed by its author in at least one of the Canton journals, the dissemination and adoption of the principles comprised in it, over the whole of China, cannot for half a moment be a matter of doubt.

We regret that we cannot wholly acquit our intelligent Mandarin of the taint of ingratitude. It is evident that his views of English history—at least of that portion in which Falstaff conspicuously appears, for the writer suffers no subject to escape in any way involved in the character of the immortal knight—have been gathered from one of our fellow-countrymen; he has, if we may be allowed to say it, sucked the brain as a “weasel sucks eggs,” of some enlightened but obscure supercargo, whom he has left unhonoured and unthanked. How different, in a similar case, was the conduct of an Englishman: our deep veneration of the national character will not, at this happy moment, suffer us to be silent on the grateful magnanimity of Mr. Nahum Tate, who, in his preface to his improved version of “*King Lear*,” returns his “thanks to

an *ingenious friend* who first pointed out the tragedy" to his condescending notice! The silence of the Mandarin towards his instructor is the more strange, as ingratitude is not the vice of the barbarian. An ingenious friend points out a skulking, unarmed straggler to a Cossack; the soldier makes him prisoner, cuts off his ears, slits his nose, bores his tongue, and, having mounted the captive behind him, in the cordial spirit of Nahum Tate, "thanks his ingenious friend" for his information! But it is so; in this particular our Mandarin fails in comparison with the Cossack and with Nahum Tate.

We now lay before the reader the Essay of Ching the Mandarin, who, it will be seen in his orders to the painter employed to copy the original picture—by whom taken to China remains unknown—has, with national exactness, given the birth and education not only of the author of Falstaff, but of Falstaff himself, together with glancing notices of—Windsor wives and Windsor soap.

It is, perhaps, only due to the translator of "The Hygeist," to state that by our express solicitation he has a little lowered the orientalism of the original, whilst he has at the same time endeavoured to preserve the easy, conversational tone of the educated Chinese.

"CHING TO TING.

"I send, O Ting, from the barbarian ship, a picture of barbarians. Make one for your friend, like unto it; in size, in shape, and colour, even the same. But why should I waste words with Ting, whose pencil is true as the tongue of Confutzee? No; I will straightway deliver to him all my studies have made known to me of the barbarians, written on the canvas before him; for how can even Ting paint the faces of barbarians in their very truth, if he know not the history not only of themselves but of their fathers?"

"The he barbarian with the big belly was called Forlstoff, and in time was known as Surgeon Forlstoff; from which, there is no doubt, he was a skilful leech in the army of the barbarian king, more of whom in good season. Forlstoff's father was one Shak, or Shake, Speare or Spear; for there have been great tumults among the barbarians about the e. In nothing does the ignorance of the English barbarians more lamentably discover itself than in the origin they obstinately give to their Shakspeare; who, according to them, was, like the great Brahme, hatched in an egg on the bank of a river, as may be seen in a thousand idle books in which he is called the 'swan of Haveone.' And this conceit was further manifested in the building of a place called 'the Swan Theatre,' where the barbarians were wont to worship. There is little known of Shakspeare's wife, Forlstoff's mother, and that little proves her to have been an idle person, given to great sleep and sloth, as is shown by her getting nothing at the death of her husband but his 'second-best bed.'

"If Forlstoff would not, at a later time of life, leave off stealing, there is little doubt that he owed the fault to his father Shakspeare, who was forced to fly to London, which is a sacred city for all thieves, for having stolen an antelope, an animal consecrated to the higher kind of barbarians, and which it is death for the poor to touch. Indeed, the flesh

of the antelope is to be eaten with safety by very few of the barbarians, it having killed even many of their Eldermen immediately after dinner.

"When Shakspeare came to London he was poor and without friends, and he held the horses of the rich barbarians who came to worship at a temple on the banks of the river. In time, he learned to make shoes for the horses; and in such esteem are the shoes still held by the barbarians, that they are bought at any price, and nailed at the threshold of their houses and barns; for where they are nailed, the foolish natives think no fire, no pestilence will come, and no evil thing have any strength. Such is the silly idolatry of the barbarians.

"At length Shakspeare got admitted into the temple; and there he showed himself master of the greatest arts; and he wrote charms upon paper which, it is said, will make a man weep or laugh with very happiness,—will bring spirits from the sky and devils from the water,—will open the heart of a man and show what creeps within it,—will now snatch a crown from a king, and now put wings to the back of a beggar. And all this they say Shakspeare did, and studied not. No, beloved Ting, he was not like Sing, who, though but a poor cowherd, became wise by poring on his book spread between the horns of his cow, he travelling on her back.

"And Shakspeare proceeded in his marvels, and he became rich; and even the queen of the barbarians was seen to smile at him, and once, with a burning look, to throw her glove at him; but Shakspeare, it is said, to the discomfiture of the queen, returned the glove, taking no further notice of the amatory invitation.

"In a ripe season of his life, Shakspeare gave up conjuring, and returned to the village on the banks of the river Hlavcone, where, as it is ignorantly believed, he was hatched, and where he lived in the fulness of fortune. He had laid down his conjuring rod and taken off his gown, and passed for nothing more than a man, and it is said—though you, beloved Ting, who see the haughty eyes and curling noses of the lesser mandarins, can, after what I have writ of Shakspeare, hardly believe it—thought himself nothing more.

"Shakspeare built himself a house and planted a tree. The house is gone, but the barbarians preserve bricks of it in their inner chambers, even—I tremble as I pen it—as we preserve the altars of our gods.

"The tree was cut down by a fakir in a brain fever, but the wood is still worshipped. And this, oh Ting! I would not ask you to believe, had not your own eyes witnessed that wonderful tree,* the leaves whereof falling to the ground, become mice! Hence, learn, that the leaves of Shakspeare's mulberry have become men, and on a certain day every year, with mulberry boughs about their heads, their bodies clothed in their richest garments, they chant praises to the memory of Shakspeare, and drink wine to his name.

"Shakspeare—Forlstaff's father, and the father of a hundred lusty sons and daughters, such as until that time had never been born, Shakspeare—died! He was buried in a chest of cedar, set about with plates of gold. On one of these plates was writ some magic words; for

* See Navarrete's "China" for the account of this tree; underneath which, we humbly suggest, it would be as well to keep a cat.

thieves, breaking into the grave, were fixed and changed to stone; and are now to be seen even as they were first struck by the charm of the magician. And so much, beloved Ting, of Shakspeare, Forlstaff's father."

That our Mandarin has herein displayed very popular abilities for the difficult task of a commentator, no one who has read many volumes of Shakspearian commentaries will, we believe, deny. It is observable that in many instances he makes his facts; a custom of particular advantage to the indulgence of the most peculiar opinions and conclusions. We have read some writers who, deprived of this privilege, would really have nothing to write upon. The pleasure of making a giant, great as it possibly may be, cannot be comparable to the delight of killing him, our own handiwork. If, however, our reader will bear with us, we will proceed with the labours of Ching on the character of Falstaff, and on those personages and events, directly and indirectly, associated with his glorious name. Falstaff in China! Jack Falstaff on a regimen of rice!

"Forlstaff was born in the third hour of the morning; and at his birth, the roundness of his belly, and the whiteness of his head, betokened his future greatness. But little is known of his early life; save that he assisted in the temples of the barbarians, where his voice, once remarkable for its sweetness, became broken with the zeal of the singer. He then travelled with a juggler; and—if lying were not the especial vice of the barbarians—did greater wonders than even our own Yiyi. The Eldermen of London—so named, because chosen from the oldest inhabitants—are known by a ring upon the thumb; this ring, Forlstaff, to the admiration of the barbarian court, crept through and through like any worm, and was promoted by the king therefore. I should, however, do evil unto truth did I not advise you, O Ting, that this feat of Forlstaff seems greater than it really is: for a tame eagle being kept in the court of the king, it was afterwards discovered that a talon of the bird was something thicker than the waist of the said Forlstaff.

"It is certain that Forlstaff, a short time after his feat with the ring, became a student in a place called Clemency-inn; which, as its name implies, is a temple wherein youths study to become meek and merciful, to love all men as brothers of their own flesh, and to despise the allurements of wealth. There was with him another student, called Robert Shaller, who afterwards became a Mandarin, or, in the barbarian tongue, a justice of the peace: being promoted to that office because he was like a double radish, and had his head carved with a knife. He was, when at Clemency-inn, dressed in an eel-skin, and used to sleep in a lute-case. He lent Forlstaff what the barbarians call a thousand pounds, which Forlstaff was honest enough to—acknowledge.

"I next find Forlstaff in company with one Princeal—the son of the barbarian king, and several thieves. Forlstaff—and here the vice of his father, Shakspeare, breaks out in the child—tempts the king's son to turn robber. He is, however, so ashamed of the wickedness, that he goes about it with a mask on his face, as a king's son ought.

"Forlstaff falls into disgrace with Princeal, and is sent by him, with soldiers, to Coventry; that being a place in the barbarian country, where no man speaks to his neighbour. After some delay, Forlstaff marches

through Coventry, to fight one Pursy, who can ride up a straight hill, and is therefore called Hotspur. Forlstaff fights with him by—that is, near a clock, and kills him, Princeal, the king's son, meanly endeavouring to deprive Forlstaff of the honour.

“After the battle, Forlstaff goes to dine with the king at Wincer, which is the royal manufactory for soap. Forlstaff pretends to love two wives at the same time, and is put by them in what is called by the barbarians, a *buck* basket,—that is, a basket for the finer sort of barbarians, their word *buck* answering to our *push*, and meaning high, handsome, grand. He is flung into the river, and saves himself by swimming to a garter. He is afterwards punished, by being turned into the royal forest with horns upon his head, and chains upon his hands. Princeal, in time, becomes king, and discards Forlstaff, who goes home—goes to bed—does nothing but look at the ends of his fingers, talks of the green fields about Wincer, and dies.

“For the habits of Forlstaff, if they were not quite as virtuous as those of Fo, it was, perhaps, the fault of his times; for we have his own words to prove that they were once those of the best barbarians. He swore but few oaths—gambled but once a day—paid his debts four times—and took recreation only when he cared for it. He loved sack—a liquor that has puzzled the heads of the learned—without eggs, and was extraordinarily temperate in bread.

“His companions were thieves of the highest repute—but all, unhappily, died, and left no sons!

“You will now, oh, wise and virtuous Ting, directed by these few and feeble words, paint me the picture of Forlstaff and his two wives.”

We put it to the impartial reader whether Ching, in the above estimate of the character of Falstaff, has not entitled himself to take rank with many Shakspearian commentators; and whether, if Lord Palmerston will not consent to ship a company of English actors to Canton, Ching should not be invited by the patrons of the British drama to preside in a London theatre.

BIBO PERPLEXED.

Quoth Bibo one day, who his wits to renew
Had a course of the classics gone recently through,
(But whose thoughts on translating are somewhat peculiar,
For instance, gives *Mule* as the English of “*Mulier*,”
Says that *mice with cocked tails*, he's decidedly sure, is
The meaning of Ovid's “*Coctilibus Muris*;”)
Quoth he to a friend, “When this evening I dine,
Whose advice shall I take in selecting my wine?
Some this have commended,—some that have decried,—
By the body of Bacchus, 'tis hard to decide.
It engenders within me ‘*dolorem infandum*,’
However, ‘*de gustibus non disputandum*.’
But now my authorities, let me assort 'em,—
First Horace says, ‘*Fortiter occupa PORTUM*,’

Which implies, when the cloth is withdrawn from the table,
 You should stick to your *Port* just as long as you're able.
 For myself I must candidly own I don't spare it,
 Though Lucretius has said '*Primo carmine CLARET* ;'
 Which means, with the very first song that is sung,
 The bell for some *claret* should quickly be rung.
 What Flaccus liked best, it is worthy of notice,—
 '*Hoc juvat*,' says he, and '*Hoc erat in votis* ;'
 Thus clearly denoting, let who will abuse it,
 Though he could decline *hock*, he would never refuse it.
 But '*Missus ad hoc*,' what, when to replenish,
 Was his *Missis* sent down for a bottle of Rhenish ?
 That advice of Tibullus is certainly queer, he
 Thus tenders, '*Non festâ luce Mudere*.'
 No *Madeira* on gala days ! Well, I am thinking
 He meant it for private particular drinking.
 I am greatly surprised, too, and sorry to say so,
 At the double advice of Ovidius Naso,—
 '*Ne CAPE*,'—no *Cape*, though your lips it before is ;
 But he also has said, '*CAPE pignus Amoris* ;'
Cape the pledge of true love ?—No, no,—hearts to fetter,
 I'm certain *Constantia* will do vastly better.
 '*TENT-anima sumpsit*,' cries Ovid,—(the ninny
 To drink it.) Again, '*Vinum TENT-at*,' says Pliny.
 No *tent* though for me, for I don't relish sweet wines,
 They're heavy and thick, and so can't be call'd '*neat wines*.'
 And *tent* to my fancy inferior to *Cape* is,—
 Then prithee avoid it, or '*vile potabis*.'
 '*GRAVE Sisyphon urget*,' writes Naso—(that's funny,)
Vin de Grave it appears was the wine for his money.
 But Horace has shown that all do not admire it,
 By his, '*Terruit gentes ne GRAVE rediret*.'
 Thus we see what a dread a fresh bottle created :
 But, if right I remember, he elsewhere has stated,
 '*Crescit fama MARCELLI*,' which we know without telling.
 Means,—What famous Marsala ! but we've alter'd the spelling.

"The Greeks, jolly dogs, with *πίνω, πείνωκα*,
 (As theirs half so moist I am certain was no clay.)
 Would doubtless confess, though till night you might rail on
Tokay's what they meant when they talked of '*τὸ καλὸν*.'
 But enough—thus we see what '*ab illis culpatur* ;'
 '*Ab his*,' on the other hand, often '*laudatur*.'
 Then as tasting is always considered the test
 '*Ubi plura nitent*,' thus I'll find out the best.
 It is useless inquiring '*Quid omnium rerum*
Est primum' with me, for you see it is '*Merum*.'
 And in this I'm supported by worthy old Flaccus,
 Whose devoutest attentions were offered to Bacchus ;
 No counsel's so likely with me to endure, as
 That wise one of his, '*Vino pellite curas*.'
 Adieu,—I've no time for a single *addendum*,
 For dinner is ready, '*nunc, nunc est bibendum*.'"

A. A. C.

A COCKNEY COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN.

HARRY FIELDGROVE was born in London, bred in London, educated in London, and, till he attained the age of forty, lived in London. At the age of sixteen, Harry was placed in the counting-house of a merchant, to whom a large premium was paid upon the consideration that Harry, when he attained his majority, should be admitted into the house as a partner. This act of kindness towards Harry was performed by his maternal uncle; for the parents of the youth had both died during his childhood.

Mr. Urby, the uncle in question, had been, for many years, a West-India broker, which occupation had enabled him to amass something more than twenty thousand pounds. With this sum he retired from business; and, quitting his lodgings over his counting-house in 'Change-alley, he betook himself to apartments of superior pretensions, and more pleasant and airy, in St. Paul's Churchyard.

"Harry, my dear boy," said Mr. Urby; "since the death of your father, and my poor sister, your mother, I have endeavoured to supply the place of both to you. I am a bachelor; I shall never marry; you are all-in-all to me. You are now sixteen; to-morrow you will make your first start in active life: and I have so prepared it, that with good conduct on your own part, your course can hardly fail of being a prosperous one."

"Thankee, Uncle Urby," said Harry: "what am I to be?"

"Clerk in the house of those respectable West-India merchants, Messrs. Bags, Bales, and Co., of Mincing-lane. In a few years you will be received as a partner; and, in process of time, you may be—in short, there is no saying what:—Lord Mayor of London, for anything we know to the contrary."

"But I don't want to be Lord Mayor of London, Uncle Urby," said Harry.

"Then what is it you *do* want to be?" inquired Uncle Urby.

"I want to be a country-gentleman," replied Harry.

"Ah!" said Urby, with a sigh; "this comes of my foolish indulgence of you, Harry. Taking you, on the fine evenings in summer, for a walk to Islington-fields, and Camberwell green, and Kennington-common, and such-like rural places; and, on Sundays, to Greenwich or Putney; it is that, that has put such a notion into your head. I fear, too, that allowing you to pop at the sparrows with a pea-shooter, and fish in the ditches for minnows, has given you a taste for rural sports."

"I shall neyer be happy in London, uncle," said Harry.

"Well," said Urby; "I have lived in it all my life, and hope to end my days in it—though not for a great many years to come, Harry. I could not live away from it—could not be happy out of it. Use is second nature: so, though I have been out of business, now going on for seven years, I should die of weariness if I could not go every day to 'Change, and Garraway's, and the Jamaica Coffee-house; and then look in upon one old client and another; and sit for a quarter of an hour here, and a quarter of an hour there, upon a high stool in some dim, dingy, dirty, familiar little counting-house, and talk about what was

doing in rums, and coffees, and sugars, just as I used to do. How else could I enjoy my retirement, and amuse myself?"

Harry making no reply, Uncle Urby continued:—

"No, no, my dear boy; to enjoy a country life, or a town life, or any particular mode of life, you must be bred to it. To be what I understand by the term 'country-gentleman,' one must, as Shakspeare says—and he knew things tolerably well—to be a country-gentleman one must be 'to the *Manor* born.' It is a trade one cannot, with much prospect of pleasure or profit, set up in, late in life; and, of course, you do not contemplate such a step till you shall have made your fortune: a thing which, by fair and safe trading, is seldom done in a hurry."

"Of course, Uncle Urby," replied Harry; though with no definite notion of the extent to which he intended his "of course" should be carried.

"Well, then," said Urby; "by that time you will be old enough to decide for yourself. I have given you a good education for the career you are destined to; you can read, write, and cipher, and keep accounts according to the Italian method; so, with honesty and industry you will, with the blessing of Providence, in time become wealthy. And now, Harry, this being Easter Monday, I will treat you to the play to-night to see *George Barnwell*."

"I'd rather you would take me some night, uncle, when some other play is performed," said Harry; "you have made me see *that* nine times already!"

"You cannot see it too often, my good boy," said Urby; "it is a fine moral play: it illustrates what I have been saying to you about honesty and industry: it will teach you, besides, to beware of the Millwoods, and—and—to be *grateful* to your uncle!"

Uncle Urby hesitated to make any more distinct allusion to the main incident in the play.*

The next morning saw *Mister Fieldlove* (as Master Harry had the gratification of hearing himself called by Mr. Bags, the senior partner) installed in the counting-house of Messrs. Bags, Bales, and Co.; and his "first start in *active* life" was being nailed to a desk, from nine in the morning till nine at night, six days in every week. The seeming monotony of this mode of existence was pleasingly broken, however, by an occasional pressure of business, in which case the "from nine till nine"—the *toujours perdrix* of Mr. Fieldlove's clerkship—was varied by a sitting till midnight—or later. But Sunday was his own; and, unless it happened to rain torrents or to blow a hurricane, Sunday did young Fieldlove devote to his suburban rambles; and at night would he return, refreshed and invigorated, to his uncle Urby's (with whom he still continued to live) in St. Paul's Churchyard. "Ah!" thought he (upon

* It is a curious fact, that since the players have abstained from treating the merry holiday-folks with this edifying drama (not one word of which did they ever listen to), executions have been considerably less numerous. Whether this result may not, *in part*, be attributed to the alterations which have been made in the Criminal Laws, we shall not pretend to say. But, surely, the selection was anything but complimentary to that particular class of the community. We once heard a man say to another, as they quitted the theatre, on what is called boxing-night:—"But, I say, Bill; I don't see the fun of their always preaching that *George Barnwell* at us, in holiday-time; just, you know, as if they thought we was a-going to murder our uncles any more than other folks."

one of those occasions, and when he had extended his perambulations even beyond the brick-fields at Hackney), "the more I see of Nature, the greater is my desire to pass my life in the country. The sky is so blue, the fields are so green, the air is so pure! Mincing-lane may be a very good place to get money in, but only in the country can it be enjoyed. I'll be a country-gentleman, as soon as I can afford it, let uncle Urby say what he will against it."

Being destined to a share in the business, Fieldlove was treated by the partners with more consideration than the mere salaried clerks in the counting-house. Occasionally he was invited to pass the Sunday with Mr. Bags at his villa at Tooting; sometimes to go with him and his family to the play; and, twice or thrice in the course of the period of his clerkship, to accompany them to the pit at the Opera.

"What!" will some one exclaim, "a wealthy merchant appear, with his family, in the pit of the Opera-house!" Aye; so it was at the period of which we are writing. The pit, at that time, presented the appearance of a well-drest drawing-room, and was much frequented by what may be described as first-rate people of the second class: the boxes being almost exclusively appropriated to the nobility and the higher gentry. Indeed, many of those boxes were their private property, and, such as were not, were generally rented for the season: so that, year after year, the same family might be seen occupying the same niche, which they would quit only for the reason they would quit their house—because a better, or more convenient one, happened to become vacant. Then, even the gallery was respectably attended. Now, from the next box to her Grace may be seen protruding the fat, impudent face of her Grace's cheesemonger, or the perking, smirking countenance of his Grace's valet, with his valetship's *chère amie*, unblushingly exhibited at his side. This latter nuisance (a nuisance which of late years has been of common occurrence in the pit) has forced many of those who formerly frequented that portion of the theatre, to seek refuge in the stalls; yet even these are not always secure from such offensive intrusion. If these changes imply an improvement in the manners of society, or if (which we suppose is a matter of much higher importance) the prosperity of the establishment in question is increased by them, why, then, 'tis better as it is. This is a little digression, but, since it is committed—*stet!*

To resume. Young Fieldlove was now twenty-one. He had passed the five years of his noviciate entirely to the satisfaction of Messrs. Bags, Bales, and Co. By dint of unremitting drudgery his hand-writing had greatly improved, his rapidity at casting accounts had increased, and he could make out an invoice, or a bill of lading, in a style to extort the approbation even of the head clerk himself! That, indeed, was nearly all he could do; but, since nothing more was required of him, the satisfaction of the "firm" is not to be wondered at. The march of his intellect had certainly not kept pace with the progress of his hand; and, if it marched at all, it was, to say the most of it, to the tune of a very slow march.

Having attained his majority, Mr. Fieldlove was, in compliance with the terms of his articles, admitted a partner in the "firm;" which, in consequence of that event, became Messrs. Bags, Bales, Fieldlove, and Co.—the *Co.* (that imposing, but irresponsible, appendage to so

many great firms) being composed of precisely the same *nobodies* as before.

Attentive to the duties of the desk as Fieldlove had been throughout the period of his clerkship, his longings for the charms of a country life had never subsided. Each excursion, indeed, beyond the Bills of Mortality did but serve to aggravate them. Tooting had given him some notion of the delights of rural existence; for (to say nothing of the beauty of the country itself,) there was at the back of Mr. Bags's villa a paddock, and in that paddock there was a pond, and in that pond there were (said to be) fish. It is true that nobody had ever had the good fortune to catch one; whence Mr. Bags very rationally argued, that, as no fish had ever been taken *out* of the pond, why, if the fish were anywhere at all, they must be *in* the pond. This reasoning was satisfactory to Mr. Fieldlove, at least; and, on the strength of it, he would stand for hours together, bobbing into the water, "paha!"-ing, "pish!"-ing, and "plague-take-it!"-ing rod, line, hook, bait, and the unaccommodating fish that would not come to be caught. "Ah!" would he inwardly exclaim, upon these occasions; "Ah! would that I were a country-gentleman! How happily could I pass my life with nothing to do but go a-fishing!"

Tooting is a pretty place; and though (throwing out of the consideration the "Como Cottages," "Lausanne Lodges," and "Vallombrosa Villas;" and the long line of "Prospect Rows," "Elysium Terraces," and "Paradise Places," which bring it into friendly connexion with Kennington Cross)—though, throwing aside, we say, these circumstances, Tooting may almost be said to be "out of town," it cannot, in a wide sense of the term, be called "country;" we doubt, at least, whether it would be so considered by an Osbaldiston or a Hawker, or by those inveterate disciples of Walton and Cotton, Joe A——n and Billy D——n. But everything must have a beginning; nor was it till Harry Fieldlove had passed three days with Mr. Bales at his "Place," down at Croydon—a part of the kingdom so much more remote from London!—that he ventured to entertain a doubt whether Tooting were altogether as countryfied as country could be. At Croydon, for the first time in his life, he saw hounds and huntsmen! Here, too, was a pond which, disdaining the shuffle of Mr. Bags's, fairly established its claim to rank as a fish-pond by the positive evidence of a fish with which it sometimes rewarded the labours of the angler. And here, also (though at somewhat a later period, and when duly qualified), did he pull his first trigger. "Ah! would that I were a country-gentleman!" exclaimed he. "How happily could I pass my life with nothing to do but go a-shooting!"

Fieldlove (as we have said) was now twenty-one. He was a partner in the house, and, in a certain, though much more limited sense than he had anticipated, his own master. He had anxiously looked forward to this period; for he had resolved (as the initiatory step towards his becoming *altogether* a country-gentleman) upon taking a lodging a few miles out of town, to which he might retire every evening: still taking care to be at the counting-house at his usual hour of the morning. But his new dignity brought along with it increased responsibility, whilst his labours were not yet destined to be diminished.

"Fieldlove," said Mr. Bags, "I have fagged hard all my life. I am

growing old, and require a little rest. You must relieve me of a portion of my work, at the same time that you must not neglect your own. I intend to go and live entirely at Tooting. I shall come to town for a few hours every day, nevertheless."

"I shall be in town all day long, as usual, Sir," said Fieldlove; "but at night I intend to——"

"Exactly so," said Bags; "that is what Bales and I have settled. It is proper, you know, that one of the partners should be always on the spot; so, as you are junior partner, we have settled that you shall stay here at night. So quit St. Paul's Churchyard, and take possession *instantly*."

"But," said Fieldlove (whose rural scheme was frustrated by this arrangement, to which, however, he knew not how, even had it been prudent, to object), "but the—the—a large house—a single man like me—the rent—the—"

"Bales and I have settled all that," said Bags. "The rent goes for nothing: the counting-house clears that: it will go to the amount of current expenses. Now do not entertain any questions of delicacy on that score. One of us must live here if you didn't, and the rent must be paid whether or no. Bless me! a quarter to five! I must go. Good-bye, Fieldlove. Now *do* be up as early as you can in the morning, and see that all the clerks are here in good time. Remember, you are a partner and a master now."

"So!" thought Fieldlove; "let me see how the account stands. *Debtor*: the advantages I derive from becoming a partner and a master are, that I am to work a hundred *per cent.* more than before, and to enjoy fifty *per cent.* less liberty. Whilst I was merely a clerk in the house I *could*, occasionally, go for a night into the country, so as to get an hour's fishing in the morning before I came to the counting-house; but, now that I am master, I am to be the most unremitting slave in all Mincing-lane. Now, *per contra Creditor*: I shall be in receipt of an income of my own—a junior partner's share of the profits—instead of being dependent on my good uncle Urby for a weekly allowance of two guineas for pocket-money. By dint of economy, and by sticking to the desk for a few years longer—I *have* stuck to it," (thought he, with a sigh,) "till in my very sleep I feel as if the desk were sticking to me—by dint of these, the balance in my favour (errors excepted) will be, the means of accomplishing the first wish of my heart:—that is, to dispose of the surplus stock of my life in the country; never thinking of sooty, smoky, London—never looking upon musty, mouldy, Mincing-lane again. That this event may the sooner occur, I'll fag, in my own person, as hard as all the slaves on the estate of our respected correspondents, Messrs. Molasses, Mundungus and Co., planters, Kingston, Jamaica, put together."

Seven years rolled on, or, in Fieldlove's apprehension, crept on, during which period he never once stopt away from the "house," as the place of business was emphatically called. Sometimes, on a fine afternoon in summer, he would go down to Tooting with his friend and partner, Bags, to a six o'clock dinner. But on those occasions Mr. Bags would infallibly remind the driver of the Tooting stage to "take up one, by the last coach, at the Grove:"—Mr. Bags's villa being appropriately so named: from the two lanky poplars which stood at the gate; and the last coach

being the one which regularly passed the Grove as the clock struck eight. Owing to a trifling circumstance this arrangement had become intolerably disagreeable to Mr. Fieldlove. This circumstance was no other than that Mr. Fieldlove had (to repeat the words in which he conveyed the information to his uncle Urby) drawn on the affections of Isabella (Mr. Bags's second daughter); and that he had such reliance on the *credit* which she had placed to his account in her heart, that he was satisfied his draft would, in due time, be honoured to the full amount.

Now, it is by no means a bull, to say, that a *tête-à-tête* of two hours between two lovers, is no more than an hour a-piece (as the inimitable Joe Miller said of the two Irishmen who had to walk ten miles, that it was but five miles a-piece for them). No; it is not an hour a-piece; it is scarcely a minute between them. Does any one doubt this position, I will appeal for the truth of it to Mr. A. and Miss B.; Colonel C. and Lady D.; Lord E. and Miss F.—nay, to the whole alphabet ten times over. But, to poor Fieldlove, what must have been those two hours, from six till eight, which afforded him no opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* at all? Nothing, yet a century!

It happened that Mr. Bags knew nothing of what was going on between his daughter and his junior partner; not that, as the event proved, he would have objected to it if he had. In his ignorance, therefore, he never dreamed of conniving at opportunities for what Mrs. Bags (who was herself somewhat romantically inclined) called *tutluts*, between the parties. It happened, moreover, that Mr. Bags would not, under any circumstances, have put himself in the slightest degree out of his way to encourage them. The arrangements at the Grove, like the arrangements at the counting-house, and alas! like the arrangements of the Tooting coach, also, were all timed to a minute. Invariably at three minutes before six the coach stopped at the gate; invariably as the clock struck six dinner was served; invariably as the clock struck seven Mrs. Bags and the young ladies—Isabella and all!—retired to the drawing-room.

"And now, Dobson," would Mr. Bags invariably say to his man, "clear the table a little, and bring a fresh bottle of port." Then, addressing Fieldlove, he would continue: "Now, my boy, for a good glass of wine and a little rational conversation." [The short specimen of the conversation here reported is a fair sample of Mr. Bags's rational conversation in general] "I can't help saying, Harry, that this quiet hour with you, from seven till eight, is the one I most enjoy of the four-and-twenty."

"You are very kind, Sir," said Fieldlove, wriggling in his chair, yet knowing, from frequent experience, that any attempt at escape to the drawing-room would be hopeless.

"There is no conversation when women are present. All their talk is about books, and music, and pictures, and operas, and plays, and all that sort of thing—nothing rational in it. Come, fill your glass, Fieldlove. A good glass of wine, that. No, no; that is all very well for women. What we want is *rational* conversation—something to relieve the mind when the cares of the day are over: something refreshing, as ~~the~~ might say. Business for Mincing-lane; for Tooting, recreation. What say you?"

"Quite of your opinion," replied Fieldlove: "to enjoy the country one must forget the counting-house."

"Aye, to be sure."—[A pause.]—"I say—I'm very glad we got rid of those cottons as we did—marked M. M. C. bales 94 to 230. I was sure they'd go down."

"I thought so too," replied Harry.

"Jinks's house will burn their fingers with them if they keep them long. They *must* go on falling: it stands to reason. Fill your glass."

A pause. Bags continues.

"I say, Harry; I'm thinking that 12 per cent. is a heavy premium on the Johnny and Clara. I've a great notion of standing two-thirds of the risk ourselves. To be sure, Diddlum and Smash, whom I saw at Lloyd's to day, offered to do the whole at ten-and-a-half; but, between ourselves, I don't much like them."

"No more do I," replied Fieldlove, sipping his wine.

"I say, Harry."

"Well, Sir?" says Fieldlove.

"Take your wine; the coach will be here soon. This wine has been eighteen years in bottle in my own cellar. I laid down a pipe of Madeira at the same time. My *Bella* Madeira, as I call it, because it was bottled the day Bella was born."

The mention of the name of Isabella made a gap in the colloquy which Fieldlove, had he possessed but a moderate share of conversational activity, might have leaped through, probably with some advantage to himself; but he "hem'd" and "ha'd" so long that it was filled up again by Bags.

"I'm sorry we let Spinxmore and Wobs have those coffees at the price, this morning, for I am certain they are looking up. But I was overruled by Bales."

"I'm rather sorry, too," replied Fieldlove; "but, then, we sold at a fairish profit, you know. Besides, we got a heavy pull on the rums."

"I say, Harry; fill your glass. I declare this wine is as bright as a ruby. Look! not a speck in it—[A pause.]—I say; just take out your pocket-book and make a memorandum to pick up all you can learn about Jedediah Squotch, Sons, Brothers, and Co., the American house at Liverpool; and set about it the first thing in the morning. I don't half like the look of things in that quarter."

"I'll remember it, Sir," says Harry, sipping his wine.

"Now do put down your wine and make a minute of it in your book; then you'll be safe. This is business, you know. There—now you can't forget it. I wish we hadn't renewed their last acceptance for two thousand, for, to say the truth, I am not over-and-above easy about them. They stand with us for nearly four thousand five hundred."

"Upwards of seven thousand, you mean, Sir," said Fieldlove.

"Bless my soul! no! you don't say so!" exclaimed Bags, with a start, and upsetting his wine at the same time. "Confound it!—Deuce take 'em!—How could I have made such a mistake! It was but two days ago I turned to their account, and—I recollect: the account was only posted to the 31st *ult.* and I didn't remember the last consignment. This has quite taken my breath away. Fill your glass. Isn't this wine corked? I didn't perceive it before. It is—abominably corked. Confound 'em! I shan't sleep all night. I'll be in Mincing-lane to-mor-

row by nine. And now, Fieldlove, I'll tell you what must be done, in the first place——"

At this moment the clock struck eight, and, at the same time, two bells were rung—the gate bell and the drawing-room bell. A minute afterwards Dobson entered the room, and announced—"Coffee ready, Sir; and the coach is waiting for Mr. Fieldlove." Fieldlove would have taken his leave of the ladies, and, perhaps, his coffee, too; but a "Now, Sir, if you please," from the coachman, and an assurance from Bags that he would do the needful for him in the former respect, prevented him. Bags accompanied him to the very step of the coach, all the way bewailing the affair last in question; and finishing with an exhortation to the junior partner to be up very early and look closely after matters in the morning. And thus ended their rational conversation for that day.

But although, during seven long years, Fieldlove, as we have said, never once was away from the "house" at night, he enjoyed, in the course of that period, many *days* of ineffable bliss. Uncle Urby was not in error when he expressed his opinion that, allowing his nephew to pop at the sparrows with a pea-shooter, and fish in the ditches for minnows, had infected him with a taste for rural sports. Such was the fact. Fieldlove had now given palpable demonstrations of his determination to become (at some time or other) a country-gentleman; for, as the initiatory steps towards that position, he had taken out a game-license, purchased a double-barrelled Manton, and provided himself with the best fishing-tackle which Crooked-lane could supply—that place being then, as probably it may be still, the great emporium for that commodity, notwithstanding that the Spirit of Improvement has, literally, made Crooked-lane straight. The junior partner's great, and, in his estimation, sufficient reward for his almost ceaseless toil, was a day's shooting, or fishing, at Croydon; and this would he enjoy as often as the state of business would allow of his absence. How delightful were his anticipations of the day which was to see him thus engaged! how exquisite was his enjoyment of it when it came! how gratifying was the remembrance of it when past! "When—when—when—" he would impatiently exclaim, "when am I to be *quite* a country-gentleman, with nothing else in the world to do with my time but go a-fishing or a-shooting!" It is not impossible, however, that to the rarity of his opportunities for relaxation from severe business may be attributed some portion of the charm which he ascribed entirely to the "going a-shooting or a-fishing:" but this is a question which he never considered, and with which we have nothing to do.

It is not to be supposed that any human being should live to the age of twenty-eight (to which period of his mortal existence we now bring our hero), without forming certain habits. The habits of Fieldlove were essentially—cockney is an ugly word—the habits of a Londoner, then. His *passion* was for the country, but his acquired *habits* were of the town, towny. Yet was he not aware of this; so insensibly had they grown upon him. Indeed, he had not the slightest notion that he had acquired any habits at all—none, certainly, of which he might not readily divest himself in exchange for others, at that, or any later moment of his life. The business of the day concluded, his resources for spending the rest of his time were all external: he had none within

himself. He did not draw, because, in the first place, he had not been taught drawing; and, in the next, because he had no taste for it if he had been. He was fond of music; but as he had never essayed to make it for himself—not even to the extent of blowing “*God save the King*” through a flute—he was entirely dependent upon others for it. He took no pleasure in reading—the “*Morning Advertiser*” or the “*Public Ledger*” (the leading commercial journals of that period) excepted—beyond the reading of the novels and romances which were so plentifully manufactured at the *Minerva* press; and this rather as a provocative to sleep, which half-a-dozen pages would accomplish, than as a means of amusement for a waking hour or two. For conversational society, of a general and miscellaneous character, he had no relish. This, indeed, may be inferred from his own conversational powers; an example of which has been given, both as regards extent and quality, in the colloquial encounter between him and Mr. Bags, at the Grove. To get through his evenings, therefore, he was forced to resort to the playhouse, the opera, a concert, or a masquerade; or, in default of these, to take refuge at the Jamaica Coffee-house, where he was sure to find some one with whom he might enjoy “sweet interchange of thought,” on the congenial subject of cottons, coffees, rums, sugars, and tobaccos. But if constrained, by some untoward circumstance, to remain at home—and alone!—his was the utter helplessness of solitude. Yet even in those moments it was that he would the most fervently pray for the arrival of that day which would see him settled in some quiet spot, remote from cities,—as a country-gentleman!

At this period, Harry Fieldlove having just entered his twenty-ninth year, a circumstance occurred which occasioned a material alteration in his position. After days, weeks, and months of deliberation and hesitation, Fieldlove, at length, said to himself—“Yes—there—’tis as good as done—I have made up my mind.”

Now it may be asked, what on earth could have caused all this difficulty and delay about the making up of so very small a parcel. Why, the point in debate was an important one; being nothing less than the asking of Mr. Bags the hand of his daughter Bella, in marriage. “I’ll do it this very afternoon,” continued Fieldlove. “I shall dine at the Grove; and, the moment Mr. Bags and I are left to ourselves, I’ll put the question to him.” Accordingly the lover proceeded to Tooting; at three minutes before six o’clock he was safely deposited at the Grove; at six, as usual, dinner was on table; and, at seven, the ladies withdrew.

Nothing is easier than to resolve upon the most difficult or dangerous undertaking; but it has sometimes happened to the greatest heroes to hold back when the moment has arrived for putting it into execution. Thus it was with Fieldlove: for (as he, some time afterwards, in his own picturesque style, described his sensations,)—the instant he found himself alone with Mr. Bags, a sort of feeling came over him just for all the world as if he were wishing that the Tooting coach would come all on a sudden to take him back to town again. The usual order to Dobson, to clear the table and bring a fresh bottle of port, being complied with, and Dobson having left the senior and junior partners to themselves, the latter prepared to speak; when, lo! a phenomenon occurred for which he, not being quite a Faraday, was utterly at a loss

to account:—he felt as if his lips, tongue, and mouth had been suddenly converted into old parchment, and his throat choked up with dry saw-dust! Not a word could he utter. Bags filled his own glass, pushed the bottle to Fieldlove, and, after his usual speech in depreciation of any allusion to business in their social moments, asked him how peppers and gingers were looking. His companion stammered something in reply. Bags next made his tender inquiries concerning muscovadoes. He then (filling, sipping, and talking) went the round of tobaccos, coffees, cottons, &c. &c.; Fieldlove supplying *his* portion of the conversation as best he could. They had now come to their last glass; when the lover, finding his throat moistened, his talking-machinery relaxed, and his courage revived by the wine which he had swallowed, boldly began:—

“Sir, I—Mr. Bags, I—for some time—for a *long* time, indeed, I have resolved to say—that is, to mention—”

At this identical moment the clock struck eight, the two customary bells rang music now most unpleasing to Fieldlove’s ears, and Dobson appeared to make his announcement of “Coffee is ready in the drawing-room, Sir, and the coach is waiting for Mr. Fieldlove.”

Ten successive attempts on the part of Fieldlove were attended with precisely the same result; and matters might have gone on in this way for ever, and Fieldlove have remained unmarried to this day, but for an ingenious expedient which occurred to him. This was to request of his uncle Urby that *he* would propose the business to Mr. Bags. To this, uncle Urby willingly consented; and the next morning saw him closeted with the respectable sire of Bella Bags. The conversation which occurred between these gentlemen, touching the union of the hands of two ardent lovers, whose hearts were already bound together by the tenderest affection, was, perhaps, more remarkable for its business-like, serviceable character, than for the delicacy and refinement which fastidious people might consider to be more befitting such an occasion. Such as it was, however, we give it; and our readers may depend upon its accuracy, since we have it (as the newspapers say,) “from our own reporter.”

Urby. Bags, my old friend, how are you?

Bags. Ah! Urby, my old boy, how goes it?

Urby. Why, tol-lol. I say, Bags, I want to speak to you.

Bags. Ah!—well; what’s it about?

Urby. Why, it’s something private; so let’s go into your own room.

Bags. Come along, then.—Now; what’s it? out with it.

Urby. I say; what do you think? My *Neerly* has taken a liking to your Bella.

Bags. No! bless me! You don’t say so.

Urby. True, upon my life: at least, so he tells me. And, from what I can understand, she likes him.

Bags. How very odd! And yet it isn’t, neither; now I come to think of it; for I’ve thought, for some weeks past, there was something queer in his manner. I’ve thought, somehow, when I’ve been talking to him upon business, that his mind was running upon something sweeter than sugars.

Urby. That was it, as sure as a gun.

Bags. And I remember, too, Mrs. B., the other day, saying, in her romantic way, that she suspected they were doing a bit of tender together. But I paid no attention to that at the time.

Urby. Mrs. B. was right, I'll answer for it. Women soon see into the thick of these matters. Why, Lord bless you! a woman would see through a love-affair if even it were packed as close as a bale of cotton.

Bags. But, I say, old boy; you, an old bachelor! where did *you* pick up your knowledge of these matters?

Urby. Nonsense; that's neither here nor there. Come, now, to the point. I say, *Bags*; what say you to their making a match of it, eh?

Bags. Why—I don't see any harm in it. But, supposing we *do* make a match of it, what do you intend to do for your *Nevvy*?

Urby. First of all, tell me what you intend to do for *Bella*—or for him, which will be all one.

Bags. No, no; that's not at all business-like. I can't be buyer and seller too. You opened the transaction, so you must speak first.

Urby. Well, I'll tell you what. You, as eldest partner in the house, have four-eighths of the business, *Bales* has three-eighths, *Harry* has one-eighth. Now, give him one of your eighths, which will make his share in the house a quarter, and I'll give him five thousand pounds down, as clean as a whistle.

Bags. An eighth! I say, my old buck, you haven't forgotten how to make a bargain. But, let me see: an eighth! (*He calculates.*) Eights in the—um—um—go five and carry two; fives in the—um—um—and there remains—um—um.—Well; that's a good deal; but I'll give it.

Urby. You will? Very well: done.

Bags. And done. And there's my hand to it. But, I say: you'll give the young folks five hundred pounds for out-fit—just to set them a-going.

Urby. No, no; dash me if I do.

Bags. Then I'm off, and it's no bargain.

Urby. So say I, and no harm done. So *Harry* may get another wife, and she may get another husband. Good-bye, old boy. Now I'll just go to the *Jamaica* and look at the papers. (*Going.*)

Bags. But, come; I say, *Urby*, I'll tell you *what* I'll do: I'll halve it with you. I'll come down two hundred and fifty if you'll come down ditto.

Urby. Why—well—we won't spoil a ship to save a ha'porth of tar—I'll do it. So *done*; and here's my hand to the bargain.

Bags. And *done* again: and now *Fieldlove* may have the girl as soon as ever he likes.

So Mr. *Harry Fieldlove* and Miss *Isabella Bags* were married.

During the first seven years of their union the happy couple dwelt at the "house" in *Mincing-lane*. To those of the far west, who may never have ventured upon a journey so desperately east of *Temple Bar*, it may seem incredible that people, who were anything at all, could exist in such a place, and a place with such a name, too! But, in fact, there was nothing either derogatory or inconvenient in this. The *locale* may not have been as pleasant and lively as the *Regent's Park* or the *Belgrave-square* of the present day, or as the *Grosvenor*, or the *St. James's*, the *Bloomsbury*, or even the *Finsbury-square* of the past: but the house, *quoad* house, was large, handsome, and convenient, and would have done no discredit to the best of those places: whilst, *then*, the aristocracy of the commercial world disdained not to reside on the spot to which they were indebted for their wealth and station.

Those seven years were passed pleasantly enough. Mrs. Fieldlove was fond of society (not meaning thereby the undivided companionship of her husband), and Fieldlove not being, nor possessing the qualifications for ever becoming, a *tête-à-tête* man, was fond of it too. Their evenings were mostly devoted to the public amusements of the town, or to occasional parties at home or abroad: for the mornings he himself found, as usual, full occupation in the counting-house or on 'Change. His passion for rural sports had in no degree diminished; but having acquired promotion in the firm by the retirement of Mr. Bags (the price of which advantage was the necessity for even a closer application to business than before), his opportunities for gratifying that passion were less frequent. But, in requital of this, how keen, how intense, was his enjoyment of it when an opportunity did occur! It was to him a good and sufficient reward for weeks of fag and worry.

The period was now fast approaching which was to witness the consummation of the first wish of Mr. Fieldlove's heart—to be a country-gentleman. But cruel Fate had set a high price for the purchase of this gratification, and no abatement would she make:—Uncle Urby must die! In the eighty-ninth year of his age, uncle Urby, poor fellow! was untimely carried off; and Harry Fieldlove, poor fellow! was left to deplore the loss of the best of uncles, with nothing in the world to console him, poor fellow! but a walk to Doctors' Commons to prove uncle Urby's will, to which he was sole executor, and, by which he was bequeathed upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds. But time does much in these cases: so that, in about a year—or, perhaps, something less—Harry Fieldlove's grief at the sad event had considerably abated.

Fieldlove now set seriously about looking out for a place in the country to which he might retire; and it seldom happens, in this happy land, that a person who has plenty of money to spend, need be long in want of anything which he may wish to procure. The Humdrummie estate was to be sold. It was situate, sixty miles distant from London, in a fine country, possessing the advantages of fine shooting, fine fishing, fine coursing, fine hunting. It consisted of about one hundred acres, more or less, comprising pleasure-grounds, lawns, shrubberies, orchards, fruit and flower-gardens, and [from the undulating character of a considerable portion of the land, facilities for forming] one of the most beautiful parks in England—and which required nothing but to be planted. Immediate possession might be taken, as the house was [as usual, stated to be] in complete repair. New white-washing, plastering, and papering, from top to bottom, and fresh painting, inside and out, it required, of course—for this is the least which a house in complete repair generally does require. It is true the house was partly unroofed, though, luckily, only at that part of it where the servants' bed-rooms were. Then, the flooring of some of the lower rooms was rotten; and some of the window-frames were decayed; and some of the doors were warped and would not shut; and others were warped and would not open; and, then, there was a crack, here and there, in the main walls. But as these were trifles which might be attended to, or not, *entirely at the option of the purchaser*, the house was (in a liberal sense) in complete repair. Fieldlove went down to see the place, and was delighted with it. Not the least of its charms, in his eyes, was, that it was seven

miles away from the nearest town, Bobston; two from Dumbleditch, the nearest village; and (being more than a mile off the high road) was to be approached only by a most ratty and romantic cart-road. What on earth could be more rural! It realized, nay exceeded, his wildest visions of country. Within three days after his return to town, Humdrummie House was his. "And now," he exclaimed, "am I soon to be a country-gentleman!"

Paper-hangers, painters, plumbers, glaziers, carpenters, bricklayers, and masons, were forthwith set to work; and, in about five months, the house (which five months before was said to be in complete repair and ready for immediate possession) was rendered habitable—allowing, still, three or four weeks for it to become perfectly dry. Then came the upholsterer and *his* train. At length, everything being ready, Mrs. Fieldlove and the children (for, since their marriage, three had made their appearance) were sent down; and Fieldlove himself (he being now, by the introduction of a son of Mr. Bales into the firm, relieved from a portion of his labours in the business) would occasionally take an opportunity of going there for a couple of days at a time. To find himself shooting or fishing on his own domain! What more could life bestow—than to relieve him from all other occupations? Rod or gun in hand he was abroad from the rising till the setting of the sun. Then would he return, delighted and fatigued, recount his exploits by "flood or field," eat his dinner—and go to bed. Had the day been twice as long it had still been too short to satisfy him. The next morning would find him again stirring with the lark; but, alas! for no pleasanter purpose than to mount the London coach and return to Mincing-lane. These visits to Humdrummie, which were short and seldom, served but to increase his appetite for a country life: so at the end of two years more, which brought him to the age of forty, he withdrew his capital from the concern and retired altogether from business. "To curing your husband till he died," is said to have been the form of an apothecary's bill to a poor widow. Fieldlove's share of the profits, made by the West-India house in which he was a partner, had been considerable: this will scarcely be credited now: but they were acquired before certain Doctors had taken "to improving our Colonies till they were ruined."

Behold him, with an ample fortune, established at Humdrummie House! "And now," he exultingly exclaimed, "I *am* a country-gentleman; and, in the enjoyments of a country life, here will I pass the rest of my days!"

Fieldlove opened his country-gentleman career just at the commencement of the shooting-season. The season was propitious to his experiment. The weather was unusually fine; and, from the 1st of September till Christmas, he scarcely missed a day in the field. He was not a very expert shot, certainly; but as he estimated the pleasure of the sport, not according to the execution he did in a given time, but by the length of time he was engaged in it, that was a point of minor importance. The excitement was the same; and, in his opinion, the next best thing to bringing down a bird, was to miss it and frighten it away. In either case it was *shooting*. Then, to vary his amusements, or, as, in strictness, they must be called, his occupations, there was the fishing-rod. And though his dexterity as an angler did not exceed his skill as a shot, the pleasure he took in "going a-fishing" suffered no diminution from that circumstance.

But there *was* a circumstance upon the consequences of which Fieldlove had never calculated. This was no other than that, in the country, as in London, in proportion as the days become shorter the evenings grow longer; and as the most determined sportsmen seldom fish or shoot in the dark, our hero's agreeable means of getting through his time were gradually diminished with the advance of the season. Thus, at the middle of December, he was usually at home by five; half an hour afterwards he was seated at table; and by seven dinner was fairly over. There were then three or four mortal hours till bed-time! And how were they to be passed? Fieldlove, as we have already said, was not a *tête-à-tête* man, even under the most auspicious circumstances; but shut up with his wife, and (owing to the sameness of his daily pursuits) unprovided with those accidental topics for conversation which a busy life usually supplies, his position was helpless. In town, in default of other assistance, he had the public amusements, to which he had always been partial, to help him on; but at Humdrummie House he was left entirely to his own resources, which, in other words, meant that he was left without any resources at all. The children would divert him for an hour or so; but at eight o'clock they were sent to bed. He would then amuse Mrs. Fieldlove with an account of how many shots he had had in the course of the day, how many had told, how many had missed: to each of which points of information she would reply, "Indeed, love!" But, interesting as this might be, it would hardly bear repetition; so he would proceed to tell her at what hour he intended to rise next morning, where he intended to go, at what time he should come home, and what he should like to find provided for his dinner on his return. He would then gape, then yawn, then fall asleep. During that time, Mrs. Fieldlove, who was a woman of various accomplishments, would read, or do a little embroidery, or draw, or touch the piano *piano*, or sing *sotto voce* for fear of waking her husband—occasionally looking in the fire, and thinking that, to her, who was fond of the pleasures of the town, what a bore it was to live at Humdrummie. Between ten and eleven Fieldlove would wake, complain of being sleepy, and so to bed.

"Bella, dear," said Fieldlove, one evening, "we have been living here nearly four months. 'Tis very odd none of our neighbours have called upon us."

"Why, love," said Mrs. Fieldlove, "the curate and the apothecary of Dumbleditch have both called. We should invite them to dinner, or we can't expect them to call again."

"True, dear," said Fieldlove, "we will. But I mean the gentry of the neighbourhood: Sir Charles Haughton, of Haughton Priory; Lord Lefty; Squire Woodleigh, of Woodleigh Park, and—and so forth. I wonder what is the etiquette: whether we ought to call upon them first or they upon us?"

"Really, love, I don't know," replied Mrs. Fieldlove; "but I apprehend that if they desired our acquaintance, they would make the first call."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Fieldlove; "though I don't think one need stand upon ceremony in the country. Now, though this is a delightful place, I'm afraid we shall sometimes find it rather dull without company; and one can't expect of one's friends that they should come very often all the way from London to visit us."

"True," said the lady.

"I tell you what, Bella," said Fieldlove; "I'll drive over to Woodleigh Park to-morrow and leave a card upon the Squire. Indeed I think it is the least one country-gentleman can do to another. And why not upon Sir Charles Haughton? And—and, I say, Bella, whilst one *is* about it, why not upon Lord Lofty too? We are all neighbours, you know."

Mrs. Fieldlove seeing no objection to this proceeding, it was next morning put into execution.

On the evening of that same day, Lord Lofty and Squire Woodleigh were dining, with a large party, at the Priory.

"Pray, Haughton," said the Squire, "do you, or does any one present, happen to know anything about one Greenfield, or Fieldgreen, who has lately bought that tumble-down place at the corner of Hogwash Lane?"

"Nobody *knows* him," replied one of the party; "but they say he is a retired sugar-baker. But, Fieldlove, I believe, is the man's name."

"What!" exclaimed Lord Lofty: "why, confound his impudence! he left his card upon me this morning."

"That is why I made the inquiry," said Woodleigh; "he has done me the same honour."

"And me also," said the Baronet, laughing. "But he was not a sugar-baker; he merely *dealt* in sugar, and coffee, and pepper, and treacle, and things of that kind: at least so one of my keepers told me on passing the place the other morning."

"O, a grocer!" said Lord Lofty: "what the plague can the man want with us! However, I suppose he *meant* to be *civil*, so the impertinence is hardly worth notice."

"I'll answer for it he meant no offence," said another of the guests. "Most likely he has but fallen into the error—not an uncommon one—of supposing that simply coming to live in the country at once constitutes a country-gentleman." And here the conversation turned upon other subjects.

"'Tis an ill wind, &c." Two days, five, eight, ten passed away after Mr. Fieldlove had made the neighbourly calls which provoked those remarks, when, at length!—the pleasure of their company at dinner, on the following Wednesday, at Humdrum House, was requested of the curate and the apothecary of Dumbleditch.

On the following Wednesday, the apothecary and the curate, each mounted on his nag, made their appearance. They praised the dinner, and gave unquestionable proof of the sincerity of their commendations. The beef was the best beef in the world; the turkey still better than the beef, and only inferior to the plum-pudding. Physic declared ("between ourselves") he preferred a good plain dinner, like that, to all the *kickshaws* at the Priory; Divinity asseverated ("between ourselves") that the foreign *fal-lals* at Lord Lofty's were not to be compared with it; and each asked Fieldlove whether ("between ourselves") he did not think so too? Fieldlove, in reply, mumbled something that was quite unintelligible, and perfectly satisfactory. Both the guests praised the port, and both (but always "between ourselves") were of opinion that the Madeira beat the Squire's. The host being appealed to as to whether they were not in the right on the latter point, eva-

sively answered that "he was rather proud of his Madeira, as he had given it three voyages to the West Indies."

"You, Mr. Fieldlove," said the apothecary, "you, I see, are a man after my own heart: you are a port-drinker. A bottle of such port as this is worth a hogshead of claret." [There was no claret upon table.] Now, at Sir Charles's, as *you* must know, one seldom sees a drop of port."

"True, Doctor," said the curate; "claret is a pretty tippie to wind up with; but it requires a monstrous quantity to make one comfortable, unless one has laid a good foundation of port. Now, at the Priory, or at Lord Lofty's, as *you* must know, Mr. Fieldlove, one can get nothing *but* claret—except, indeed, a few glasses of Champagne, and Hock, and Moselle, and Sauterne, and Hermitage, and—that sort of thing. Now, you being a port-drinker, how do you contrive when *you* dine with them?"

There was no parrying this question.

"Why, Sir," replied Fieldlove, with considerable hesitation, "the fact is, I—I do not visit them. The fact is, Mrs. Fieldlove and I are here for the sake of quiet—of retirement; and, the fact is, we have made up our minds neither to pay, nor receive, visits; and the fact is, we dislike company, except in a family—a friendly—a quiet way, as at present; for the fact is, we—we—in short, we resolved upon that point before we came down here.—Ahem!—Pray, gentlemen, do *you* frequently dine with those families?"

"O, regularly," said the curate, filling his glass with an air of importance: "regularly every Sunday—that is to say, every *Easter* Sunday, and Christmas-day, with one or other of them."

"And very often, indeed," said the apothecary, "whenever an election is coming on for Bobston."

Simultaneously with the dessert, three little children—two girls and a boy—made their appearance. The apothecary instantly looked at the children's tongues, and set them squalling by recommending their mamma to allow him to send them a little physic; but the reverend guest speedily restored them to good humour by making for himself a set of false teeth of orange-peel, sticking a raisin on the tip of his nose, and imitating Punch in a show-box. "In the course of the evening," as the playbills have it, the curate sang "Old Towler," "The tight little Island," and "What joy in the bottle is found;" whilst the apothecary beguiled the intervals by talking theology to Mrs. Fieldlove. At ten o'clock the lady retired; and coffee was, shortly afterwards, sent in. The curate happening, by the merest accident in the world, to praise the excellence of Squire Woodleigh's cook at broiling a bone, the host took the hint; and broiled bones, with their usual concomitant, the liqueur-case, were produced. At midnight, the guests were lifted up on their nags, and departed; but not till Fieldlove had assured them that he should be happy to see them in the same friendly way as often as they might find it convenient—an invitation of which they subsequently availed themselves much oftener than he found it agreeable.

The whole of the next day Fieldlove was confined to his bed by a racking headache—his wishes, in consequence, for the bestowal hereafter of all country parsons and apothecaries being not the most charitable. When he rose on the following morning (it being then the middle of January) it was blowing, snowing, hailing, raining, sleeting—in short, it was doing

everything which the most disreputable weather could dare do, even in such a "merry month of May" as that which has lately gladdened us. Fieldlove could not stir out of the house: nay, a dog of common spirit and understanding would have resented it as a personal insult had any one proposed to him to go the length of his tail beyond the door-way. And thus, with few variations, generally for the worse, seldom for the better, did the weather continue for a whole, eternal, ten days.

The condition of poor Fieldlove during this time cannot be adequately described. He could not settle himself down to any in-door occupations, for the reason that he had none. He paced the house from room to room; walked from window to window, looking out at each, and beating the devil's tattoo upon it with his fingers for three minutes at a time; impatiently scratched his head; desperately blew his nose; looked at his guns and sighed; looked at his fishing-tackle and groaned; and once, indeed—awful to relate!—did he even look at his pistols! "I shall go out of my mind!" exclaimed Fieldlove; and he might easily have been as good as his word, for the precincts from which he threatened to escape were not very extensive. But his wife, with that power of comforting and consoling which is the angelic attribute of woman, succeeded in soothing him into a stupid acquiescence in his fate. "O Harry!" she said; "O, Harry, love! for Heaven's sake don't take on so! I dare say the case is the same just now with all country-gentlemen!" At last, the weather cleared; and our country-gentleman being once more in the field, he was himself again.

The shooting-season was now at an end. Fieldlove had a spring and a long summer before him, "with nothing in the world to do but go a-fishing." Thus was the other of the most earnest wishes of his life about to be gratified: and, now, by the pond, the river, or the stream, was he constantly to be found.

But somehow (from what cause he could not tell) this summer did seem to him as long as any six years of his existence had been. It had never occurred to him that that which has served for the recreation, loses its charm when it is made the business of life. Besides, his notions of country amusements were limited to the two he had been in the habit of indulging in; and he fondly imagined that those would be all-sufficient to his enjoyment of a country life. Lord Lofty kept a pack of fox-hounds, and Squire Woodleigh a pack of harriers: but Fieldlove did not hunt, because (and be it not spoken to his discredit, for we know of some worthy persons who are in the same predicament) he could not ride; nor, for the same reason, did he (to use his own excusatory phrase when questioned on the subject) "care much for coursing." And when once he was told that, on the ensuing Thursday, there was to be a steeple-chase four miles right on end, he stared as though he thought that some one such recreant appendage to a church had actually bolted, and that the *posse comitatus* had been ordered out in pursuit. Of rural matters, he knew an oak from an elm only by its acorns; and one fruit-tree from another only by the unquestionable evidence of its fruit.

It is told of a certain person that, for nine years, during which he was engaged in paying his addresses to a lady, he spent every evening in her delightful society. She, at length, blessed him with her hand. The marriage ceremony over, "Ah!" cried he, "I am now the happiest of men. But where the devil am I to go to spend my evenings?"

Fieldlove, somewhat in like manner, after living for two years at Humdrummie House, thought to himself, "I have accomplished all I desired in the world: I am a country-gentleman, with nothing to do but go a-fishing or a-shooting: but what am I to do for recreation?"

"Really, now, does the Squire live here all the year round?" said he to the curate, one day.

"Yes," replied the curate; "except for a few weeks, when he goes up for the London season."

"And how does *he* contrive to get through his time?" inquired Fieldlove.

"He has plenty to do," replied the curate. "He has a vast estate, upon which he was born, the management of which is in his own hands; he has a large tenantry, who, from his long residence among them, look up to him as their guardian and protector; then, he is a magistrate, and has to attend quarter-sessions, besides doing justice-business here; then, he has a large circle of acquaintance about him; then, in the way of field-sports, he is up to all in the ring; then——"

"That will do," said Fieldlove. With a sigh, he bethought him of the words of his uncle Urby: "To be a 'Country Gentleman' one must be to the *Manor* born; it is a trade which one cannot, with much prospect of pleasure or profit, set up in late in life. To enjoy a country life, or a town life, or any particular mode of life, you must be bred to it."

Fieldlove now began to fancy that the place was too cold for his wife, or too warm for himself, or too dry for the girls, or too damp for the boy. So the Humdrummie estate was sold.

Behold him, now, established in a comfortable house in Bloomsbury-square; visiting, or receiving the visits of, his old friends and acquaintance; indulging sometimes at the Opera, a concert, or a play; and passing his life agreeably, because in the manner for which habit had qualified him. His great pleasure is a morning's stroll into the city, to talk of cottons and coffee, and see how things are going on amongst his old associates in Mincing-lane; but, still, his greatest is an *occasional* week's shooting or fishing at some friend's in the country. And he has been heard to declare that, upon striking the balance, he is convinced that that is the only mode in which a confirmed Londoner can truly enjoy the life of—a COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

P*

THE FINISHED PICTURE

A MILITARY SKETCH.

It is not my intention to name the absolute *locale* of the fine old-fashioned mansion into which I am about to introduce my reader, but simply to state it was one of those within a convenient dining distance of the place in which I was then quartered, nor am I about to dilate on the excellence of the cheer so profusely offered within its walls; my object is to describe what I beheld during a visit, conceiving that so unique and curious a specimen of the fine arts as that of which I am about to speak, is deserving of mention.

It will be necessary, however, in describing this Family picture, to say somewhat of the Family history; I shall therefore, without further preface, proceed to state, that Sir Geoffrey Wedderburn married early

in life to the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring baronet ; four children blessed their union, and Sir Geoffrey, taking advantage of the visit of a portrait painter to the county town, determined on possessing the likenesses of his lady, himself, and their offspring, in one interesting group.

The painter attended at Matchwood Hall. A fortnight's close attention to the easel sufficed to complete his task. With a complacent smile of satisfaction he looked upon his labours. Sir Geoffrey, portrayed in all the glories of brocade and lace, a wig and bag adorning his youthful head, stood on one side ; his lady, in a hoop, the drapery of whose damask was ornamented with tufts of ostrich feathers, a *tête* of imposing altitude was to be seen on the other, whilst the four little Masters and Misses, in Arcadian costume, occupied the centre, each playing with some pet animal, whose likenesses were as rigidly adhered to as those of the Wedderburn family.

Hardly had the paint dried upon the canvas, and before the fiery carmines and vermilions had mellowed into something like human complexions, when Lady Wedderburn was gathered to her fathers.

The worthy Baronet was anxious to obtain a female guardian for his bereaved children ; and at the expiration of his year's mourning, married again. His second wife soon produced more arrows to his quiver, a fresh supply of olive branches to adorn his table ; and in the space of eleven years from the time she was led all blushes to the altar, seven sweet children were added to the family.

The artist, who had given token of his talent on a former occasion, revisited the neighbourhood with an established reputation ; and Lady Wedderburn *secundus* thought her children and self had just as much right to be painted as the four eldest, whom she regarded with the affection of a mother—in law. Yet how to manage the affair ? She could not affront her Lord, by proposing to efface the resemblances of his first family, but that her own charming cherubs should have their portraits taken she was determined.

Sir Geoffrey, whose constant aim was to keep peace at home, suggested a plan which would obviate all difficulty. The seven scions of his house, brought him by his present adored partner, could be represented in the foreground, which was now only a large patch of grass-plot, commodious enough to exercise a troop of dragoons upon (at least so he said out of the painter's hearing), and anxious to meet the wish of his much-loved spouse—the four eldest would form a sort of living back-ground, and the features of the late lady should be translated to the clouds, where, with the addition of a pair of wings, and flowing white drapery, she would appear as the guardian spirit of the *two* families, whilst his beloved partner could be drawn on the spot originally occupied by the departed angel.

This arrangement, which satisfied the two seniors, caused numerous dissensions amongst the young folks. The four eldest did not relish the notion of having their becoming and fanciful dresses almost hidden by the frocks and flowing sashes of their half-sisters, or the red jackets, garnished with innumerable buttons, of their half-brothers, added to which, Ponto, their playmate and favourite, whose bones had long mouldered in the earth, and the pet fox, which Harry was represented to be holding by a chain and collar, must be brushed out to make room for these cubs. However, the parents were positive ; the angel in violet-

coloured clouds smiled on the "youth of both sexes," whilst, to say the truth, the firstlings of the flock, including the heir to the title and estate, cut but a sorry figure as the rear-rank in this family review.

It is a singular fact, that scarcely had this interesting picture been replaced in its former situation, when the second Lady Wedderburn was conveyed to the family vault.

Sir Geoffrey, who bore his loss with becoming resignation, after some time devoted to decent grief, bethought him that if four babes required female care, the motive which had induced him to form a second alliance, surely eleven young ones claimed such consideration in nearly a triple degree. He married again; and for some years the number of his family remained *in statu quo*. But the peace of Amiens enabling him to travel on the continent, a visit was accomplished, in company with his young wife to the spas of Germany; and in less than six months after their return home, caudle, cake, and Constantia were handed round to the numerous friends who came to see the beauteous baby.

Not to dwell upon my story, five times did the neighbours pay similar visits to Matchwood Hall; and the "Baronetage" had now to record the progress of the triple alliance, from THOMAS, the heir, born 25th of December, 1775, in holy orders, down to Theodosia Clementina Sophia, born 1st of April, 1811.

And was it to be supposed that a lady who could confer such names on her daughter would submit to the slightest mark of neglect to any of her offspring? No! Sir Geoffrey was now turned of sixty; and although hale and hearty, not very likely to marry again, should fate ordain that she should be called away from her maternal cares, the Family picture might now be completed, she did not contemplate another visit to Baden; and therefore thought it unlikely that she should add another to the sixteen which constituted the Wedderburn circle. Ergo, the Family picture *should* be finished.

The original artist had given up provincial engagements; he was now employed on full lengths of kings, princes, statesmen, and beauties, and doubtless would have blushed to look upon the crude and early efforts of his pencil, pointed out as a fine specimen of the arts to all visitors to Matchwood.

A limner from London was however brought down, and the "latest arrivals" were done to the life, in all the fascination of the costume for children then displayed in that popular magazine of fashion, "Ackermann's Repository." The new artist's ingenuity was somewhat taxed, as he scarcely found ample room and verge enough for his labours; but at length contrived to place the five darlings in such positions as to give me the idea that he had taken his notion from that manœuvre in platoon firing, "Front rank kneeling." The primal angel, *vis-à-vis'd*, in the clouds, with the sainted spirit of her successor, whilst the father and husband kept his corner and costume undisturbed, and the present Lady Wedderburn, in very scanty petticoats, and remarkably short waist, occupying the station which had been honoured by those above, stood staring from the canvas with an earnestness so intense, that you might almost imagine she was looking out for a husband, in the event of the venerable Sir Geoffrey joining his two treasures in the clouds.

THE PERPLEXITY OF A DEAF GENTLEMAN.

“ — I know his trumpet ! ” — OTHELLO.

“ ALLOW me to ask,” said Mr. Brown, covering with his lips the mouth of the deaf gentleman’s speckled snake-looking ear-pipe, and sending a volley of sharp sounds into it that might have filled the Thames-tunnel; “ allow me to ask if you can hear *your own* voice in conversation ? ”

The deaf gentleman was posed. He looked out cogitatively at the corners of his eyes, in a manner that plainly said, “ I can’t say I can,” or in other words, “ I wish I could.”

We all wished the same. Our friend the deaf gentleman is one of the best of creatures, who never uttered a word to wound anybody—who never talks but in the kindest key—who has a silver voice that winds its way into the heart, and one felt it doubly hard that tones so pleasant to others should be mute to himself. It was affecting to think that the first and dearest happiness in life was denied to him—he couldnt hear himself speak.

“ I don’t know,” said the deaf gentleman, bewildered by the intensity of a natural wish to hear his own voice ; “ I am not quite sure ; sometimes I half fancy that I can. I seem to catch a sentence at intervals—a few straggling words perhaps that have lost their way, and got into my ear-pipe by accident.”

Brown is a cruel wag. He wouldnt let the deaf gentleman enjoy his delusion. “ My dear Sir,” rejoined he, as he again applied his mouth to the tube, and poured into it a sound, the sharpness of which appeared to be subdued by a feeling of real concern and commiseration ; “ my dear Sir, you must be mistaken. It is impossible that you can ever *hear* what you say, or you’d never give utterance in any company to those shocking-things that sometimes escape you ! ”

The deaf gentleman turned pale. One end of the pipe dropped from his ear, the instant Brown dropped the other extremity. A new light had broken in upon him, or rather a new source of gloom and obscurity was mercilessly opened up. He couldnt hear the words he uttered—how could he tell *what* words he uttered ? He always knew what he meant to say, he could never know what he really said ! Amidst all his nervousness and despondency, the doubt—the difficulty—the danger in which he stood, had never suggested itself before. Brown, however, was joking ; and the deaf gentleman, seeing others laugh, tried to laugh too ; “ shifted his trumpet ” into his coat pocket—“ took snuff,” like Sir Joshua, and then his hat. His “ good morning ” was as bland and silver-toned as usual, but having uttered these two common words, he coloured up to the eyes—looked confused and perplexed, and disappeared hastily. As he shut the door, I shouted out that I would call upon him in the evening ; but a promise shot from Perkins’s steam-gun would not have hit the deaf gentleman’s ear at two yards’ distance.

He went home (as I afterwards learned) to a solitary dinner, instead of dining at the club, as he had intended. The hint thrown out touching this new feature of his deafness, had induced him to change his mind, and to avoid company until he had had a little self-communion.

He took three extra glasses of Madeira without washing down the obstinate doubt that threatened to become an impediment to his ever speaking again with any confidence or comfort.

Naturally fond of music, which he could have enjoyed at all hours but for the single drawback of not being able to hear a note, he resorted for solace to his music-book, and began to read. The effort was unsuccessful—a solitary crotchet, harsh and horrid, having taken possession of his mind. He drew his chair to the fire, and endeavoured to divert himself by seeing the tea-kettle sing. His blood began to boil too. He knew there was a singing sound issuing from the kettle; but what sound? the air might be “Drops of Brandy,” or it might be “Allan Water” for aught he could tell.

It became clearer to him, the more he reflected, that the theory of the human will was rank nonsense. It was his will to hear the song of the hot-water nymph in the kettle, but not a note struck upon his tympanum. It was his will in like manner to utter certain words agreeably to a preconceived idea—but *did* he utter them? Might not the idea be a false conception? Failing to hear, he felt that he could not be quite sure that he spoke at all; still less certain was he that the intended words were the words spoken. Meaning to speak, and speaking, could not be exactly the same thing, it was clear. All his experience told him, all his information of the course of human life went to prove, that people are continually saying and doing things the very opposites of their intentions. Aiming at pigeons and killing crows is the leading characteristic of mankind. It has been so, it is so, and it will be so. Could he flatter himself that he was exempt from the common infirmity? Could he be very, very positive, in the absence of auricular testimony, that when he had made up his mind to express a courteous and grateful feeling in the ordinary terms, such as “I’m much obliged,” he was not liable to say instead—it might so happen—“You be —,” without discovering the mistake, or having a chance of apologising?

“I had no idea of doing it;”—“I did not know what I was doing;”—“I intended to have done the very reverse;”—these are household words, heard at all times and everywhere, so frequently, as to show that neither man nor pig should be confident that he is not travelling to Cork when he thinks he is going to Fermoy. It is the case with what we say as with what we do. Nothing is so proverbially common as assurances of friendship, professions of admiration, and declarations of patriotism, spoken but not meant. Where is the nice line between design and accident in all this to be drawn? Much of it may be wilful, but more probably is inadvertent. “What I really meant to say was”—is not more a stock phrase in the House of Commons than elsewhere. The deaf gentleman turned all this over in his mind, and felt all the horror of the hazard he must run, should he ever again venture to attempt the utterance of a single word. Other people could correct, explain, recall—it must be his fate to speak at random, and to expose himself and his audience to the most dreadful risks. To speak and not hear was to walk on a precipice and not see. To use that awful weapon the tongue without being certain of its sayings, was worse than flourishing about a drawn sword in the dark. The deaf gentleman felt that he was in duty bound to be dumb.

He began to review the past. Yesterday turned back its head over its shoulder, and stared him in the face, smiling grimly. Only yesterday he had parted with his housekeeper. She had been his faithful, middle-aged handmaid for some years; and was brimful, to the pocket-hole, of all estimable qualities. She had lungs beyond her sex; "her voice was *never* soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman," when attendant upon a deaf gentleman. She left him to better her condition,—that is, to be married to a schoolmaster, whose voice was beginning to fail him when the boys wanted bullying. He remembered all she had said at parting—but not a word of his own replies. She seemed to mingle reproaches, delicate, but still decided reproaches, with her tender adieus. She could not possibly have intended to insinuate that he might have prevented that painful parting by marrying her himself. No, she was quite another kind of woman. He was distressed at the time; but he did not then see the cause of her reproof. He had blundered out unmeant words; he had aimed at wishing her happy, and—as talking was mere guess-work to him—he had probably wished her at——. That faithful, and sensitive, and tender handmaid, how must she have been grieved! Soured for life, perhaps. He pitied the schoolmaster.

More bitter still was the reflection with which he dwelt upon the recent defeat of all his hopes of putting an end to his bachelorship. When his housekeeper gave him warning, he resolved to take warning; and at once "pop the question" to a fair lady, who, loving the sound of her own voice, had long delighted him, by talking loud nothings through his pipe. He popped—but his, alas, were rejected addresses. The shepherd and his pipe were cast off by the cruel fair. Why? he now asked himself. My Lady Tongue would never have refused a gentleman for being deaf; no, that was the one great advantage—she would have the talk to herself. The truth was clear, he had popped a wrong question of some sort or other, and who could tell its tendency? Perhaps he had implored her to relieve his anxiety as to the real state of her—age; perhaps he had popped a question as to the authenticity of her eyebrows; or entreated her, in his fervour, to bless him with a solution of the mystery appertaining to those half-dozen teeth of hers, which, he could not help remarking, had made their appearance in front, one by one, with the celerity of tombstones in a Sierra Leone churchyard. This, or something worse, he must have done; and thus he had driven her into a deliberate deafness, more intense than his own, if there be any truth in the proverb. She had left him without pity, to "pipe his eye," as well as his ear, for the sad remainder of a speechless life.

He extended his review of his past existence: he proceeded to count up the number of his friends (few men have so many), to muster his acquaintances in his memory—to call, in idea, a great public meeting of all the persons to whom he had ever spoken a syllable in life, gentle and simple, old and young, great nobles and pretty nursemaids. The congregation was immense, and, as in a crowd at an execution, the females preponderated. His mind's eye wandered over the mob, and dropt an imaginary tear. How many of that vast assemblage might he not have shamefully, though innocently, insulted! He had conversed more or less with every one; he had not heard a single syllable of all that he had addressed to them,—and what language might he not have em-

ployed,—how many might have silently pronounced him a savage,—how many more a madman! His heart acquitted him of all intention to hurt the feelings of the most worthless of the monstrous group; yet what thousands might he have shocked, pained—by phraseology “over which he had no control.” His fancy contemplated the whole motley crowd as a collection of injured angels. He stood a culprit at the bar of his imagination; and being his own judge and jury, clearly convicted himself of divers unknown offences. In the front of the grand gathering of his victims, his eye detected the three or four of us whom he had casually met in the morning. We were the last who had ever heard him articulate a word. He began to wonder what he had said to us: he thought of the parting expression which he had used—which he had meant to use, rather—the only words he had uttered out of doors since he had been awakened to a consciousness of his responsibility—a sense of his awful situation! He meant to say “good morning;” but how, in his uncertainty, could he help feeling a renewal of the nervous sensation—the delicacy of alarm—which he had experienced the instant he had spoken. There was no remedy for the evil, no end to this agonizing anxiety, save in the philosophical course adopted by Iago—“From this time forth I never will speak word.”

The deaf gentleman took from his pocket his ear-pipe, that he might try his own voice on his own tympanum. The action suggested the possibility of carrying about with him a second convenience. He had another coat pocket; might it not be appropriated to the reception of a speaking-trumpet—a pipe to talk through, so that he might really hear his own conversation, and know what he was saying. It would be rather noisy in company, but it would be making sure of sound. The idea put a new life into his heart; excitement and depression began to struggle for the mastery; the confusion in his mind became worse confounded. It was at this moment that I arrived at his chambers, making my threatened evening call. I opened the door, of course, without the superfluity of a tap, which would be as inaudible to him as the knocking was to Duncan. The deaf gentleman, however, in the refinement of his courtesy, the instant he gets a glimpse of you at the partially opened door, always invites you forward, with a “COME IN,” by way of response to your supposed ceremonious tap. Now “come in” was intended to have come out on my behalf; but the deaf gentleman was confused, and perplexed;—the man who much dreads doing a deed, will certainly do it at last; (this, by the way, is the moral I was endeavouring to work out;)—he who fears he shall say what he should’nt, will be sure to say it in the end; (this may sound precisely like the truth, yet it is true;)—and thus, in his confusion and perplexity, he started from his reverie upon his legs, and almost stunned me with the thundering salutation of—“BE OFF.”

L. B.

THE MAN IN THE MACKINTOSH CAPE.

BY J. B. BUCKSTONE.

CHAP. I.

ALFRED STOKES was a clerk in a Government-office, his salary was three hundred pounds per annum, his hours of attendance from eleven till four, consequently his evenings were entirely his own. He was one of the cleanest of clerks, compelled to have recourse to the Brompton Bus to take him daily to town; the dust from the straw, at the bottom of the vehicle settling upon his well-polished boots, was the only annoyance that he had to encounter. Happy clerk!—this was his sole trouble—his solitary vexation—awkward passengers, in tumbling to and fro, would leave foul stains upon his toes and insteps, and then—“Confound it!” His official labours were light; the perusal of the morning paper occupying the chief portion of his valuable time: if he visited the theatre at night, he would dine in town—if he intended to pass his evening at his lodgings, he would dine there, smoke his cigar, and doze over his Magazine. He was punctual in his payments, polite to his landlady, who was proud of him, and echoed his little observations on moral philosophy, and other matters, to her friends in the neighbourhood; always commencing the retailed aphorism with “As Mr. Stokes justly observes.” Yet, in spite of this respect and comfort, Alfred was sometimes melancholy, and frequently ejaculating, “What the deuce is the matter with me?”—he wanted excitement—that was the secret. To obtain it he became one of an evening class established for the study of the French language; this occupied every Friday. And on the Wednesday and Saturday it was his custom to repair to a particular smart-looking house—the door of which was decorated with a brass knob and large plate of ditto metal, on which was inscribed, “*Monsieur Jefferini, Teacher of Dancing, from the King's Theatre.*” Monsieur Jefferini (*Anglice*) Jefferis had been for a whole season one of the figurants in the ballet of that establishment—he had worn little Swiss jackets, very tight whites, with knee-buckles, and pumps; his shirt sleeves had been ornamented with ribands, and his face beautified with two little circular patches of rouge; he had danced in the mob. What more could be necessary to qualify him to instruct young ladies and gentlemen in the poetry of motion.

Alfred was very attentive both to the cultivation of his head and his heels—at length his French was neglected, and dancing became his only thought. Alas! he had fallen in love. On the Saturday, Monsieur's pupils, male and female, assembled to exhibit their progress under his instructions. At one of these weekly assemblies, appeared a young lady, of whom Alfred Stokes became seriously enamoured; he danced with her perpetually; he brought sweet cakes and comfits in his pockets for her; if she failed in her attendance at any one of the meetings, he was fidgety all the evening, would neglect his dancing, and rush impetuously to answer every double knock at Monsieur's door. In vain did the polite little professor, who carried the finest calves ever beheld, step up to him, leading some blushing Miss by the tip of her finger, for the purpose of decoying him into a quadrille—it would not do—Stokes was ill—he would sit in a corner by himself, unconsciously

stared with breathless horror at the illuminated blinds. The gigantic shadow of a human head plainly appeared upon one of them—a prominent nose—a world of hair—the collar of a shirt—the tie of a cravat.—’Twas the reflected face of a man!—and there it remained for more than five maddening minutes. Could it be the head of the landlord?—No! The landlord was bald—the shadow betrayed a head of hair—Emily Brown had no relations—had never mentioned that she was acquainted with any male creature whatever—and Stokes panted with the violence of his emotions. The gigantic shadow became restless—there was a shifting of the lights in the room—it suddenly shot upwards and disappeared, as if it had darted through the roof of the house. Alfred stirred not from his position, his eyes continued fixed upon those holland tale-tellers. Again, a new and more terrible phantasmagoria appeared to him—the head was again upon the blinds—smaller—black—more defined; and by its side—and face to face—was the shadow of the features—cap—and curls of Emily Brown. And, oh! what a tumult—what a tempest of emotions raged in the heart of Alfred. His first impulse was to catch up a huge stone, that lay at his feet, and hurl it at the windows—’twas in his gripe—his loaded hand was high in the air—a moment, and that action would have been followed by a sharp and splitting crash, that must have alarmed the neighbourhood. But a change in the spirit of this his hideous vision caused the stone to fall from his hands, and himself against the railings of an area, to whose friendly iron he then owed his support. The shadows appeared to merge into one—to meet—madness!—they were kissing—it might be caused by another disposition of the candles—but a jealous man regards only the worst side of matters, and Alfred was convinced that Emily Brown received the visits of a favoured rival. He stared at the house, he had no power to move his eyes—the street-door opened—and Mary the maid—the treacherous Mary, to whom he had given many a shilling, closed it upon a man! Alfred darted after him to catch a glimpse of this destroyer of his peace—a short Mackintosh cape enveloped his shoulders—its collar was erect, and concealed his features—his hat was drawn over his eyes, and he hurried with a quick step towards Knightsbridge—Alfred keeping pace with him on the opposite side of the road—he ran—so did Alfred—whose foot was the fleetest—for he had passed the unknown, the better to cross over, and meet him face to face in the light of the gas. But Stokes was doomed to disappointment; a patent safety cab, suddenly drove up by the side of the Mackintosh cape—its wearer was quickly boxed up in the interior of the vehicle, and in vain did the bewildered Alfred look around for the dread substance of that unhallowed shadow, which had filled his heart and brain with miserable and maddening thoughts.

The night that Alfred passed was one of torture—every fair hope, every sunny picture of bliss and love, that his imagination had delighted to sketch, was suddenly dashed out by the pitchy-pound brush of despair. For three days he stirred not forth—no note arrived from Emily—she was not a hypocrite, her silence meant that she was already engaged—that his attentions had pleased her, but no more; and the encouragement she had given him, he could only attribute to the common gratitude of every woman, not displeased at the homage of an admirer.

Stokes became ill, leave of absence was obtained from his office, and he sought for solace in a trip to Margate; change of scene he thought

might help to banish his misplaced affection, but absence that cures weak passions only strengthens the strong, and it gave to the one endured by Alfred the power of a giant. He shunned all society. Jenkins and Jones that six months ago were such droll fellows, and who encountered him on the jetty, he looked upon with disgust; he tried very hard to drive a donkey-chaise, but falling into a brown study, the sympathizing animal that he gently urged forward, gradually became as absorbed as Stokes, who frequently had to pay a considerable sum for sitting half a day in the centre of a field, in a very large cart, with a very small donkey attached to it. He neglected his person, wore his old clothes, and took to singing love-songs in the most plaintive falsetto ever heard; and one moonlight evening as he strolled along the cliffs, warbling the sweet and despairing ballad of "Alice Gray," he was so borne away by the sentiment of the composition and the heart-breaking state of his own feelings, that several people paused to listen, and one little gentleman, with a good deal of stomach, was observed to heave a deep sigh, and slip sixpence into the hand of the astonished Stokes. His holiday expired, and he returned to town more in love and more miserable than ever.

On arriving at his lodgings his landlady regarded him with a look of alarm. "Bless me, Sir, I always thought sea air good for people; you look worse than before you went out of town:" and she quitted Alfred, fully convinced that he was in the last stage of a pulmonary complaint. Stokes flung himself upon the sofa, heaved several bitter sighs, and opened his patent dressing-case—his razor met his view—he grasped it—the blade sprang from the handle by its own agency. Alfred's breathing became thick, he appeared suffocating; the perspiration hung in large drops upon his forehead—his eyesight became confused—the floor seemed to slide from beneath his feet—a second more and that brief delirium would have ended his mortal career—a moment more—if the landlady had paused upon the stairs to pick up a crumb, hunch down the cat, or any other domestic duty that would have caused delay—Alfred's jugular must have received a deadly incision; but tap, tap, came the sharp knuckles of the good lady on the room door, the weapon fell from his hand, the sound recalled Stokes to himself, and he convulsively gasped, "Come in." The good lady entered, and presented a letter. "A letter," said Alfred, starting forward and trembling from head to foot. "From whom—from whom?" "It came from Sloane-street," was the reply, "and has been lying here more than a week." "More than a week!—why didn't you forward it to me at Margate?" "How could I, Sir, I did not know your address?" "True, true," replied Stokes, "that will do; go—go—" and he waved the good woman from the apartment. He tore open the letter, his heart fluttered, and he almost fainted as he read the following:—

"Dear Alfred,—What is the cause of your absence? Why have you ceased calling in Sloane-street? Believe me I feel hurt at your indifference—have I offended you?"

"Ever yours,

"EMILY."

All the passionate fondness of Alfred's disposition gushed forth at the perusal of this epistle. He wept—he danced—he kissed the writing a thousand times. "And Heavens!" exclaimed he, "what writing! How regular—how beautifully formed is every letter; surely the exquisite equidistance of each word, the feathery lightness of each upstroke,

the boldness of each downstroke—so firm, so clear, so elegant—surely all denote evenness of temper, correctness of conduct, and a pure and accomplished mind. Oh! Emily, dearest Emily! how have I wronged you by my base suspicions. Wretch—villain—illiberal beast that I am, how I hate myself.” And in evidence of his self-detestation, he capered about the apartment, sang, “No more by sorrow chased my heart,” in imitation of Braham; rang for hot water, and made himself as clean and as comfortable as it was possible for a person in his excited circumstances to do. He cast his doubts and fears to the winds, and while reading, admiring, and repeating to himself the sweet billet a hundred times, proceeded to Sloane-street, to revel in all the pure ecstasies of mutual love.

He gave a nervous knock at the door; it was opened; Miss Brown was not within; ’twas a calm autumnal evening, she had gone for a walk, but would soon return. Alfred was asked into the drawing-room, that apartment into which he had not entered since the terrible night of the strange shadows on the blinds. As he sat there regarding the windows, he grew restless—a jealous thought occasionally disturbed his tranquillity, which he in vain strove to dispel. A knock was heard at the street-door; thinking it to be Emily, he hastened to the stair-head to meet her. Horror! what figure met his eyes? ’Twas he of the Mackintosh cape. Alfred darted back to the drawing-room; it possessed folding-doors; he glided into the back apartment, resolving to scrutinize this mysterious stranger. The man entered the room alone, placed his hat on the table, and lolled in a chair, with all the familiarity of a person accustomed to the place. He snatched up a book, glanced over a page, flung it down again, whistled, and surveyed himself in a pier-glass, sighed, and minutely examined his boots.

Through the aperture of the folding-doors Alfred deliberately surveyed the visiter. His face was pale; sorrow or dissipation had left their traces upon it: his hair was jet black, and which he carefully adjusted with a small comb that he produced from his waistcoat-pocket; he took frequent pinches of snuff, immediately afterwards applying a dingy brown handkerchief with dirty yellow spots to his gratified nostril; and he frequently sighed and seemed to be uneasy in his mind. He rang the bell; the servant of the house not immediately attending, he left the room and returned with a lighted candle; he opened a blotting-case on the table, and freely helped himself to a sheet of gilt-edged Bath post—considered—whistled—walked to the window—pulled down the terrible blinds, seated himself at the table, with his back to the folding-doors, mended a pen, and prepared to write. Alfred gently advanced from his place of concealment, and glanced over the writer’s shoulder. A new horror filled his heart—a new gorgon started before his eyes. The man in the Mackintosh cape had commenced a letter thus:—

“My dear Miss Brown,—One word from you restores me to happiness or plunges me into the depths of despair. Will you—can you forgive—”

He paused to consider. Alfred at the forming of each letter felt as though they were being burnt into his living flesh. *The handwriting was precisely the same as that of his letter from Emily Brown.* The same upstrokes—the same downstrokes—madness and despair!—he—the man in the Mackintosh cape was the writer of that letter!—’twas not the hand of Emily; she had made a confidant of the wretch before him; the beautiful characters that he had so admired, so wept over, so

kissed, had been formed by another, and *that* other, the substance of the dark shadow on the blinds—the familiar visitor—the man in the Mackintosh cape! The letter he was then writing was to ask forgiveness—to heal some breach in their affection; and she—the jilt!—the hypocrite!—the very woman! Away with concealment, screamed Alfred—away with this mean watching—Devil!—and the next moment Stokes and the man in the cape were rolling on the floor. The deadly struggle was only interrupted by the entrance of Emily Brown and the maid. Alarm was in both their countenances. “Help!” cried Emily, “Help! oh! what is the matter? Mr. Stokes, are you a gentleman?” She delivered this interrogatory with firm dignity, and then sank on a chair in a passion of tears. Alfred panting for breath fell into a seat opposite to her, while the object of his wrath sat on the floor and looked around him with a wild gaze of mingled amazement and rage, such as one may suppose a man to express on being trepanned into a private madhouse. “What is the meaning of this outrage?” sobbed Emily. “Meaning, Madam!” replied Stokes, “when you write to me again, your delicacy will be better proved by the letter being in your own hand—or, at the least, let the writer be a female!” And with a withering glance of contempt, Alfred regarded Emily from head to foot. “I am wrong—I am a weak silly girl, but I have been sufficiently punished,” answered Emily, her beautiful eyes overflowing with tears. “For what, Madam?” said Alfred. “For sending you a letter. I was persuaded to it; but no matter—’tis over now.” “Really,” said the man in the cape, for the first time recovering his breath, “this conduct is most extraordinary, really.” He was proceeding to expostulate with the stern Alfred, when he was suddenly interrupted by Emily. “Alfred (said she), I will, I must undeceive you; concealment will but increase our mutual torments. I will now confess all.” “Go on,” groaned Alfred, with the resignation of one of Fox’s martyrs. “You implored me to write to you; you continually declared yourself to be an ardent admirer of penmanship; you know my origin, but, alas! you never knew that *I could not write*. I trembled to reveal my ignorance to you, and hoped by constant attention to the instructions of this gentleman, to pen you a letter worthy of your perusal. I tried, and tried in vain; till in a moment of despair, I asked this person to write a line for me.” “Yes, Sir,” added the man in the cape, “that was more than a week since; but here is improvement!” and he displayed three or four half-sheets of paper, on which were inscribed, “This is my writing, after receiving ten lessons of Mr. Pothooks.” “This is my improvement in fifteen lessons;” and so on, till the last specimen was almost equal to the performance of the master himself. “But the letter, Sir—to Miss Brown—you asked forgiveness.” “Yes, Sir, for my boldness in asking for the loan of two sovereigns to save me from an execution in the Court of Requests.” In a month after this event, Emily Brown was introduced to Monsieur Jefferini, as Mrs. Alfred Stokes. One person at the wedding was observed to be conducted from the house in a state of intoxication, and safely packed up in a patent safety cab—it was THE MAN IN THE MACKINTOSH CAPE.

JANNETJE TER BEEK.

"Laat my noo-it gelukkig zyn, zo ik u niet bemin!"—*Karel Houbakker.*

CHAPTER I.

A perfect Man of Business.

THE Heer Lukas ter Beek was a man of substance both in purse and person. He was sleek and rotund, and without a wrinkle. To him fortune had made the naturally level country of his birth as smooth as a billiard-table, whereon he, no inapt representation of an ivory ball, rolled without obstruction. All the shares he had taken in the lottery of life had turned up capital prizes; and at the age of forty-five he found himself in the possession of a considerable fortune. Ter Beek was by no means a beauty, for his physiognomy was cold and inexpressive. And whatever "speculation" there might be in his mercantile transactions, there was certainly none in his dull gray eyes; yet he contrived to form a matrimonial alliance at a very early age, which, judging from his character, must have been rather an affair of "barter" than affection. This "venture," too, proved as productive as the rest in which he engaged, for, although death deprived him of his partner soon after she had presented him with a daughter, the prudent merchant had taken the precaution to insure the "frail vessel" against the storms of life, and consequently found a consolation for his irreparable loss, by the certain profit he derived therefrom; and morally reflecting on the turpitude of this sublunary world, he came to the encouraging deduction that the "exchange" was in her favour.

CHAP. II.

His Offspring.

Pines will spring and flourish even on a dunghill. The fairest rose buds and blooms on a tree bristling with thorns; and even as it is in the vegetable, so is it in the animal kingdom. A striking proof of the veracity of this philosophical axiom appeared in the person of Jannetje ter Beek, for, although rather inclined to the plump rotundity of the *jufvrouwen*, or lasses of the Low Countries, her personal endowments were of the most dazzling and attractive description, notwithstanding the ordinary stock from which she sprang. Neither the natural fog, nor the artificial smoke of her native land, had had the power of dimming the lustre of the red and white so harmoniously mingled in her complexion. Her hair was flaxen, and fell in luxuriant clusters about her shoulders; and her eyes were of that sweet blue which wax-doll makers and their juvenile customers most delight in. Even as a doll of a larger growth, solely possessed of the mechanical power of opening and shutting her eyes, Jannetje must have excited universal admiration; but those who enjoyed the pleasure of her speech, in which there was a sparkling vivacity joined to a winning archness of look and expression, that were perfectly irrealisable, seldom failed to be penetrated with the tenderest sentiments.

Yes, even the proverbial frigidity of a Dutchman thawed beneath the influence of her smiles; and many a corpulent *koopman* (merchant), who never told his love, vented both sighs and smoke in one convulsive puff when, seated at her father's board, he beheld Jannetje's lovely head and shoulders appearing at intervals through the dense volumes of smoke—like the bodiless cherub of the painter roosting on a cloud.

The phlegmatic Ter Beek was not aware of his daughter's influence, but attributed the good bargains he generally made over his pipe and glass, to the soothing effects of the generous spirit, and the sedative quality of the tobacco. What fallacious conclusions are daily drawn; one would almost imagine that men, like puppies, were born blind.

CHAP. III.

A Lover, a Guitar, and a Serenade.

Where the warm rains fall, there will the green herbage spring in freshness and beauty: and as surely as sunbeams bring forth flowers and butterflies, so will the loveliness of womankind produce love and lovers. This is the immutable law of nature, whose statute books are the hearts of men.

The Heer Lukas ter Beek was an enemy to all display and extravagance, and had no taste either for intellectual enjoyments, or the artificial elegancies of life; but in a fit of fondness, superinduced by a lucky "spec" in butters, he was wheedled by Jannetje to purchase a *Lust-huis* (country-house), with a pretty garden, on the banks of one of the many canals which intersect the land of dams and sluices. It was indeed but a diminutive domain; yet, small as it was, it was a perfect autocracy under the sole sway of the gentle Jannetje; and her obedient vassals being limited to the number of two, the government was carried on with facility, and undisputed sway.

Katrijn, the old housekeeper, being very thrifty and obedient, and Kato, the house-dog, the most faithful of animals. As for Ter Beek, he was merely a visiter, who never interfered in the domestic arrangements, and was well pleased to enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*" of pipe, slippers, and grog, after the toils of the day, without troubling himself with any comment upon his daughter's proceedings.

Reading, needlework, or horticulture, agreeably occupied the solitary hours of Jannetje, and improved her taste. She neither knew, nor sighed for the pleasures of company; but, as is the inevitable result with young and ardent minds thrown upon their own resources, she imperceptibly acquired a romantic turn, forming a most delightful world of her own, and peopling it with the spotless creatures of her pure imagination.

Occasionally, when important business required the early attendance of Ter Beek, he remained at his residence in town. On one of these evenings of casual absence, Jannetje was playing on the virginals, and ever and anon turning over the leaves of her music-book, singing snatches of songs, apparently very undecided, but really extremely happy in her feelings, for the moon was streaming full into her little chamber, and her thoughts were busied in the most poetical ruminations. As she raised her hands from the keys, she was startled by the sounds of a guitar from without: it seemed like the distant echo of the strain

she had just ceased playing. Pleased by this novelty, she sat in breathless attention, while her beating heart thrilled, as if it were actually the instrument touched by the musician's hand. After a tantalizing prelude, a sweet and manly voice sang the following tender words:—

Waar schuik ik voor de lonken,
Van uw klaar gezicht,
Dat my vol vonken
Van de liefde sticht ?
Myn boezem al te tel geraakt,
Gevoel ik dat van binnen als een Etna blaakt.

Hoe vrolyk zou ik lyen,
Als gy schoone waart,
Gelyk de byen,
Wreede en roet van aart :
Zy kwetzen ons wel onverwacht ;
Maar geven ook den honing, die de wond verzacht,

De pylen van uw oogen,
Die verwonden my ;
Toon uw medogen,
Als den honingby :
Genees, genees, myn hartewond,
Met honingdou, en balzem van uw lieve mond.

which, for the satisfaction of that laudable curiosity which our fair readers, who are ignorant of the language, must necessarily experience, we have done into the vernacular.—

Why shrink I from the gaze
Of eyes that beam so bright,
That mock the summer's rays,
And fill me with delight ?
With glowing flames of love possess'd,
An Aëna fierce seems burning in my breast.

How happy should I be,
Wert thou more like the bees,
Who, with their cruelty,
Have sweetness, too, to please ;
For though they wound us unawares,
They give the honey which the wound repairs.

The glances of thine eye
Have pierced thy lover through ;
Then, like the honey-bee,
Show thy compassion too ;
In pity heal my wounded heart,
And let thy homed lips the balm impart.

“ *Zonder twyffel hy blaakt in liefde* ” (Doubtless he is consumed by love), murmured Jannetje to herself, as she rose, with the sole purpose of drawing down the blind, as she thought ; but as she did so, she glanced unconsciously upon the canal, and beheld a man enveloped in a cloak, seated in a boat, and rowing from the window. “ It is very pretty,” continued she, and smiled, as she added, “ I wonder whether the minstrel is so ? But, alas ! song-birds are not generally famed for their beauty ; and after all he may be both old and ugly. Of what importance is it to me ? I dare say, now, that he is some idler, attracted

by my playing—as daddy long-legs rush into candles—and—and what nonsense to think about it.”

Nonsense, however, as Jannetje deemed it, she did think about it; and visions of the serenader even obtruded upon her dreams.

The spark, whoever he was, had certainly fired a train; and she mused and meditated, and longed for the next opportunity of trying whether the same incantation would again summon up the mysterious spirit.

CHAP. IV.

The Heer Lukas ter Beek obtains a new hand.

The “*middags-maal*,” or dinner, had just been discussed, and the Heer Lukas ter Beek, as was his wont and custom, was enjoying the fumes of the fragrant weed in a little back-parlour at his offices in Amsterdam, looking, in his sitting posture of placid quiescence, like a huge bulbous root with a mushroom-cap. The door opened, and a man, whose breadth nearly filled the aperture, stood, hat in hand, before the merchant. &c.

“*Wel, myn kind?*” (Well, child,) said Ter Beek, interrogatively, addressing the stranger, who had apparently passed the age of infancy some thirty or forty years, for his once black, smooth crop, was “shot” with gray, and he wore spectacles of that peculiar breadth of rim, long since exploded.

“I understand, Mynheer, you want a confidential clerk?”

“*Ja, waarlyk*” (Yes, truly), replied Ter Beek, puffing forth a cloud of smoke, that eclipsed the applicant.

“And I come to offer you my services, Mynheer,” continued the other, bowing.

“*Ja, wel* (Very well),—and your character and recommendations?”

The clerk laid his credentials upon the table. Ter Beek cast his eyes upon the well-known names of some respectable houses at Rotterdam.

“Very well, *myn kind*,” resumed he, “and are you punctual?”

“As a best horizontal Geneva,” replied the clerk, briskly.

Ter Beek took his pipe from his mouth, somewhat roused from his apathy by the clerk’s reply.

“In business and habits quick and regular?”

“As a *trek-schuyt*” (a passage-boat).

“Can you keep books?”

“Neatly, uncontaminated by penknife or pounce; and as for my accounts, they are so correct, that the ‘errors excepted’ have been banished as a useless expenditure of ink by all my former employers.”

Ter Beek stared at the man with astonishment, but was rather tickled than displeased by his quaintness and humour.

“*Hy is zekertyk niet te evenaaren*” (Surely his fellow is not to be found), thought he; and giving another puff, he perused the letters.

“Really,” said Ter Beek, “these recommendations are as strong as” — he was not apt at a simile, — “as strong as” — he repeated —

“Onions, or a chain-cable,” said the clerk, extricating him, while the muscles of the merchant relaxed, and he burst incontinently into a fit of irrepressible laughter.

This virtually settled the affair. He refilled his pipe.

"Give me a light, *myn kind*," said he.

"*In een oogenblik*" (In a twinkling), replied the assiduous clerk; and throwing his leg over a stool, which stood in his way, he did his bidding.

Ter Beek pointed to a seat.

"Your name?" inquired he.

"Jan Sniep," replied the clerk.

"Wages?"

"Whatever you find me worth," said Sniep; "for some nuts have no kernels, and many an egg, when cracked, is found addled. Try me, therefore, Mynheer, and add to the pleasure of serving you whatever gratuity you please."

"*Wel deze is niet kwaad*" (Well, this is not bad), cried Ter Beek; and much taken with Jan Sniep's humour and straightforwardness, he forthwith engaged him.

CHAP. V.

The Bird in a Cage meets with an agreeable Mate.

It was not long before Jannetje's father gave her the desired opportunity of again trying the power of music. With a trembling hand and a palpitating heart she alternately played and listened, and after an hour's suspense the same sweet voice filled the air with its melody.

Jannetje, impelled by curiosity, stepped lightly to the window. What possible harm or impropriety, thought she, can there be in just peeping. She was, however, startled when she observed that the serenader was close beneath her, and was doubly amazed when he repeated her name.

"Fair Jannetje," cried he, in the tenderest tone that ever was uttered by love or by moonlight, "do not close that envious blind again, and place a barrier between the sincerest affection and the loveliest maiden the world ever knew."

"I know you not," replied she, trembling with emotion, at the same time trying to make out the features of one of the handsomest outlines of a youth she had ever looked upon—"nor is it fitting."

"Sweet girl," replied he of the guitar, "have five years so changed your old playfellow, that you forget Wouter Gryspeer?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed she, "are you indeed that naughty little boy that was always getting into scrapes?"

"The same, Jannetje," replied he; "and I am glad that even my imperfections are not forgotten by you. I only remember your sprightliness and beauty.—Yes, Jannetje, those seeds of affection were then early sown which now spring forth in full bloom."

"Really pretty, and very poetical!" cried Jannetje, no less gratified than emboldened at the recognition of her early companion.

"Nay, Jannetje, do not play with me."

"Do not, for a moment, apprehend such a thing," said Jannetje.

"The boy Wouter in mischief and the man Wouter in love are totally different creatures, and wonderfully alter our position. The artless happy days of infancy are past."

"How gratifying to me that you deem them happy."

"I am happy now."

"And I miserable."

"Does love make you so?" said Jannetje. "Then defend me from it."

"Cruel girl, to talk thus lightly."

"And wherefore should I heavily? I have never heard or read of love being a burden—except to a song!"

Lightly, however, as Jannetje spoke, she entertained the conversation of Wouter with feelings of real pleasure; and the dialogue gradually calmed down to a confidential tone.

Wouter Gryspeert, without disguise, communicated to her the slender fortune he inherited, and excited her sympathy for his misfortunes. Having succeeded in this point, his warmth and eloquence soon obtained a victory over her innocent heart; and they parted under the most favourable impressions. And, by her tacit consent, he took every opportunity of improving his position by frequent visits, and these secret and stolen interviews were hailed with delight by the romantic Jannetje.

CHAP. VI.

The confidential Clerk a boon Companion.

The phlegmatic Ter Beek, who had naturally no more humour in him than a dromedary, was affected in an extraordinary degree by the ludicrous eccentricity of Jan Snep's speech; added to which, he found him so prompt and efficient in his business, that he became every day more delighted with the novel acquisition he had made. He spoke loudly in his praise to Jannetje; and on the first holiday that occurred invited him to spend the afternoon of the day at the *Lust-huis*.

Jannetje was in her garden, and was not aware of his arrival. Old Katrijn, however, had supplied her master and his clerk with pipes and wine, and they set in for a jovial evening—an intimation of which was conveyed to the ears of Jannetje by the musical sounds of a Bacchanalian song which issued from the room, whereof the following fragment was alone audible—

Wyn, ô edele wyn,
Die al de pyn,
En zorg, van my terstond verdwynen doet,
Wat geef je my een hart vol moed!
Een stoop twee, drie,
Maakt dat ik geen gevaar, hoe zwaar het is, ontzie,
Noch vliê!

Wine! O glorious wine!
That all worldly pain or care
Dwindleth quickly into air,
Courage to my heart supplying!
A stoop or two, or may be three,
Makes me no danger fear or flee,
However great or trying.

"Our clerk has a good voice, at any rate," said Jannetje. "I only wonder that such a merry soul could ever ingratiate himself in the favour of my dad. Their humours are as different as night and day. I'll take a peep at this prodigy!"

"*Uw dienaar, Mejufvrouw*" (Your servant, Miss), said the clerk, with a scrape of his foot and an awkward attempt at a bow, as Jannetje

entered the room; and handing her a chair, again seated himself at the table. Jannetje could not forbear a smile, as, with a single glance, she measured the strange being before her from head to foot.

"You are welcome, Mynheer Snep," said she; "for your good report has preceded you."

"That's unfortunate," replied Jan; "for a good report is like a flattering likeness, and nine times out of ten the original had better keep out of the way for fear of comparisons."

"Nay, but I am sure we shall not find you wanting."

"Never," said Snep; dryly adding, "when the board is well covered! for where the crumbs are thrown, *Mejufvrouw*, there the dicky-birds come!"

"Then you confess that you are interested?"

"In a degree—as women are interesting according to their beauty;" (here Snep did another bow)—"it's nature, *Mejufvrouw*. Whoever beheld a tailor running after a man who was out at elbows? No, they always solicit custom from those whose nap is scarcely ruffled."

"*Gy hebt gelyk, Jan*" (You are in the right, Jan), said Ter Beek. "Come, drink."

"*Myn dienst aan u*" (My service to you), said Snep, and quaffed a draught.

"You possess, at least, the merit of sincerity, Mynheer Snep," remarked Jannetje.

"Humph!" replied the clerk, "many a plated spoon passes for silver."

CHAP. VII.

A lucky Hit.

"I think I may depend upon you?" said Ter Beek.

"As securely, Mynheer, as you might upon the rope of a wharf-crane," was the characteristic response of Jan Snep, as they parted for the night.

The next morning, however, arrived, and the facetious and heretofore diligent clerk failed to be at his post. Two hours beyond the customary time elapsed, and the Heer Lukas ter Beek began to be nervous and fidgety. The cash-box was overhauled and the books were "looked into;" but the anxious merchant found all correct, but still failed in obtaining a satisfactory reply to his oft-repeated query of, "Where can he be?"

At last, with a flushed face, Jan Snep rolled into the office as quick as his legs could conveniently bear his rather obese capacity.

"*Ei lieven*" (Dear me)! exclaimed Ter Beek, "where have you been?"

"Drinking!" replied Jan Snep.

"*De droes haale hem*" (Deuce take him)! exclaimed Ter Beek, mentally.

"Drinking," continued Jan Snep—"and in your service."

Ter Beek held up his hands in amazement.

"What hard heads some people have; but I've obfuscated the fellow at last."

"What fellow?"

"A trusty red-nosed messenger from *Gebruder Bogaart*" (Bogaart

Brothers) "of Namen" (Namur). "We have bills to the amount of three thousand guilders accepted by their house here, if I mistake not?"

"Well?"

"Well, having ascertained that he was the bearer of a ~~ket~~ ^{packet} containing the tidings of their bankruptcy, which he was to deliver immediately upon the opening of their office, I carelessly invited him to partake of a stoup, with which I plied him so lustily that he dropped from his perch at last, and was carried to bed."

"I shall be ruined!" exclaimed Ter Beek.

"No you won't," replied Jan Snep, abruptly. "What! do you think I've been spending time and money, and got fuddled for nothing? No! Let Gerrit take the bills immediately, and let them discount their acceptances. Why, it was only yesterday they requested that favour—oblige 'em."

"Excellent thought!" cried the trembling Ter Beek; and, without delay, proceeded to act upon Snep's suggestion. *Gebruder Bogaart* were delighted—and so, of course, was Ter Beek.

It was not till next day that the "trusty messenger" was sober enough to deliver his despatches, and their payments were suspended. Ter Beek had now more cause than ever to applaud the conduct of Jan Snep, which overcame his wonted parsimony so far as to induce him to present him with a guilder!

"*Een klein visje, een zoet visje*" (Little fish are sweet)! said he.

"True," replied Jan, turning over the solitary coin in his palm; "but it requires a good many of 'em to make a dish!"

"You're a droll fellow, Snep," cried Ter Beek, parrying his home-thrust with a smile; and carefully tying up the neck of his canvas money-bag, he deposited it in his strong-box.

CHAP. VIII.

The Fear and the Confidence of true Love.

Under the management of Jan Snep the affairs of Ter Beek assumed a most smiling aspect; whilst the love affair, in which Jannetje found herself inextricably involved, began to wear a very serious complexion. Wouter was no less successful than assiduous in the pursuit of his object; and now that it was too late to retract, even had the inclination existed, she, like many other damsels in the same delicate predicament, began to ponder on the probability, or rather improbability, of her father's sanction.

"My dear Wouter," said she, "you know that it is not only impossible, but foolish, to think of marriage without the approbation of my father. Your circumstances, by your own admission, are quite inadequate to support us, even in the humblest style; and although love is the very sunshine of life——"

"It is mere moonshine without the means of subsistence," added Wouter, smiling. "I know what you would say, Jannetje; but be of good cheer; let us still love on and leave the rest to fate. Possessed of your affection, I see no difficulties but what my ingenuity may surmount. Before I dared hope that I held a place in your memory or affection, it would have been folly to have solicited your hand; but now that I am assured of your reciprocal sentiments, I will boldly press my suit, and demand your father's acquiescence."

"Which he will as boldly deny," replied Jannetje. "You know not the narrow and interested views of my father, my dear Wouter, or you would not rely so confidently on the issue of your application."

"The hope that is born of requited love, Jannetje," answered Wouter, "is more permanent than a rainbow. Let not, therefore, any thought of opposition intrude either upon your sleeping or your waking dreams. Leave wholly to me the arduous task of seeking the proper time and opportunity for a disclosure."

"These arguments sound very pretty by moonlight," said Jannetje; but will they bear the light of day?"

"Ay, Jannetje, and win the day, too!" answered the enamoured swain, in a tone which almost succeeded in inspiring her with confidence.

Katrijn, with the frisking Kato at her heels, entering the room at this juncture, suddenly put an end to the interesting colloquy, and compelled Wouter to push off his boat in haste.

CHAP. IX.

A Speculation.

Ter Beek was by no means a wise or a clever man. It is true he had accumulated a good round sum, but this was certainly the result of that blind dispensation of worldly goods in which Fortune appears to delight, for in every difficulty which had latterly occurred he exhibited neither acuteness nor presence of mind; and in several instances would assuredly have lost a considerable amount had it not been for the prompt interposition and peculiar tact of Jan Snep.

Business, too, at this epoch began to assume a very different appearance from what it had done at the time of his harvest; and younger and more enterprising men entered the field, with whom he would have found it a great difficulty to compete, had not the adroit and quick-sighted Snep seized the helm, and boldly steered him clear of the many shoals and quicksands which daily threatened his destruction. But instead of rewarding him according to his merit, he still pursued the same course of "penny-wise" generosity, and as Snep quaintly observed, "He only got a 'little fish' for every whale he caught him!" Still the worthy clerk laughed on and persevered.

One morning when Jan, who had been absent for several hours on business, returned to the counting-house, Gerrit bade him hasten to his master, who was impatiently waiting for him in his private room. Jan Snep adjusted his broad-brimmed spectacles, and entered.

"*Zit neer, myn kind,*" (Sit down, my child,) said Ter Beek. The "child" took a seat; and beheld a lot of papers and parchments spread upon the table before the governor.

"Snep," continued he, rubbing his hands, and looking cunningly at the clerk, "our fortune's made."

"I shall be glad to hear if mine be only mended," replied Jan, "for it's rather out at elbows. But have a care, Mynheer; things done in a hurry are seldom done well. I remember my clever cousin Griete made a pudding in such haste one day, that, when it was served up, the apples were wanting. Nothing but solid dough, by jingo!"

"Well, well," said Ter Beek, impatiently, "but I have looked on

both sides, and maturely considered this speculation. It's a splendid offer. Read that bond."

Jan Snep conned over the document. "It appears very promising."

"Promising!" cried Ter Beek; "it's as plain as the nose on your face."

"Which, by-the-by," replied Jan, clapping his hand to his proboscis, "has been reckoned rather handsome, excuse my partiality for the prominence!"

"Whisht!" exclaimed Ter Beek; "don't let's waste the time in idle phrase. The Heer Andries van Geldorp, mentioned there, will be here presently for my decision. There are twenty of the first houses would jump at it."

"If all the churches jump, too," said Jan Snep, "I shall not like the project a whit the better. I hate speculation."

"Ah, Snep!" cried Ter Beek; "you are but a young man in business. Why, some of the first merchants in this city have been made by such lucky turns. It's a hit depend on't,—and I shall sign the bond."

"As your own master, you can do what you please," said Snep: "as mine, I can only wish you success."

The Heer Andries van Geldorp was announced, and all further discussion was effectually put an end to, by the execution of the deed.

CHAP. X.

"A pretty kettle of fish," but no more little fishes for Jan Snep.

"*Wie my' ik ben verloren!*" (*Woe is me! I am undone!*) exclaimed the disconsolate Ter Beek, as he threw an open letter across the table to his confidential clerk.

"Lost, indeed!" said Snep, after perusing the epistle. "depend on't, Mynheer, this same Van Geldorp is an arrant adventurer, and has let you in."

"O! that bond! I shall be ruined!"

"Let me see," said Snep. "Ah! the words were 'jointly' and 'severally,' and should this fellow prove not worth a rap, (as I fear,) you are hable for the whole amount!"

"Too true!" cried the distracted speculator. "My dear Snep, what is to be done?"

"Recover the bond."

"How? how?" cried Ter Beek, frantically grasping his hand. "Estricate me from this difficulty, Snep, and great shall be your reward."

Jan Snep almost smiled as the thought of the "little fishes," floated across his mind.

"A thought strikes me, Mynheer," said Snep. "Sit down, and be calm awhile."

"How cool you are! Yes, yes; you are confident,—you will save me," said Ter Beek.

"I can, and will," replied Snep, firmly: "but look'ye, Mynheer, such a service,—nay, the many services I have already done your house,—reasonably demand a greater return than any you have yet made me. You know my diligence and ability: If I obtain this bond,—cancel it,—and rescue you from this dilemma,—my price is a partnership!"

Listen to me, Mynheer, without observation, for the time is precious. A partnership in your business, and your daughter's hand as a collateral security."

"My daughter's hand! I cannot force Jannetje to——"

"Mynheer," continued Snep, "from the first moment I beheld the maiden I loved her, nor do I believe she looks with indifference on me. Of course this point requires her voice for the decision; but in love, as in business, I believe I can command success. If her heart be already engaged,—which I doubt from the seclusion in which she has been kept,—then I reserve to myself the power of bestowing her on the object of her choice."

"Jan Snep," exclaimed the agitated Ter Beek, "circumstances have placed me in such a position that I cannot demur."

The clerk was well aware of this, and like an able general taking advantage of a routed enemy, he pursued his point, and pushed forward with his usual decision. Hastily drawing up an agreement, he laid it before Ter Beek, and it was executed without delay or hesitation in the presence of Gerrit and another clerk in the establishment.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The Clerk—Suitor.

On the afternoon of the next day, the clever and ambitious Jan Snep was standing, hat in hand, in Jannetje's little parlour; while that young lady with flushed cheeks and palpitating heart was reading the notable agreement signed by her father.

"Mynheer Snep," said she, "I feel the liveliest sentiments of gratitude towards you for the services you have rendered my father, but——"

Jan Snep looked anxiously upon her as she spoke, and as she uttered the disjunctive conjunction "*but*," his hat dropped from his hand.

"You refuse me for a partner?" said he. "Some prior engagement can alone render such conduct possible or pardonable."

Jannetje hung her head, and blushed. "True, Mynheer, I am engaged."

"Then, *Mejufvrouw*,"—exclaimed he, sternly——

"What then?" said the trembling girl.

"Why, then, you have spoiled one of the prettiest triangular arrangements that ever entered the noddle of Jan Snep to form,—your father, I, and you! Was there ever such a snug partnership?" This was uttered in such a pleasant tone and humour, that Jannetje could not refrain from smiling. "My dear Jannetje," continued he, "I will no longer keep you in suspense. I know your lover."

"Indeed!"

"And a very fine youth he is," continued he; "in fact, they say there is a strong resemblance between us. What do you think?" added he, taking off his broad-brimmed spectacles.

"Why, really," exclaimed Jannetje, starting from her chair and gazing upon him, "there is a likeness!"

"And what think you now?" added he, pulling off his half-grey wig, and displaying his jet-black hair.

"O! my dear, dear Wouter!" cried Jannetje, and rushing into his arms, she burst into a flood of tears, called forth by the ecstasy of her

feelings; for the eccentric Jan Snep was indeed no other than her devoted lover, who, by his natural ability, and the co-operation of a faithful friend in this last, bold, and successful stratagem, fairly won the object of his early affections.

Nor was the Heer Lukas ter Beek a loser by the alliance; for Wouter Gryspeert, by his diligence and activity, considerably augmented the revenues of the establishment, which soon became, under his management, one of the wealthiest houses in Amsterdam.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE PILGRIMS.

PARCH'D with September's heat, and worn
By ceaseless toil from early morn,
Two pilgrims mark'd with keen delight
A rustic gate upon their right,
O'er which elw, birch-tree, oak and larch,
Entwining, form'd a verdant arch.
Entering this cloister'd porch they found
A flower-enamell'd lane, which wound,
Descending through a woody glade,
Into the very depths of shade.
Where, in the silence dim and still,
A fallen tree beside a rill
Woo'd them a short repose to take,
And in the stream their thirst to slake.
A freshness fragrant, cool, and moist,
Which you might feel, and taste, and smell,
Threw round them its reviving spell,
As if each pore at once rejoiced,
As if imbibed with grateful cheer
Th' exhilarating atmosphere.
Waving their boughs aloft, the trees,
Fann'd by a balmy gentle breeze,
Gave now and then the skies to view,
Remotely glowing, bright and blue.
Beneath, along the distant glen,
Where through the leaves the sun had ooz'd,
The pilgrims here and there might ken
A green and sultry light diffused,
Which gave their shady cool recess
A more intense deliciousness,
While sounds of life around the wood
Seem'd to enhance its solitude.
The chattering magpie and his mate
Repeating one another's calls,
The woodman's axe, the banging gate,
On which the truant schoolboy swings,
With dim and distant echoings
Were heard and lost at intervals.
One of our pilgrims now untied
A canvass pouch, and softly sigh'd—
"Vy, Jack, with all them lots o' snares
Ve've only cotch'd three shabby hares;
It's cruel vork when Poachers fags
All night, and never fills their bags!"

H.

THE CONVERSAZIONE,

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Colonel. In my late residence in France I made some attempts to enlarge my military recollections by French memoirs of the war. I failed, for, to my great surprise, I could scarcely meet with any above mediocrity. There were, it is true, formal histories of campaigns; and Dumas and Foy had the merit, such as it is, of filling several heavy volumes with heavy details of the marchings and countermarchings of the combatants. But nothing can be more tiresome than those histories *en masse*, and, in a military point of view, nothing less instructive. No two campaigns, even fought on the same ground, have the least resemblance; and the general who fights his battle from books will be pretty much in the condition of the Englishman who learns French on this side of the Channel. The one in a foreign field will be like the other in a foreign tavern. Both will be laughed at, the only difference being, that the one will be beaten and the other starved.

The Barrister. We have made that discovery amply enough. The few of those heavy volumes which attempted to entrap us into tactics went down to oblivion with a remarkable force of gravity; and the only one which still struggles with the weight of existence, survives in the shape of a solid romance, where fable relieves fact, and the campaigns of the writer's brain give their saving vivacity to the campaigns of the field. Yet we have other works, and from military pens too, which teach without toil, and interest us without fiction. I admit that they are generally but episodes—fragments of some stirring period—scenes which came under the writer's eye, and are therefore described with the spirit of reality; for instance, Kincaid's "Rifleman," Gleig's "Subaltern," and others of the same calibre.

The Rector. Gleig is certainly clever. He is turning his new position to advantage, like a sensible fellow as he is. Among the veterans of Chelsea he may find many a curious history, which an idler would neglect, and a blockhead would not be able to understand; but as he is the reverse of both, I say, "Macte virtute," let him go on, and give us all that the old soldier can tell the world. His "Hussar" is excellent. It begins with a capital story of patronage in Prussia. The Hussar is Serjeant Norbert Landsheit, a German invalided in our service. The old warrior had seen so much of campaigning, that Gleig asked him how it happened that he never had been made a commissioned officer. The answer was the story.

"I shall reply to you, Sir," said he, in his slightly-broken English, "by reminding you of a passage in the life of Fiederic the Great. There was a poor curate, who, after many years' faithful service in the diocese, applied to the bishop for a vacant living. 'Ah!' replied the bishop, who fully acknowledged his merits; 'so you knew that that living was vacant did you? Well, I am very sorry I cannot give you *that*—I have promised it to my nephew; but you shall have the next that falls.' The curate returned home, scarcely disappointed, for he thought the bishop's reason a fair one. A living fell soon after, and he went on the wings of hope to the bishop. 'It is very provoking, my dear Sir,' was the answer; 'but I cannot give you this—I have promised it to my sister's son; but you shall have the next.' The story

proceeds, that as other livings fell, and the curate applied, there was always a brother, a nephew, or a cousin, between him and his promise. At last his patience became exhausted. He was a sharp-witted man, and he took his measures accordingly.

"Frederic the Great was an early riser, and one morning looking out of his window, to his surprise he saw an ecclesiastic, with a lantern in his hand, poking close to the ground, as if he were in search of something. The sun was up, yet the lantern contained a lighted candle. Frederic's curiosity was roused; he desired his attendant to order the man up into his antechamber. The King went forth, and, lo! the stranger continued still to keep his lantern close to the floor, and to peer about him.

" 'What are you looking for?' said the King.

" 'I am looking for a cousin, please your Majesty,' was the reply.

" 'A cousin, you fool!' said Frederic: 'what do you mean by that?'

" 'Because I have none, and I can't do without one,' answered the man.

"The King's curiosity was whetted, until the whole truth came out.

" 'Oh! that's it,' said he, laughing. 'You could not get a living, because you had no cousin among the bishops. Never mind; I shall be your cousin if you deserve one.'

The King made his inquiries, found that he was a deserving person, bade him fix on the best living in the bishop's gift, which was then vacant, and desired the bishop to present him. The bishop demurred a little, spoke of a cousin to whom he had promised it, and assured the King that the curate should have the very *next* that fell.

" 'That won't do,' replied Frederic. 'Your curate is *my* cousin for this time: so you must give him the living.'

"So the curate, Sir," said Norbert, "got the living; but I had no cousin, Sir, so I got no living."

The Doctor. The story is a sample of the quaint simplicity of the book. The Nepotism of the affair amuses the worthy rector, of course, from its total dissimilarity to the manner in which matters are managed in our disinterested land. If the learned Norbert had been a curate among us, he would have wanted no cousin; for merit is the root of everything in our ecclesiastical soil. As for the army, I leave that question to the gallant Colonel.

The Colonel. Doctor, I never meddled with public affairs but once, and that was in Portugal, when I ordered a commissary to be flogged for famishing my regiment. He was flogged, and the regiment were not the less famished. But the rascal took an action against me, which cost me a year's trouble, a month's attendance in town, a day's abuse, and a lawyer's bill for 300*l.* But what says the Hussar for himself?

The Rector. Norbert was born a gentleman, his father having been an officer of *gendarmes* in the service of Maximilian the Second. The son was educated for the Lutheran Church, but the French invasion of Germany in 1792, which broke up so many palaces and principalities, broke up Norbert's studies, and in the general whirl of national change, he was whirled into the ranks of a regiment of hussars. While still a schoolboy he got his first sight of war in a very showy style. The French under Custine came in sight of Dusseldorf. The town was full of provisions and forage for the Austrian army. The thickheaded commandant plumed himself on the idea that the French could learn nothing about the matter; or that they could not reach the magazine. The honest men of Dusseldorf therefore saw the French digging batteries on the river's side, took it for granted that nothing under the

moon could touch their goods and chattels; ate their suppers and went to bed, as tranquilly as they had done when France was a land of laced liveries, powdered heads, and opera-hunting princes. But they were soon taught that times were altered. On the 6th of October the young Lutheran retired to his bed-room about ten o'clock. He had made it a practice to look out and see what novelty the world afforded, before he committed himself to his pillow. Night after night he had seen nothing but the tiles of Dusseldorf. But on this occasion he saw the phenomenon of a huge body coming down the declivity of a half circle, with a fiery tail. Another and another shell followed, which so much delighted him, that he ran down stairs to communicate the discovery to his relations. They quickly ascertained its value. The great magazine was in a blaze. The French bombardiers had got the range of the place so exactly, that every shell dropped into some store-house, stable, or dépôt. Red-hot balls next began to pour in. The citizens of the ancient town never had been so unceremoniously disturbed before. The flames spread wherever there was anything to burn; and the red-hot shot that showered down, tore and danced about every soul who attempted to extinguish them. The governor evidently, that last of boobies, a man of routine, a puppet of the parade, had refused passports to all the inhabitants; of course, in the expectancy that the more there remained to be killed, the less harm there would be done by the French guns. But as the fire now threatened to roast every one alive in his own house, the people at length rushed in a body to the commandant, who, probably fearing them as much as the French, opened the gate and let them pass out into the country. A stream of men, women, and children, rushed forth, among whom Norbert was driven, much against his boyish will. But he went no further than the glacis, and there enjoyed the whole spectacle. The burning town, the ceaseless hissing of the shells, the roar of cannon, the shouts of the people, "I have," said he, "no language to describe; but the effect produced by them all I can never forget." It was fortunate for him, as an admirer of showy displays, that the French were still on the other side of the Rhine. Why they burnt the provisions, on which they might expect to have been feeding within the next twelve hours, is to be accounted for only on the national principle of the love of a bon-fire. But their presence on the glacis would have grievously impeded the enjoyment of the amateurs, and Norbert might have finished his campaigns where they began. Yet those are the débâts which have made half the Alexanders on record. The young German was soon enamoured of the sabre and the shako, soon loved the trumpet better than the folio, and would have preferred the back of a gallant steed under a shower of grape-shot, to be a German bishop dozing in all his cushions. He joined the ranks,—fought the French on the continent—fought the Spaniards in South America, fought round the world, and finally pitched his tent under that capacious vine and fig-tree, which the wise bounty of England has planted on the banks of the Thames, to shelter the evening hours of the brave men who have fought her battles. The whole work is animated, various, and interesting.

The Barrister. There seems to be something prodigiously unlucky in the French attempts to *Anglicize*. They have failed in every instance, especially since the "three glorious days." They first tried to make a *peerage à-la-mode Anglaise*: they failed. The purses of their peers

are not worth the price of a cabriolet; their influence in the state is worth about that of a jury of matrons; and their debates, being with closed doors to give dignity to the affair, might as well be so many curtain lectures.

The Colonel. Their heroism seems to be pretty much on a par with their statesmanship. The Bedouins, unconscious of breeches, have sent the *Enfans de Paris* to the right about, and Abd-el-Kader has plucked the feathers from the Gallic cock with the skill of a poulterer.

The Rector. The reform of their church does equal honour to their wisdom. Hearing that we talked of pulling down ours, they instantly resolved to follow; but the national vivacity was beforehand with the heavy English. Without loss of time they knocked down their archbishop's palace, voted the church a pensioner of the state, and put the whole clergy on board wages.

The Doctor. If I were an undertaker, I would panegyricise their physicians; but not being of so lucrative a profession, I must acknowledge, that if a man should desire to be drenched out of the world with barley-water, France is the spot where the object is sure to be most rapidly accomplished. Their surgeons are as rapid as their physicians. They are the most showy performers with the knife to be found on earth. The king of Ashantee might send his principal phlebotomists to take a lesson from them. But showy as the operation may be, the event is pretty much the same in both cases; and the patient goes the way of all flesh, whether African or European.

The Rector. Yet let us do them justice. The French have been capital soldiers in their day, and still are capital cooks. They have been first-rate invaders, and still are first rate thief-takers. But there are three things which they have never been able to manage since the days of Clovis, and those three are—Government, Greek, and Gas.

The Doctor. The fact is so established, that their most popular poet, Berenger, actually makes a livelihood by telling them once a week that they are the most unlucky set of marmozets alive. They shrug up their shoulders, buy his verses, sing them in every corner of France, from the Pyrenees to the Pavillon de Flore, and wincing in every fibre, yet pride themselves in the possession of the most unsparing national libeller that survives the pillory in any spot of the world.

The Barrister. The minstrel himself gives another specimen of French failure. The law has been for these dozen years exerting all its skill to silence him. It has thrown him twice into jail; but he is buoyant, he floats out of the dungeon, pays his fine by a subscription, his subscribers by a new song, and his judges by a new libel. A small collection of "The Songs of Berenger" has been lately given to us by a clever writer of our own country. Here is one of his keen little shafts, dated, "From my prison, January, 1822."

LIBERTY.

"I've had a little taste of bolts,
And learnt to think that all are dolts
Who take so stoutly Freedom's part;
In truth, I hate it from my heart.
So down, down, Liberty, down.

Marchangy * was the sage so wise,
 Who open'd my benighted eyes ;
 And kindly proved that slavery's state
 Is good and right legitimate.

So down, down, &c.

The goddess, so beloved of yore,
 Shall have my homage now no more ;
 How back she keeps the world I see,
 In swaddling clothes and infancy.

So down, down, &c.

Alas ! and what remains there now
 Of that proud civic tree ? one bough.
 One bough, to form the worthless wand
 Of Despotism's grasping hand.

So down, down, &c.

Ask of the Tiber, he can tell
 The difference of the two full well ;
 He bath'd the freeman's sinewy limb,
 Now papal fat is cooled in him.

So down, down, &c.

When once a man has made pretence
 (Infected fool !) to common sense,
 His acts are like a galley-slave's,
 Who in his bonds rebellious raves.

So down, down, &c.

My turnkeys so beloved, and ye
 My gaolers, (jolly boys to see !)
 Straight to the Louvre's self, I pray,
 My alter'd tone and vow convey.

So down, down, Liberty, down."

The Rector. Berenger is by profession a French patriot : in other words, as submissive as a spaniel in a chain, while Napoleon played the master ; but a tremendous snarler when the mildest and last of the Bourbons snapped the chain, and let every dog take his way. The worshipper of that lover of liberty, Napoleon le Grand, of course instantly turned the libeller of that terrible tyrant, and superannuated gentleman, Charles the Tenth. Yet the time-serving politician is the best living poet of France. His style is Horatian, always animated, always piquant, often polished, and now and then even powerful. He is, unluckily, so far from dignity of mind as to be a libertine, and so far from elegance of taste as to exhibit it in his poetry. The translator alludes to this formidable error, and speaks of having guarded against it in his selection. He ought to have guarded against it still more. The very first poem in his book is a specimen of his incaution. But there are others of a higher class. The verses on his imprisonment, (which are among the most gracefully translated of the little volume,) were written in November, 1821, and distributed in court on the day of his condemnation for the libel, adverted to in the preceding song.

ADIEU TO THE COUNTRY.

Soleil si doux au declin de l'Automne,
 Arbres jaunis, je viens vous voir encore.—p. 354.

Ye trees, made lovely by autumnal dyes,
 Thou sun, whose fainter ray yet cheers the skies,

* Who persecuted him.

Yet on ye both one latest look I cast,
My song's success ensures it is the last !
Beneath these shading boughs what visions came
To cheer my bosom—e'en a dream of fame !
One parting smile bestow, thou azure sky,
To my adieu ye echoing woods reply.

One parting smile, &c.

The other songsters of these woods are free :
Had my strains died, it had been so with me.
But when I saw a vile and worthless race
Oppress our France, and bring her to disgrace,
I bent my bow, and launch'd my satires keen :
Ah ! love's soft lay had less injurious been.

One parting, &c.

Their hostile rage cuts off my humble means,
And at the bar my gaiety arraigns ;
Over revenge a pious veil they spread,
But can their guilty shame conceal its red ?
To Heaven for curses on my head they pray :
The God of mercy turns incensed away.

One parting, &c.

If I have call'd departed glory home,
Or hung a garland on the warrior's tomb,
At Victory's feet I never sung for gold,
Nor praised the deed when states were bought and sold ;
Nor did I hymn the empire's rising sun,
I sang but when its splendid race was run.

One parting, &c.

While tyrants weigh and measure out my chain,
Their wish to bring me to contempt is vain ;
My strains, that issue from a dungeon's cell,
Shall only have for France a mightier spell :
On the black bars I'll hang my tuneful lyre,
And Fame shall there behold it and admire.

One parting, &c.

Outside those bars come Philomel, and sing,
For thou, too, ow'd'st thy troubles to a king.
Tis time to part, my gaoler shows my cell ;
Ye woods, ye waters, meads, and flowers, farewell !
I go to wear the body's pond'rous chain,
And raise, still free in soul, fair Freedom's strain !
One parting smile bestow, thou azure sky :
To my adieu, ye echoing woods reply.

The Doctor. I dislike the pedantry of professional feelings as much as any man ; but I cannot help regretting that Byron died so young. He was a capital operator upon the pampered flesh of society. No knife ever cut deeper than his pen ; and though I cannot charge my conscience with the slightest conception that he did this or anything else for the good of others, I say again, that if we had such a scarifier among us every quarter of a century, we should be much the better for the scalping. The man may have been hated, but I like the work. Our divines are, of course, always excellent, Mr. Rector ; but when even our divines can do nothing, we find the advantage of the hangman. Byron was the very individual for the extreme penalty of the law. He cared for no one ; he scorned most ; he shrank from all. I like the fellow's

vigour. His whole heart was in his profession. Cat-o'-nine-tails, rope, or hatchet, he had a hand for all of them. He delighted in the wincings of the wicked. And, but for the ill luck which at last brought him among the coteries, taught him to drink tea, and stoop to the tender twaddle of the Lydia Whites, he would have flogged and decapitated until he was a benefactor to his age. He began nobly.

The Barrister. I was just called to the bar, when he published his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." I pronounced, at the first page, that the lawyer's friend was come into the world. My young imagination predicted an age of libel. There was just the *necessary* mixture of bitterness and brilliancy, of lofty scorn and personal suffering, of furious wrath against his assailants, and of palpable agony at every blow that fell on the avenger's frame. I actually for a while contemplated a new battle of the books; actions for and against the whole living world; a new age of eloquence rich in the beauties of recrimination; and by consequence, fame and fortune that would put an extinguisher on the memory of Erskine himself. But his Lordship disappointed mankind and me. He went to Greece, and wasted himself away in songs, epics, and tragedies.

The Rector. My good Sir, there is nothing in this world, as our witty neighbours say, but "*heur et malheur*." There has not been a libel worth the paper it was written on within my memory. But the Juvenal will come. In the mean time, we are doing our best to prepare materials for him. And from the highest to the lowest, from the noble flatterer in palaces to the man of rags in the kennel, from the well-rewarded patriot who, abjuring patronage, provides for every fragment of his pedigree, to the orator of the human race, who retires from the hustings to the hovel, and from the hovel to the highway; the nation is teeming with the richest possible harvest for the most sweeping scythe of the bitterest satirist in creation.

The Colonel. Gentlemen, "though *my* trade is war," I do not feel inclined to be quite so belligerent. Byron's vocation was certainly satire. His fame has been wholly founded on his pungency. He lavishes on society in general the contempt which, under happier circumstances for us, he would have concentrated on society in particular; and he is never more captivating than in the moments when, like the emperor who wished that the Romans had but one neck, he perpetrates justice by provinces and principalities. Still let us take of him what we can get. Murray's second volume of his dramas, as prettily printed and decorated as ever, contains some of the boldest flights of his mind, and clearly adds another layer to the monument which, in his few brief years, he contrived to pile so high to his memory.

The Doctor. Which of those dramas are we to place uppermost? The sentiment of the "Foscari," the boldness of "Cain," the philosophy of "Werner," or the fantasy of the "Deformed Transformed?"

The Barrister. The opinion of his friend Moore gives "Cain" the palm. "Cain," says one of his letters in the notes, "is wonderful, terrible, never to be forgotten. If I am not mistaken, it will sink deep into the world's heart. Talk of Æschylus and his Prometheus, here is the true spirit both of the poet and the devil."

The Colonel. The panegyric is very handsomely *cayenned*. But the

"Deformed Transformed" is the true work after all. The subject is intrinsically Byronish; contempt, rejection, and revenge, a hot head, and a humpback. Diablerie is the constituent of the hero, and the dwarf rattles his fetters with the rage of an imprisoned demon, and wants nothing but horns and a tail to figure with Satan himself. But, as a poem, it contains more and better poetry than all the rest. The "Song of the Spirits," who act as the chorus, when the troops are advancing to the storm of Rome, is a stirring affair. Some of the lines burst and roll like a charge of cavalry under a shower of shrapnels; for example—

"Now they reach thee in their anger,
Fire and smoke, and hellish clangor,
Are around thee, thou world's wonder,
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes,
Now the ladder downward crashes
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its feet blaspheming."

The Rector. Medwin, in his memoir, gives an odd anecdote of the susceptibility of the noble writer. "On my calling on Lord Byron one morning," says the Captain, "he produced the 'Deformed Transformed.' Handing it to Shelley, he said, 'Shelley, I have been writing a *Faustish* kind of drama; tell me what you think of it.' After reading it attentively, Shelley returned it. 'Well,' said Lord Byron, 'how do you like it?' 'Least,' replied he, 'of anything I ever saw of yours. It is a bad imitation of Faust. And besides, there are two entire lines of Southey's in it.' Lord Byron changed colour immediately, and asked hastily, 'What lines?' Shelley repeated—

"And water shall see thee,
And fear thee, and flee thee."

They are in the 'Curse of Kehama.' His Lordship instantly threw the poem into the fire. He seemed to feel no chagrin at seeing it consumed. I was never more surprised than to see, two years afterwards, the 'Deformed Transformed' announced (supposing it to have perished at Pisa.) But it seems that he must have had another copy of the MS., or that he had re-written it without changing a word."

The Barrister. "Three Voyages in the Black Sea to the coast of Circassia." Lord Durham, perplexed by the affair of the Vixen,—and he is by no means the first noble lord who has been seriously perplexed by something bearing the name,—is sending home for the opinion of counsel. The war is bottomed on a point of law, and the national honour is about to receive either a blister or a fomentation, as the fates may decree, from the inkstand of Doctor's Commons. I acknowledge I greatly prefer this mode of bringing the Russians to a sense of justice. In all instances I should recommend that nations, before they begin shooting and burning each other, would appeal to a lawsuit. If they are swelling with a plethora of wealth, where can it be more conveniently reduced than in a court of law? If they feel belligerently inclined, they have only to instruct their lawyers, and abuse and be abused accordingly. If they are determined to be each other's ruin, I know no human invention more safe and certain for the purpose than the Court of Chancery. .

The Colonel. Any able production on Circassia at this moment must be well received. The encroachments of Russia on a people, who, though uncivilized, are brave, and though in the neighbourhood of powerful nations, for the last five hundred years have retained their independence by their swords, must awake the feelings of all honourable men. The Circassian coast of the Black Sea is almost two degrees from north to south between the country of the Cossacks and Georgia. But it has also a wide extent of mountains behind, sweeping as far as Daghistan, and those mountains inhabited by soldier-tribes, amounting to at least 2,375,000 souls. The Russians have long looked with an avaricious eye to the possession of this country, wild as it is. And the lord of a territory which already spreads over a third of Europe, without being able to people the hundredth part, or cultivate the thousandth; is actually threatening the liberties of a gallant people, of whom he knows nothing, but that they are not his slaves, and who know nothing of him, but they will not have him for their tyrant. Such is the wisdom of ambition, and the justice of despotic power.

The Rector. Yet the emperor's personal character is that of a man of honour. His subjects are attached to him, and he has not yet committed any of those aggressions on Europe which our politicians are so apt to suspect in every sovereign.

The Barrister. The single word Poland is enough. There we have a whole people disfranchised for the sake of a revolted army; three or four millions of men actually deprived of their privileges simply because some thousands of soldiery chose to throw off their allegiance. Is it not astonishing that the lesson of Moscow should so soon be lost on Russia?

The Colonel. The unhappy peculiarity of despotisms is, that the sovereign is only the first slave. The personal character of Nicholas stands high; but the master of Russia has masters of his own. A fierce, proud, and grasping coterie of diplomatists are the true lords of the north, and if they command the invasion of Circassia, or the mountains of the moon, the invasion must be attempted, whatever outcry may be raised by the voice of Europe. The Circassians will probably fall; for they are divided into tribes, themselves divided by local interests, prejudices, and feuds. They have no wealth to continue a struggle, for they have scarcely the name of commerce. They have no allies, for the Persian lives in terror of the Muscovite, and the Turk is all but his slave. They will probably fight fiercely and long, for their country is all mountains, and every mountain is a fortress. The people are daring, accustomed to arms from their youth, and furious at the name of submission. For the honour of humanity such a war is especially to be deprecated; for it must be a war of extermination. If the Russians are beaten, the mountains will be red with Russian slaughter. If the Circassians, the rivulets will swell with native blood. If the conquest were won to-morrow, the only result could be the uneasy possession of a wild and sterile country, the hatred of its surviving population, if any should survive, and the jealousy, abhorrence, and indignation of Europe. *Ainsi soit il!*

The Doctor. One of the most striking features of modern literature is the publication of correspondence on high matters of state. The Dis

patches of the Marquess Wellesley are a fine course of political science detailed in the language of an orator. The letters and papers of the Marquess have the Wellesley stamp—they are masterly. But we have besides in this collection letters almost private and personal from Wellington, when first learning the art of war from that gallant old soldier, Lord Lake, and the correspondence a crowd of those noble fellows who built a wall of fire round the empire of British India. Here is what Lake writes of his feelings in the battle of Lasswary in 1803, one of the most important victories ever gained in India. In this battle the question was of British or native supremacy. The English general was to meet the Frenchman, Perron, a brave and clever officer, at the head of the most dangerous force ever organized by any of the native powers. Lake had followed him for five-and-twenty miles with his cavalry alone, had come up with him at daylight, and instantly charged. But the Frenchman's position was too well covered with guns to be shaken by cavalry already almost tired to death, and the battle was delayed until the arrival of the infantry. The line advanced at noon, tore its way through the enemy's ranks, captured all their guns, and struck them with such terror that they totally dispersed through the country—Perron, with his staff, surrendering in a few days, on condition of being allowed to return to Europe. Old Lake's public dispatch gives the long detail of the engagement in the usual form. But his letter to the Marquess marked "*secret*" is singularly candid and curious.

"If," says he, "I had not followed the French Sepoy army, that night, I never could have caught them; I pushed on therefore at all risks with the cavalry. Those battalions were most uncommonly well appointed, and had a most numerous artillery, as well served as they could possibly be: the gunners standing to their guns till they were killed by the bayonet. I never was in so severe a business in my life, or anything like it, and *pray to God I may never be in such a situation again*. Their army was better appointed than ours—no expense was spared whatever. They had three times the number of men to a gun that we had: their bullocks, of which they had many more than we, were of a very superior sort; and all the men's knapsacks and baggage were carried upon camels, by which means they could march double the distance."

In this engagement the General had two horses killed under him, and his son, Colonel Lake, was severely wounded at his side.

The Co'onel. Poor fellow! he died in the field at last. He was killed at the head of his regiment gallantly storming the heights of Rolisa, and teaching the troops of Napoleon in Portugal the first taste of that steel which was afterwards to finish their master's career on the plains of Flanders.

The Rector. In turning over the leaves, I find one document which strongly reminds me of the struggle through which we have passed, and the extraordinary vigour and virtue by which England was enabled to sustain the cause of Europe. It is the letter of our ambassador at Vienna, the Hon. A. Paget to the Marquess Wellesley, giving the first account of the breaking out of hostilities with Napoleon. The letter is brief, but intelligent and interesting, if it were for nothing but showing the universal hostility which we faced when we defied the Corsican. It is dated—

"Vienna, June 3rd, 1803.

"My dear Lord—Lord Whitworth left Paris on the night of the 12th ult. And General Andreossi, having been detained some time at Dover, by winds, &c. reached it on the 20th.

"I do myself the honour of inclosing to your Lordship the Supplement to the 'Moniteur,' containing (as is avowed) the whole of the negotiations, &c.; also the 'Frankfort Journal' of this day, in which your Lordship will find the King's Message.

"I must now inform your Lordship that within a very few days after the departure of Lord Whitworth, instructions and full powers were received by Count Woronzow in London, and Count Marcoff at Paris, to make a tender of the good offices of the Emperor of Russia; but it is probable that this interposition will have been offered too late.

"The telegraph between Brest and Paris announces a fleet of twelve sail of the line and six frigates off Brest.

"We have not heard of hostilities having actually taken place. The king's proclamation for letters of marque, &c., has been issued.

"We have, down to this moment, no official accounts of the movement of the French troops in Italy. It is rumoured that a considerable body, under the command of General Murat, is moving southward.

"The French are also preparing to take possession of Hanover and the maritime towns.

"The King of Prussia has also made known his intention of *accomplishing the same object!*

"Whichever of those powers may effectuate this unwarrantable design will act with the connivance of the other; and I am grieved not to find any disposition on the part of Austria to oppose either.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

The Barrister. A novel, with a dedication to the great luminary of the bar! The homage of the man of romance to the man of reality—D'Israeli to Lord Lyndhurst. I am glad to find D'Israeli writing again.

The Rector. I am glad to find any man of talent and information turning them into the most vivid and various channel for both. It takes a hundred years to write a history. It takes a thousand to write a science. The world is six thousand years old, and yet men still dispute on divinity; while in three months an eloquent pen and an observant eye can create a picture of men, minds, and manners, that may give us delight for life. D'Israeli's "Venetia" exhibits the improvement that was to be expected from his ability. It is neither the extravagance of fiction, nor the common-place of the diary. It is a view of human nature under striking circumstances; an intelligent chart of that half-traversed country, the human mind—of filial and paternal feelings, of boyish eccentricity and mature self-will, of simple fondness and wild passion; of the head and heart, like the stars of heaven in the beauty of a summer's evening; and of the head and heart, like those stars in the storm of a winter's night, seeming to be driven madly among the clouds that sweep across them, yet, in the breaks and fissures of those clouds, flashing intenser splendours than in their serenest hour.

The Doctor. Few conceptions could be more capable, and the filling up of the outline would be worthy of a master-hand. D'Israeli has, at least, chosen his hero remarkably with a view to this consummation. Byron is the hero—the lay figure on which this clever artist is to hang the draperies, and try the lights and shades of his beau-ideal of genius and passion. But the volumes exhibit cleverness of other kinds, and

among the rest, a number of characteristic descriptions. We thus have the divine of the last century :—

“Each Sunday Dr. Masham dined with the family; and he was the only guest at Cherbury whom Venetia ever remembered seeing. The Doctor was a regular orthodox divine of the eighteenth century, with a large cauliflower-wig, shovel-hat, and huge knee-buckles, barely covered by his top-boots; learned, jovial, humorous, and somewhat courtly; truly pious, but not enthusiastic; not forgetful of his tithes, but generous and charitable when they were once paid; never neglecting the sick, yet occasionally following a fox: a fine scholar, an active magistrate, and a good shot; deploring the Pope and hating the Presbyterians. The Doctor was attached to the Herbert family, not merely because they had given him a good living—he had a great reverence for the old English race, and turned up his nose at the Walpolian loan-mongers. Lady Annabel, too, so beautiful, so dignified, so amiable and highly bred, and, above all, so pious, had won his regard.”

The Rector. This is certainly a divine of another school than ours. Hunting and shooting are not within the present qualifications; but the essentials are well preserved—the learning, the manliness, and the courtesy are justly done honour to, and until it shall be our fate to fall under the sullen revenge and squalid severities of hypocrites, I trust that the divine of the Established Church will be distinguished for the whole three. To make the character perfect, he wants only one excellence more—energy: without it he must perish, with it he will inevitably be master of the field.

The Barrister. The boy Byron is well introduced. He comes with his mother to return Lady Annabel’s civilities—

“A few days after the visit to Cadurcis (Newstead Abbey). When Lady Annabel was sitting alone, a postchaise drove up to the hall, whence issued a short and very stout woman, with a rubicund countenance, and dressed in a style which remarkably blended the shabby with the tawdry. He was accompanied by a boy between eleven and twelve years of age, whose appearance, however, very much contrasted with that of his mother, for he was very pale and slender, with long curling hair, and large black eyes, which occasionally, by their transient flashes, agreeably relieved a face, the general expression of which might be deemed shy and sullen.”

In volumes which, like these, wander from topic to topic, and from country to country, it must be idle to quote extensively. The reader should be left to make his own way through this *prairie*, now resting in some spot of beauty, now hurrying through some wild and gusty scene, now gazing at its images of natural grandeur, now refreshing his spirit with draughts from its fountains of fantasy; but some fragments of verse are to be found, like images of polished marble. Of those one is a stanza on the birth of a first child :—

“Within our heaven of love, the new-born star,
We long devoutly watch’d, like shepherd kings,
Steals into light, and floating from afar,
Methinks some bright transcendent seraph sings,
Waving with flashing light her radiant wings,
Immortal welcome to the stranger fair,
To us a child is born. With transport clings
The mother to the babe she sighed to bear—
Of all our treasured loves, the long-expected heir.”

THE DRAMA.

WE have turned from the Drama of late, as from a dreary subject, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Two events, however, have occurred within the past month to throw a grace upon the declining season; and the manager at either house has resolved, just as he was shutting his doors, to die with dignity. We allude to the appearance of Schröder-Devrient at Drury-lane, and to the production of Mr. Browning's tragedy of "Strafford" at Covent-garden. The public have been rather apathetic, we fear, upon both points, and have missed enjoyments of a very high kind. Schröder's English version of the character of Fidelio ought to have taken the "willing souls" of all classes of play-goers, and lapped them in the elysium of pit, gallery, and box. It should have been heard by everybody, and then the critics would have been spared the hopeless task of endeavouring to make its excellence comprehended. It embodied the soul of that magnificent music, and spoke to the innermost depths of the heart, in a continued succession of the finest human emotions. Nor should we, turning to the other house, bestow less than the highest praise upon the admirable delineation of Strafford's character by Mr. Macready. It perfectly filled up, with as much delicacy as force, the bold, varied, and original design of the author. The powers of Mr. Browning were fully recognised in the "New Monthly" soon after the first evidence of them ("Paracelsus") appeared. "Strafford" bears out the impression then made, and bids us look to its author, as to one who may become a liberal, we may add, an illustrious contributor, to our treasures of dramatic poetry. Its chief defect as a drama is probably that which the poet himself has suggested,—it is rather a representation "of action in character, than character in action." Pym is a splendid portrait; he is a man worthy to be the friend of "lion-Elliott, that grand Englishman." To be appreciated as a stage-performance, and achieve the triumph as an acting drama, which, as a dramatic picture of the mighty spirits of England working out their solemn purposes, it has already won, it must be played only to audiences of more than average intelligence. It is a work as much above the thinking public of the theatre, as the new drama which immediately succeeded it, is, or ought to be, beneath. "*Walter Tyrrell*," however, has some pretty poetical spangles glittering upon its suit of fustian, which here and there makes its look quite fine; and has at least served one good purpose, by introducing Mr. Elton to the audience at Covent-garden. He infused into some of the scenes a noble spirit, and has since played Iachimo and Jaffier in a style at once energetic, discriminative, and intellectual. We shall be glad to see more of this gentleman at the Haymarket, whither also Mr. Macready goes.



Handwritten signature: J. M. Marshall

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

SINCE the publication of our last Number it has pleased God to remove from this transitory life His Most Gracious MAJESTY, KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH; and we can safely and conscientiously say never was monarch more sincerely or more universally regretted. His loss is felt by the nation like that of a parent rather than of a sovereign—a sentiment easily accounted for by the unbounded kindness of heart, benevolence of intention, and goodness of feeling which characterized every action of his life.

The sufferings of our beloved KING towards the close of existence were deep and severe; but, as far as human means could avail, they were soothed and softened by the devoted attentions of his incomparable Consort. To do justice to those attentions is beyond the power of our language, and we therefore borrow the words of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, used in addressing the *Metropolis Churches' Fund Society*. His Grace said—

That he could not accept their thanks to him, as their vice-patron, without adverting to the great affliction that had befallen them, in the loss of their benevolent and illustrious patron. He would not speak of his virtues as a man or a Sovereign, but merely as a patron of their society. When first he applied to him for the sanction of his name to their society, he at once, with that frankness for which he was so remarkable, expressed his readiness to advance the interests of the society in any way that lay in his power. By his death the society had received a shock of the most severe nature, from which, however, he sincerely hoped it would recover under the protection of her present Majesty. From the assiduous care with which her amiable mother had watched over her, he had every reason to expect that her reign would be as illustrious as that of any other woman who had ever sat on the throne of these realms. It was not many days since he had attended on his late Sovereign during the last few days of his life, and truly it was an edifying sight to witness the patience with which he endured sufferings the most oppressive, his thankfulness to the Almighty for any alleviations under his most painful disorder, his sense of every attention paid to him, the absence of all expressions of impatience, his attention to the discharge of every public duty to the utmost of his power, his attention to every paper that was brought to him, the serious state of his mind, and his attention to his religious duties preparatory to his departure for that happy world where he hoped that he had then been called to. Three different times (said his Grace) was I summoned to his presence the day before his dissolution. He received the Sacrament first; on my second summons I read the Church service to him; and the third time I appeared, the oppression under which he laboured prevented him from joining outwardly in service, though he appeared sensible of the consolation which I read to him out of our religious service. For three weeks prior to the dissolution the Queen had sat by his bed-side, performing for him every office which a sick man

could require; and depriving herself of all manner of rest and refection, she underwent labours which I thought no ordinary woman could endure: no language could do justice to her meekness and to the calmness of her mind, which she sought to keep up before the King, while sorrow was preying on her heart. Such constancy of affection, I think, was one of the most interesting spectacles that could be presented to a mind desirous of being gratified with the sight of human excellence.

There is not in the country a heart that will not respond with blessings upon such excellence.

Of our lost MONARCH and of his KINGLY character we would, in a similar manner, rather put upon record in these pages the opinions of public men of all parties, than trust to our own efforts to describe its merits and its virtues. On the occasion of the first message sent by QUEEN VICTORIA to Parliament—

Viscount MELBOURNE said, he might be permitted to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Sovereign—a tribute, the justice of which he was sure their Lordships, one and all, could not but feel. (Hear, hear.) They must all deplore the fatal event which had deprived him of a most gracious master, and the country of a most excellent sovereign. (Hear, hear.) In his communications with his late Majesty he was impressed with the feeling that he was the best of men, and that he possessed as kind and as excellent a heart as ever was possessed by human being. (Hear, hear.) Their late Monarch was, as their Lordships well knew, educated in the favourite, the naval service of this country. He believed that his Majesty had served with distinction, and he had heard from those who possessed knowledge and information on the subject that he was an able and efficient officer. (Hear, hear.) He had always been most anxious for the prosperity of the service; and when he retired from the active duties of the profession, and became particularly connected with the civil duties which were connected with it, he took no undistinguished part in looking to, and providing for, its interest and its prosperity. (Hear, hear.) When his Majesty came to the throne, the knowledge which he had acquired of the whole colonial system of this country—the knowledge which he had acquired of its foreign relations—the knowledge which he had acquired of all these multifarious details which were connected with the official business of a great empire—proved how well he was able to act in a great civil capacity. (Hear, hear.) He performed all his duties, manifold as they were, in an exemplary manner; and he (Lord MELBOURNE) would appeal to any person who had a just knowledge of public business, to say, whether his late Majesty had not always shown an extensive acquaintance with the nature of that business, and powers perfectly adequate to the performance of it, however difficult its principles and details might be. (Hear, hear.) Amongst all his other fine qualities—qualities most important in the high situation which his late Majesty held—he must not omit to notice the unremitting industry, the untiring assiduity, and the anxious desire which his late Majesty always manifested, not merely in his attention to the consideration of every subject that was brought before him, but in the desire which he always expressed to give satisfaction to all whose claims came under his observation. (Hear, hear.) On another point he would say one word. Perhaps, in saying it, he might be accused of speaking in too homely a manner. But still he would in that homely manner express his belief that his late Majesty was as fair, and as just, and as conscientious a man as ever existed. (Hear, hear.) In those qualities, he was certain that no man ever excelled his late Majesty. (Hear, hear.) The deceased Monarch had always been most willing to hear every argument that might be stated, even though that argument were opposed to his own previous feeling; and if he felt that it was good he yielded to it. (Hear, hear.) This was a fine and a sterling quality in any man, but it was most peculiarly good, and sterling, and valuable in a Monarch. (Hear, hear.) His Majesty's reign had not been a protracted one—indeed, it was not expected that it could. Succeeding to the throne at an advanced period of his life, it was not to be supposed that his Majesty's reign would be a very long one. He was, however, cut off by a disease which the powers of art could not arrest, at an earlier period than might in the ordinary course of nature have been anticipated. But although his late Majesty's reign had not been long, it had nevertheless been marked by important events and by important measures, on which there was naturally a great difference of opinion; but in respect to

which he would not say anything on the present occasion. This much, however, he would state, that during this course of events, and upon every occasion, the late King had been actuated by a sincere desire for the good of his people, the tranquillity of the country, and the promotion of its most valuable interests. (Hear, hear.) Although (said the Noble Viscount) I may not have spoken with eloquence, I have spoken with truth; I have said no more than I feel—I have said no more than what is just. (Cheers.) I can state with sincerity that I have said no more than what I know to be true respecting his late Majesty. In what I have said of our deceased Sovereign, I cannot be suspected of adulation. (Hear.) I cannot be subject to any suspicion of insincerity. It is usual upon occasions like this to advert to the character of the present Sovereign. I can only say that her Majesty has declared, in public, that, “under God, she relies upon the affections of her people, and the loyalty and attachment of Parliament;” and I will only add, with respect to her Majesty, that she possesses the amiable, dignified, and I will say, firm character, which has characterized her family, and which, I am sure, will enable her to discharge her important duties in a manner satisfactory to the nation. (Cheers.) The Noble Lord concluded by moving an address, which was, as usual, an echo of the message.

The Duke of WELLINGTON said, he concurred entirely in every expression which had fallen from the Noble Viscount on this occasion. (Hear, hear.) He also had had the honour of serving his late Majesty in the highest situation in which a subject could possibly be placed; and, though certainly he had not served his late Majesty under such prosperous circumstances as the Noble Viscount had done, he had had nevertheless a full opportunity of witnessing all the virtues of that fine character which had been so ably and so truly described by the Noble Viscount. (Hear, hear.) It had fallen to his lot to serve his late Majesty at different periods of difficulty and danger. (Hear, hear.) Upon all those occasions his Majesty had manifested not only those virtues which had been so truly described by the Noble Viscount, but likewise the greatest degree of firmness, of candour, of justice, and of a true spirit of conciliation towards others, which had perhaps ever before been displayed by any Monarch placed in such circumstances. (Hear, hear.) His late Majesty had combated all the difficulties which opposed him, and they were great and many, with perfect success. (Hear, hear.) He had been induced to serve his late Majesty, not alone from a sense of duty, not alone from a feeling that a Sovereign of this country had a right to command his services in any situation in which he could render the empire assistance, but also from a deep feeling of gratitude to his late Majesty for favours conferred upon him—for personal distinctions bestowed upon him, notwithstanding that he had been under the necessity of opposing himself to the views and intentions of his late Majesty, when his late Majesty held a high situation under the Government, notwithstanding that the opposition thus given led to his late Majesty’s resignation of the office which he then held. (Hear, hear.) But so far from this creating any coldness or dislike, his Majesty, when he came to the throne, from that time forward treated him with the greatest kindness, condescension, confidence, and favour. (Hear, hear.) Under these circumstances, he considered himself not only bound by duty, but by a sincere feeling of gratitude towards all the sovereigns of this country, and more especially towards his late Majesty, to do every thing he could to relieve him from the difficulties in which he happened, in consequence of the circumstances of the times, to be placed. (Hear, hear.) With these feelings he most cordially seconded the motion of the Noble Viscount. (Cheers.)

Earl GREY said, he could not reconcile it to his feelings—he could not think that he had properly discharged the duty which he owed to the memory of his late Majesty, nor yet the duty which he owed to himself, if he passed over in silence the motion which had been made by his Noble Friend. (Hear, hear.) The manner in which the address was proposed to their Lordships was characterized by the utmost propriety, and in every word of that address he entirely concurred. (Hear.) He rejoiced that his Noble Friend had abstained from connecting the vote which they would have to give this evening with any topic which could possibly disturb that unanimity which, valuable at all times, must be particularly valuable on an occasion like the present (Hear, hear)—that unanimity would manifest the feelings which he was convinced existed in the hearts of all. (Hear, hear.) He, like the two preceding speakers, had also had the honour of serving his late Majesty, and he could bear honest and fervent testimony to his possession of all those excellent qualities

which had been so ably described by his Noble Friend, and to which the Noble Duke had also most feelingly referred. (Hear, hear.) Of his late Majesty he would say, that a man more sincerely devoted to the interests of his country—that a man who had a better understanding of what was necessary to the furtherance of those interests—that a man who was more patient in considering all the circumstances connected with those interests—that a man who was more attentive to his duty on every occasion never did exist. (Hear.) If ever Sovereign deserved the character, it might truly be affirmed of William IV. that he was a "Patriot King!" (Cheers.) In addition to the qualities of diligence, assiduity and attention, by which he was so eminently distinguished, his patience in investigating every subject, the knowledge he had acquired of the principles of the Constitution and of the interests of the country—these qualities were aided by the kind condescension with which, as his Noble Friend stated he listened to objections to the opinions which he himself had previously conceived, and his anxious desire to decide what was best for the country over which he ruled. (Loud cries of Hear, hear.) The Noble Duke had justly alluded to the absence of all personal resentment by which the conduct of his late Majesty had been uniformly characterized, and, in confirmation of that statement, he (Earl Grey) could himself state, that he had observed, upon all occasions, the deep anxiety which had been described by the Noble Duke to avoid anything like a difference between the Sovereign and those who surrounded him. He had been to-day called upon, in the discharge of his duty to the memory of his Sovereign, who had ever been to him a gracious master, to say thus much; and he had the satisfaction of stating, whatever might have been the imperfections which had attended his endeavours to serve his late Majesty, that, immediately before the commencement of His Majesty's fatal illness, he had received from His Majesty the most unequivocal testimony of his confidence and good opinion. (Hear, hear.)

In the House of Commons Lord JOHN RUSSELL said—

I feel it quite unnecessary for me to use any arguments for the purpose of inducing this House to express its sincere regret for the loss of a Monarch who was sincerely attached to the constitution of England, and who made the general good and welfare of his subjects the rule of his conduct through life. (Cheers.) That reign, though a short one, was remarkable for this, that during its whole course we were not disturbed by foreign warfare, while at the same time it was equally distinguished by another characteristic, viz., that during its continuance great and important changes were made in our domestic policy. The late King was called to the throne of these realms at a time when the demands for those changes were exceedingly prevalent. William IV. had the good fortune to be a man not only exercised in the ordinary occurrences and business of life, but was acquainted with political affairs. In his early years he was removed to a considerable distance from any chance of succeeding to the throne; he therefore was proportionably removed from the baleful influence of that flattery, that subserviency, those seductions, which attend persons more immediately in expectation of succeeding to Royal power. Circumstances protected him from the corrupting intercourse of those who in all courts are but too anxious to pamper the will of any who enjoy the near prospect of exercising power. He was bred to a service which constituted the glory and the support of England—he was bred to the popular and patriotic service of the Royal Navy. Subsequently he took part in the councils of this great nation as a member of the House of Peers, and had, during a long period of his life, an opportunity of beholding political occurrences, and watching the course of public events, during the reigns of his father and his elder brother, who, for so many years held the sceptre of these realms. Having enjoyed the opportunities incident to his station of making himself acquainted with the principles and details of public affairs, he came to the throne possessing these advantages; he was, therefore, more ready and better qualified than a Prince under ordinary circumstances, to cope with the difficulties which attended the period of his accession. It is not my intention, I should not be doing justice to the various parties in this House, if I were to attempt to dwell upon the political bias or conduct in which the personal character of the late Sovereign was involved, but I am sure all who hear me will agree that, from first to last, he manifested the strongest disposition to improve the institutions of the country, and that at all times, and under all circumstances, he showed a strong disposition to comply with the wishes of his people; and this disposition he manifested, setting aside, for the time, the feelings which might be supposed to belong to his dignity as a sovereign,

or his own individual interests as a man. During the first session of Parliament after the accession of the late King to the throne there was a memorable period, when it depended upon the will of the Sovereign whether or not the House of Commons should be dissolved, and whether the great question brought forward and recommended by the Government of that day should be adopted or rejected. With respect to a question now so completely settled as the Reform Act, I might perhaps be permitted to say, that it is one which has proved beneficial to the country; but I do not think the present an occasion when references of that nature should be made. I therefore abstain from any remark one way or the other; but this much I trust I may be permitted to say, that His Majesty, in acting on the advice which his Ministers thought it their duty to give on that memorable occasion, demonstrated in the clearest manner his wish that the people themselves should decide whether the House of Commons, as then constituted, deserved their confidence, or whether they would sanction the change which, by the Reform Act, it was proposed to accomplish. In the subsequent periods of his late Majesty's reign, whatever differences of opinion might exist amongst the several parties with respect to the policy of certain measures, I think it will be cheerfully admitted and allowed by all that the King was throughout influenced by a sincere regard to the prosperity and happiness of his people—which happiness he thought would be best promoted by correcting all that amounted to abuse, and preserving all that was valuable in the institutions of the country. In the course of the policy pursued during the late reign, the King held various political opinions, accustomed as he was to consider the political affairs of this country and the conduct of the various parties who took a share in our public concerns; but this I am bound in justice to say, having held a confidential situation in the councils of the King during the period in question, that the course which his late Majesty took on occasions of such differences was the course most conformable to the constitution of this country, and the most befitting a Sovereign in his intercourse with his confidential and responsible advisers. Whatever his private opinions might be, his conduct at all times was marked by the greatest personal fineness: he was in the habit of stating his opinions frankly, fairly, and fully; never seeking any indirect means of accomplishing any object, but in a straightforward and manly way confined himself to an open, simple, and plain attempt to impress the minds of others with the opinion which he himself might at the moment entertain; and when upon any occasion the expression of his opinions did not lead to any change in the sentiments of his confidential servants, it was then that he, conceiving the pursuance of such a course to be his duty, either renounced and parted with the services of his advisers, or, permitting them to continue his servants, he left them wholly responsible for carrying into effect the course of policy which they recommended. It must be evident that that manly and noble conduct could not fail to have the effect of attaching to him every man who had the honour during his reign of being engaged in the service of the Crown, whatever political opinions he might have held. Amongst the various merits and good qualities for which the late King was remarkable, I should be guilty of injustice if I did not state that the acquaintance he showed with the various classes of his subjects, with the state of the country, and with the laws and constitution of this realm, was most remarkable and perfect. I will instance the poor laws, since it never was a party question, and I may add, that his fitness to judge of the merits of the question related as well to Ireland as to England. In that question, whether it regarded England or Ireland, he took a deep interest, and his observations on it, whether they related to the one portion of the United Kingdom or the other, did show an intimate acquaintance with the various classes of his subjects, and above all, the deep desire and the deep interest he took, and the strong desire he felt, to promote their welfare and happiness. Be it observed, that I state this without stating what was the nature of His Majesty's observations, or to what they tended. Whatever might have been their tendency, the sincere and earnest object of his solicitude was to promote the happiness of all classes of his subjects, and more especially of those whose poverty made them less an object of regard to persons actuated by motives less high and less pure. (Hear, hear.) As to his late Majesty's conduct in other respects, as Sovereign, I am sure I need not in this House dwell much in detail upon a matter so well known to all who hear me. His hospitality as a Sovereign, his perfect readiness to give access to his presence, his anxiety at all times to increase the happiness of those around him, are known to all who knew anything of William IV. No quality more distinguished the character of the late King than his affectionate conduct to all who might stand in need of his assistance. Setting aside in some respects the dignity and pomp which

belong to his station, he was ever ready to relieve the distresses of all who could properly come within the scope of Royal beneficence. (Hear, hear.) After a reign of nearly seven years, His Majesty became affected with a disease which I believe the physicians in attendance thought from the very first to be attended with danger. It was my duty to state to His Majesty that his servants were quite of opinion there could not be a shadow of doubt on the question, that the general wish of his subjects was, that His Majesty should not neglect any precaution calculated to preserve his health. His Majesty, with acknowledgments which I need not repeat, stated it was a great comfort to him that the public business was not interrupted by his illness. I believe, that in the unfortunate state of His Majesty's constitution, it would have been impossible to have preserved his life by any precautions. But his devotion during his last illness, as well as through his whole reign, to the public service ought now to endear his name and memory to all classes of his subjects. (Hear, hear.) It was my wish certainly, while this illness lasted, accompanied as it was with considerable suffering, not to press on His Majesty with any business which did not require immediate attention; but I am bound to say that all which did, received his instant notice; and as an instance I may state, that on the last day of his life he signed one of those papers in which he exercised the Royal prerogative of mercy. (Much cheering.) Five or six days before his death there happened to be one of those offices vacant—the Military Knights of Windsor, and His Majesty mentioned that a person had some time before applied. I was not aware who it was, but when I looked at the papers I found he was an officer who had been a considerable time in the army, and the occasion on which he was disabled was afterwards, when in the Yeomanry. His Majesty's health had been drunk, and in firing off a gun, as was customary, the gun burst, by which accident he had both his arms shattered. His Majesty had remembered the circumstance, and recollecting it even on a bed of sickness and severe suffering, the last appointment His Majesty made was a provision for him. (Hear, hear.) I mention that as one instance out of many; if I were to mention all the instances of His Majesty's kindness which were shown in the last days of his life, they are numerous, and would take up much of the time of the House. I think it was the proper reward of such a reign—a reign spent in a desire at all times to promote the benefit of his people, and that with an entire absence of selfishness, with a great manifestation of generosity, and an extreme wish always to promote the interests of morality and religion—it was, Sir, the appropriate reward of such a reign that, during the last and most painful illness, which he knew to be an illness of an alarming nature, he enjoyed the greatest calm and quiet during the whole of it. It was likewise the natural reward of such a reign, that he should have enjoyed throughout the whole of his last illness an unusual degree of fortitude. I have heard from those about him that he was at all times in a most even temper, and most ready to make allowance for any pain to which he might necessarily be put. It was also part of the reward of a reign so spent that he should have enjoyed the full use of his faculties to the last, and that when visited by a Most Rev. Prelate he was able to attend to the offices of religion with perfect composure. His Majesty having thus died lamented, the people he has reigned over having been thus deprived of him, I have only to ask the House to vote an address of condolence to her present Majesty upon the loss which she and the nation have sustained. (Hear, hear.) At first view it may appear as if such an address but ill-assorted with those congratulations which it was very fitting they should offer to the young Queen on her accession to the throne. (Hear, hear.)

It is right and just that these testimonials, coming, as they do, from all parties, should be registered and recorded in every periodical publication in the empire.

To such testimonials we will not add a word of our own; but briefly subjoin a few of the most important data connected with the public life of our late revered Sovereign.

His late MAJESTY, the third son of King George the Third, was born on the 21st of August, 1765. At fourteen, conformably with his predilection for the naval service, he was entered as midshipman on board the Prince George, of 98 guns, commanded by Captain Digby. His Royal Highness served in Rodney's victory in 1782; and in 1785, having served his time as midshipman, was made Lieutenant, and appointed to the Hebe. His Royal Highness was some time after promoted to the rank of Captain; and having commanded the Pegasus, and several other ships, was, in the year 1790, made a Rear-Admiral of the Blue, having been previously created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew, and Earl of Munster. In 1794, he became Vice-Admiral; in 1799, Admiral; and Admiral of the Fleet in 1811. The period of his MAJESTY's actual service at sea amounted to eleven years, and concluded with having, in the year 1814, as Admiral of the Fleet, conveyed Louis XVIII. to his long-lost country, as well as the different monarchs who visited England at the period, when, by the valour and wisdom of the immortal Wellington, she was raised to her highest pitch of glory.

In 1823 his MAJESTY was appointed General of Marines; and in 1827, the office of Lord High Admiral was revived in his MAJESTY's person an office, the duties of which he performed with the most honourable integrity, and high-minded impartiality. We use the words of one who knew him intimately in that character, and was officially associated with him, when we say, that the Duke of Clarence did not know what official trickery meant. That no power could induce him to do what is called a "job," but that his whole heart and soul were in the Service of which he was the head, and that his leading object throughout his career was to uphold its interests, and the interests of those who, by merit, experience, and valour, were most likely to do credit to the navy, and honour to the state.

On the 11th of July, 1818, the Duke of Clarence was married to the amiable and exemplary daughter (the eldest) of his Highness the Duke of Saxe Meiningen; and certainly no match ever was productive of more perfect and continued happiness. Parliament having voted upon this occasion an addition to his Royal Highness's income of six thousand pounds a-year, the royal pair, feeling the allowance too small to justify their supporting the proper dignity of their station, went to Hanover, where they remained until the end of the year 1819. In 1820 the Duchess of Clarence gave the Duke a daughter, who was christened Elizabeth, but who died in her infancy. Upon three other occasions, the Duchess was unfortunately confined prematurely.

On the demise of KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, the Duke succeeded to

the throne, on the 26th of June, 1830, and was, with his Royal consort, crowned at Westminster on the 8th of September 1831.

After what we have already quoted from authorities much higher and better than our own, it would be superfluous for us to say more than that his Majesty's death, which occurred at twelve minutes past two o'clock on Tuesday the 20th of June, has caused the deepest sorrow to the people of England, who, bowing to the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, have only to hope that they may find in his youthful successor the same qualities which endeared him to the nation. All that has been seen and heard of the conduct of our present SOVEREIGN, since she has ascended the throne, lead us to believe that these hopes will be amply realised. More amiability and kind feeling, mingled with sound principles, and an almost inconceivable aptness for the mighty task which has devolved upon Her, could not have been displayed than have already evinced themselves in HER MAJESTY'S conduct during the first week of her reign. She has with her the prayers of a fond and confiding people, who already recognise in HER MAJESTY'S conduct the true old English character which, with a natural and laudable partiality, they esteem and love.

By the demise of the KING, the kingdom of Hanover is dis severed from the British crown. His Royal Highness the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND succeeds to the throne of that kingdom, for which he has taken his departure. A most dutiful and affectionate address from the inhabitants of Kew, where HIS MAJESTY has resided for so many years, was presented to the KING on his departure, and it is a remarkable fact that the signatures of the heads of *every family in the parish, without exception*, were appended to it. HIS MAJESTY'S reply was couched in terms of affectionate regard, which will long be remembered by those to whom it was addressed, and who regret the loss they have sustained by the KING'S departure.

The funeral of his late MAJESTY is fixed for Saturday the 8th inst. ; and the dissolution of the Parliament, ordinarily consequent upon the demise of the crown, will take place on the 20th.

THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. VII.

"So, then, I am a father,—a new tie binds me to the world, and Harriet absolutely worships her infant. All is going on well. The house is perfectly quiet; even the canary-birds, unprovoked and unexcited, are mute. Still I occasionally hear a sound hitherto strange to Ashmead,—the shrill cry of my son and heir; he that, please God, is to be hereafter something good and great. How strange is such an anticipation! Only fancy that Dr. Johnson was once a baby; and that the height of my ambition would be to see that dear, little, soft, red thing upstairs, just such a man as he, in due course of time; but, to be sure, all the babies I ever saw were soft, and red, and remarkably like their fathers, and so is mine."

This was the sort of soliloquy in which I was indulging when Mrs. Wells came to me in the garden to inquire, at Harriet's suggestion, whether I had written to announce the event to Cuthbert.

"Where am I to find him?" said I. "When he went away he said nothing about either my wife or my child. He left no address nor any direction where a letter might find him."

"That odious Mrs. Brandyball," said Mrs. Wells, "will no doubt be able to forward anything to him; and Harriet feels that it would be extremely wrong not to let him hear."

"She is quite right," said I; "but there is something extremely repugnant to my feelings in making Mrs. Brandyball the medium of such a communication."

"What else *can* you do?" said my prudent mother-in-law. "As the child is a boy, and as your brother has expressed his desire of standing godfather, it would be losing an excellent chance of a provision for him hereafter."

"That desire," said I, "was expressed before the sudden dispersion of the tribe; in all probability he has by this time forgotten it altogether; and as it is quite certain that we shall hear from some of them in the way of inquiry after Tom's health, I feel very much disposed to postpone the announcement until the opportunity offers of making it direct."

"Of course, my dear Gilbert," said Mrs. Wells, "you are master of your own house, and must do as you please."

Yes, thought I to myself, I feel more master of it than I ever did before: but this by no means disagreeable consciousness was not altogether without alloy. In the first place, the departure of Cuthbert had entirely changed the manners and customs of Ashmead, just at the very moment when, from being isolated myself, the alteration was made more manifest; and in the second place, the alteration was effected in an unpleasant manner;—in short, I was worried and vexed at my own emancipation from the controul I had so long felt irksome. What strange creatures we are!

"In my mind," said Wells, who had joined us, "your brother Cuthbert is snared,—as safe as a hare in a poacher's bag;—his *famienti* disposition and almost helpless habits have no chance against the bustling activity of that Mrs. Brandyball's activity, whose real character, thanks to our convivial re-union the other evening, we are tolerably well acquainted with."

"I am apprehensive——" said I.

"I go beyond you," replied Wells: "however, as my poor Fan used

to say when I took leave to hint an occasional doubt about our late friend Merman's disinterestedness, it is of no use anticipating evils."

"Is there no chance," said I, "of that affair ever being on again?"

"I think not," said Wells. "Indeed, with all my avowed predilection for early marriages, I should not wish a daughter of mine to submit to caprice, or permit her affections to overcome what I consider the proper dignity of a woman's character. As to her taste with regard to the man, with that I have nothing to do. I was satisfied that a mutual attachment existed between them, and as I saw no objection to their marriage, I did not interfere with the courtship. When I thought it had continued quite long enough, I spoke to him on the subject indirectly—hypothetically——"

"Yes," said I; and all the scene in the old dining-parlour at the Rectory was re-enacted on my mind in a moment.

"And," continued Wells, "there was nothing in his conduct of which we have any right or reason to complain. He admitted the existence of the attachment, but pleaded his want of fortune as the reason of his continued silence on the subject; and when I ventured to throw out a hint as to the expectations he had mentioned to me, from his aunt, Miss Maloney, he for the first time confessed that her liberality was saddled with a condition, which, as you know, must inevitably separate him from Fanny."

"There's the rub," said I.

"Yes," said Wells, "and although he ought unquestionably either to have communicated that contingency to me, or have made up his mind to marry upon the means he actually possesses, I can easily understand his unwillingness to bring an intimacy to a conclusion, in which, as he protests, the happiness of his life was engaged. He has now left Blissfold, as he says, with the intention of softening his aunt's stern decree—that the money and her niece go together; but I told him that I considered the matter finally decided, as I felt it would be exceedingly repugnant to my daughter's feelings to induce the old lady to deprive her favourite relation of the portion she proposed to give her, even if I believed it at all likely that she would be induced so to do. I knew Fanny never would be happy if he succeeded; but I am certain that he will *not*, and so the less we say now of the Lieutenant the better. He intends to effect an exchange of duty, and join his regiment on service, probably taking his well-portioned cousin with him as a wife."

"Surely," said I, who felt the greatest difficulty, with the best intentions, of conquering my first dislike to him, "surely he should have considered all this before——"

"Ay, ay," interrupted my father-in-law, "so he should, but he was in love; and then, Gilbert, we all of us know that we are not quite so *clair-voyant* as we are at other times. However," continued he, "we must try and rouse Fanny from her 'doleful dumps.' Now we are all going on well here—your charming young nephew is thriving, and I mean to make up a little party, of which you must be one, to go to the exhibition of some most extraordinary artist, Mr. Delaville, who exhibits at our theatre to-night, after the fashion of George Alexander Stevens, Dibdin, and those other great geniuses who, by dint of versatility of talent, contrive to amuse and delight an audience all alone by themselves."

"If Harriet is——"

"Harriet certainly can't be of the party," said Wells; "but my good kind wife will keep *her* company, and go you must. Sniggs tells

me that the artist is capital—first chop, as the Chinese say; and Fan and Bessy, you and I, Sniggs himself, who is as good an audience as he is a performer, and some one or two others, will make a strong party in favour of the *entrepreneur*.”

“Really,” said I, “I am so worried about Cuthbert, so anxious about Harriet, and——”

“Can our interests be separate?” said the reverend patron of the entertainment. “No, no—you never had a child before, I have had many; I know the utter uselessness of moping about, a helpless animal—thinking, and wondering, and complaining about nothing. You come with us; the entertainment is called ‘Frolics in Africa and Reflections at Home,’ interspersed with songs, dances, imitations, and recitations, and all the other ‘ations’ in the world.”

“Well, if Harriet gives me leave,” said I——

“Oh, my dear Gilbert,” said the pastor, “that is rather too much of a joke. Give you leave!—why I think I know enough of her to know that she would feel pleasure in knowing that you were amused—so, if you will, come to us, or shall we come to you at seven?”

“Oh,” said I, “dine here, and if we must go, let us start hence *en masse*.”

“Why,” said Wells, “fond as I admit myself to be of amusement in which I see no crime, I should not press this so much upon you if it were not for Fan—I am sure she broods over this sudden rupture with Merman, and if she can be diverted I know it will do her good.”

“You need say nothing more,” said I, “I am perfectly ready to join you. I wonder we have not seen some of the bills of the performance.”

“I have got those,” said Wells; “and we will secure our places; and if we can but secure one or two hearty laughs, either with the performer or at him, my purpose will be fully answered.”

“There I perfectly agree with you,” said I; “and I thank my good stars that I am not particularly fastidious as to how the laugh is obtained. I am as great a fool at a pantomime as I was when I was fourteen years old, and enjoy the kickings and cuffings of Harlequin and Pantaloon with as much relish now as I did then.”

Addison says it would be an endless task to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat and Norris in a long one seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies a broad and a narrow-brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of a scene lies in a shoulder-knot, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage with his head peeping out of a barrel was thought a very good jest in King Charles the Second’s time, and invented by one of the first wits of that age. What care I, if by some extravagance, some unaccountable absurdity, I am made momentarily to forget the things which prey upon my mind? I am satisfied;—and if Mr. Delaville, whose real name is in all probability Dobbs, Dobbins, or Doddle, diverts my thoughts from subjects which give me pain, I feel myself very much indebted to the said Dobbs, Dobbins, or Doddle, as the case may be. Voltaire says that Providence has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life, to which Kant proposes to add “laughter,” if the wit and originality of humour necessary to excite it among rational people were not so rare.

Well, I was fairly in for the evening’s entertainment; and, to say truth, not altogether sorry for it. And accordingly our arrangements were perfected and dinner ordered at an hour suitable to the time of the

commencement of the performances, and we subsequently packed up and on our road to the playhouse.

The building to which we had been attracted was but of "pretensions humble and dimensions small." The genteel accommodation consisted of four boxes on either side and five in the front. The pit and gallery when we arrived might have boasted some five-and-twenty inhabitants. Three of the front boxes had in them some dozen of the bettermost neighbours, and our box and the stage-box opposite were well filled. On the stage and before the curtain stood a table covered with green baize, upon which were placed two candles, a bottle of water, a tumbler, and a kind of desk; behind it stood a chair.

In those days little was known of the extent to which amusement could be derived and entertainment ensured from so small a stock in trade; and accordingly we were not at all sparing in our jokes upon the unpromising appearance of things in general. Our attention, however, was attracted to the proscenium by the jingle of a piano-forte, concealed from sight, whereupon, at the ringing of a little bell, some hidden artist performed a somewhat familiar symphony, which was abruptly checked, like the Knight's story of the bear and fiddle, by a second similar "tintinabulary clatter."

Up rose the curtain, and displayed a scene of a room and the end of the piano-forte, which we sagaciously conjectured was to be used as an accompaniment to the vocal effusions of the exhibiter. A momentary pause ensued, and the hero of the evening entered, dressed butler-wise, in a blue coat, gilt buttons, white waistcoat, and black etceteras:—he came forward, bowed to the "judicious few" who were present, and proceeded to take his place behind the table.

Philip Camerarius, in the seventy-third chapter of his "*Meditations Historiques*," says, "That a person worthy of credit, who had travelled extensively in Egypt and Asia, told him that he, more than once at a place near Cairo (whither vast numbers of people resort in order to witness the resurrection of the dead, as they say), had seen corpses innumerable pushing themselves, as it were, out of their graves. Not," says he, "that I saw the bodies entire, but only their hands, sometimes their feet, and even half the body occasionally; but which, after having made these apparent efforts, gradually sunk back to conceal themselves again in the earth."

"I," says Camerarius, "being very much struck with this account, and scarcely able to credit it, made very particular inquiries on the subject of a most honourable and well-informed gentleman who had travelled in these countries in company with a very particular friend of mine, M. Alexander, of Schallenburg, and he told me that he also had heard of such things very frequently. That such strange appearances had been seen, and that no doubt existed as to the fact in Cairo itself; and in order to convince me the more entirely, he showed me an Italian book, published at Venice, called '*Viaggio di Messer di Giovanni di Alessandria nelle Indie*,' in which there is a long and succinct account of one of those extraordinary resurrections which took place on the 25th of March, 1540, which curious spectacle lasted from Thursday until Saturday, when they all disappeared."

Camerarius quotes much more from this curious book, the contents of which are corroborated by another traveller of the name of Felix, a native of Ulm, who published a work in German, containing precisely similar accounts. "As I do not undertake," says Camerarius,

"myself to maintain that these appearances are miraculous, and permitted even in these days for the purpose of overthrowing the idolatrous superstition of the Egyptians, and assuring them of the certainty of a resurrection and a life in the world to come, so I will not express my opinion that they are nothing but the illusions of Satan, as many are inclined to think, but leave to the reader the task of exercising his own judgment and forming his own opinion."

Nevertheless, our author goes on to say, "That one Stephen Duplais, a goldsmith, a very intelligent and agreeable man, about five-and-forty years old, who had, when he was much younger, travelled in Egypt, told him that he had seen the same thing about fifteen years previous to their then conversation, in company with an apothecary from Chablis, of the name of Claude Rocard, and several other Christians, the party being headed and conducted by another goldsmith, of the name of Maniotti. "He declared to me," says the Doctor, "that he and several of his companions actually touched the limbs of the revived corpses, and that he was on the point of laying hold of a child's head, which was rising out of the ground, when an Egyptian who was there called out, "*Kali, kali, ante matafardê*," which means, "Leave it alone, leave it alone, you do not know what it is you touch."

"This gentleman," says our author, "told me that the tradition of this wonderful appearance has come down through father to son from time immemorial. The history which is told in relation to it is, that at some distant period a great concourse of Christian men, women, and children were assembled in the exercise of their religion on this plain, when they were surrounded by their enemies, and cut to pieces, who, leaving the ground strewed with their mutilated bodies and limbs, returned to Cairo, and that ever since this resurrection has been visible for some days before and after the anniversary of the horrible massacre."

The statement of M. Duplais is again corroborated by Martin de Baumgarten, in his "*Travels in Egypt*," published after his death at Nuremberg, in the year 1594, who, in chap. xviii. of his first book, states that such appearances had been seen in a Turkish mosque near Cairo. This writer is however mistaken as to the scene of the vision, inasmuch as it was not a mosque, but a small eminence, which is not on the bank of the Nile, but at the distance of half a league from it.

Well, anybody who reads my papers—if anybody ever should—will exclaim, what of all this?—what on earth can this lively dance of death have to do with the Blissfold playhouse, or the agreeable mummery of M. Delaville? and well he may; but let him pause in his exclamation, and understand that if I had been of the party with M. Duplais, the goldsmith, or M. Rocard, the apothecary, I could not have been more astounded or astonished with what I might then have seen than I was at what I beheld before me upon our little provincial stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said a voice, which, even if my sight might have been puzzled, never could deceive my ears,—“in presenting myself to your notice, I fear that perhaps I am—”—here the eyes of the vivacious exhibiter glanced on me.—I was gazing with astonishment at him:—our looks met, and, to the infinite astonishment of the audience, he burst into a violent fit of laughter: the disorder, as it luckily happened, communicated itself to the whole company, and for a minute or two everybody laughed, without knowing why or wherefore. The performer speedily resumed his composure, and went through a

really entertaining part of his performance, which, although replete with copious quotations from Josephus Miller, and others of his erudite fraternity, was both spirited and amusing.

The moment the first part was over, I proceeded to the *Coulisses*, and there, having shaken hands with the genius of the night, expressed considerable astonishment that, as he must have known of my residence in the place, he had not presented himself at Ashmead. He explained to me, however, that he did not know of my being established in the neighbourhood, and that he had himself not arrived more than an hour before the beginning of the performance, and that his astonishment at seeing me a witness of his exhibition, threw him entirely off his guard, and produced the effect which seemed so mysterious to the "*général*."

That the performer was my once friend, once enemy, and since friend again, Daly, I need scarcely write down,—he had no time at that busy moment to give me any account of his adventures since we parted; but I made him promise to come up to breakfast, on the morrow; and scarcely fancying the scene I had witnessed was real, I returned to my box to watch the progress and conclusion of the exhibition.

When we came back from the theatre, Wells and his two daughters proceeded to the Rectory, and I to my home, having, however, received rather an unfavourable account of Tom, whose active cunning had been kept in full play, for the purpose of defeating all the attempts of his doctor and nurses in the way of medicine and regimen, and whose ordinary sulkiness had apparently been converted into practical irascibility by their efforts to control him.

This increased my anxiety to write to Cuthbert; and I resolved that if no letter arrived from him by the next day's post, and Tom continued to go on unfavorably, I would do the *douce violence* to my feelings, and transmit a report of existing circumstances under cover to the governess, a designation which appeared to me to be equally applicable as regarded her influence over my brother, or her tutelage of his hopeful favourites. When I got back I found Harriet progressing, as the Americans have it, most delightfully. Mrs. Wells's attentions were unremitting, and my gratitude was proportionably sincere. I mentioned that I expected a friend to breakfast, because, considering all the circumstances of my former acquaintance, connexions, and entanglements with Daly, it did not appear to me particularly desirable that any portion of the Wells family should be of the party. The information produced the anticipated effect; Mrs. Wells would breakfast in Harriet's room, and I should be left as I desired, *tête-à-tête* with my extraordinary companion.

Daly was punctual, as I expected: he had acquired the air and manner of a gentleman not at all likely to be too late for any meal to which he might happen to be invited; and I received him with a natural warmth not at all qualified by his change of appearance and station, but greatly mystified by finding him where and what he was, and I dismissed the servants as speedily as possible after the "things" were put down, in order to satisfy my curiosity upon the several most obscure points of his history.

"My dear fellow," said he, in answer to my first question as to the cause of his return from his African office, "I couldn't stand it. On my arrival in the infernal place, I inquired what *this* building was?—the late Governor's house—what *that* building was?—that was the residence of the late Collector of Customs. They told me the late Secretary was one of the most agreeable men in the world, and that if I had

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only arrived before the two Judges, the Colonial Chaplain, and the Deputy Inspector of Hospitals had died, I should have found it an admirably agreeable, and sweetly sociable circle of society."

"Well," said I, "but I suppose as these functionaries died off, others succeeded them?"

"Exactly so," said Daly; "and by that very course of procedure, I lost my appointment. As things were going, and as the people were gone, I thought I might as well die with decency, like Cæsar, as live lowly; so down I sat myself, and wrote a letter to my patron, petitioning for promotion. No reply. Out comes a new cargo of officers, civil and military; for the climate is so uncertain, or rather so certain, that they generally send out functionaries as they do dispatches, in triplicate—and I not noticed—at them again—made a grievance—complained of injustice—talked of my parliamentary interest in England—and wound up all, by distinctly stating that I would rather resign my office than continue to be oppressed."

"What effect had *that*?" said I.

"Quite the reverse from what I intended," said Daly; "a regular recoil—answer came, sure enough. What d'ye think it was? Two lines from an under-secretary—they had taken me at my word. 'Have to acknowledge your letter—date so and so—stating so and so—and am directed by his Lordship to inform you that your resignation has been accepted—and Mr. Munjummy of Aldermanbury is appointed your successor.' Having resigned, no passage found me home—no pay there—so I have returned to my native land—which in itself is something—rather worse than I went, and have been forced to avail myself of the trickeries which used formerly to delight the fashionable world in order to raise the supplies, and get to London with a little cash in hand to keep the thing going till I can what we call turn round and look about me."

"And does your scheme answer?" asked I.

"Never tried it but twice," said Daly: "last night second appearance—you saw the result—as to finance, 'a beggarly account of empty boxes'—as to exhibition, 'flat, stale, and unprofitable.' The absurdities of an amateur are always rapturously received; but the moment a man is called upon to pay for his pleasures, he becomes critical overmuch; and although he declares himself ready to die with laughing at some gratuitous absurdity in a drawing-room, he would pronounce the same performance, if he has to 'fork out,' as uncommonly dull, and deucedly dear at the money."

"Why then it does *not* answer?" said I.

"It answers," replied Daly, "very much as an under-secretary of state does—unfavourably to my views—so I mean to discard the dramatic and take to the literary line. I have already made a bargain with a London bookseller to commence to publish a couple of volumes of 'Travels in the Interior of Africa,' which I have written, and of which, to tell you truth, I have brought a specimen in my pocket: these things, they tell me, sell admirably well now; and with half a dozen views and the portraits of a chief or two, will, I have no doubt, fetch the bibliophile a pretty penny; at least he thinks so by his offer. Here is my specimen—I will leave it with you till I start, for I shall be off this evening."

"And did you mean to have passed through Blissfold without paying me a visit?" said I.

"No," said Daly, "not exactly that; but I think if I had known you were established here, I should not have passed through Blissfold at all: owing to my late arrival I did not know it; and most certainly, whatever your surprise last night might have been at seeing *me* as a performer, mine at beholding *you* as audience was at least equal."

The expressed intention of Daly to leave his interesting manuscript with me till he started, implied a return to Ashmead in the after part of the day, for which I was not altogether prepared. Not but that, even after all that had passed, I should have been too happy to give him board and lodging for an indefinite term—but he was so uncertain, so mischievous, and so uncontrollable, that I did not feel safe in permitting the possibility of his starting off into an elaborated detail of *all* the events of the preceding years of our acquaintance. I resolved, if possible, to guard myself from the effects of such indiscretions by pleading a dinner-engagement at the Rectory; for it struck me that if I reduced my dinner at home, as I had already reduced my breakfast, to a *tête-à-tête*, he might, in the inevitable presence of the servants, indulge in some of those reminiscences, the very peculiarity of which would render them matters worth listening to, and make them valuable acquisitions to the archives of the housekeeper's room or servants' hall. Pondering, therefore, the least harsh mode of disentangling myself from a continuance of the unlooked-for association with my friend, I asked him whether he had lately heard of his better half.

I cannot describe the sensations which I felt when making this inquiry, associated as it was with the recollection of events at once so overwhelming and absorbing to myself, and contrasted as these events and everything connected with them were with the occurrences and pursuits of my present life. His answer was, that he had certainly heard of her, but the intelligence he had received was not of a nature to induce a belief that she was particularly interested in his fortunes or his fate.

"I should like your opinion on my manuscript," said Daly, with the pertinacious affection for his literary offspring so remarkable on the part of authors.

"And I should like to read it," said I; "but when do you leave this?"

"I fixed upon going this evening," said Daly; "but I am not tied to time—to-morrow will answer my purpose just as well."

This forced me into a declaration of my imaginary engagement.

"I am deucedly sorry," said I, "that I happen to have promised to dine at the Rectory with my father-in-law, else I should have been delighted if you would have dined here."

I said those very words, and said them, too, with real sincerity and truth, merely making a conditional reservation, the cause of which was Daly's own impudence. I *should* have been truly delighted to have had him to dine, if I could have trusted him. Thus the fault, in fact, was his, not mine; and, after all, the "being delighted" surely was not a less allowable *façon de parler* than "deeply regretting" the impossibility of accepting a disagreeable invitation on account of a fictitious previous engagement; nor one bit worse than the absurdity of appending to a letter, in which one has indulged in the expression of the most contemptuous opinions and degrading epithets, the generally-adopted formulary—

"I have the honour to remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient very humble servant."

"But," continued I, "if you will trust me with the portion of the manuscript which you have with you, it shall be faithfully returned to you this evening; indeed, I will send it back to you when I go to the Rectory."

"I think," said Daly, "you will find it interesting—very little of the interior is known, after all—but—if—as your literary talents are generally recognised—you should see any errors, either in style or language, perhaps you would do me the kindness to use a correcting hand?—that's all."

I promised—disclaiming at the same time any of the qualifications which Daly ascribed to me—to read the book with all due attention, feeling, at the same time, a strong desire to make myself, in some degree, better acquainted with the state of my friend's finances. That they were low he had confessed, but I did not feel myself at liberty to inquire if I could be of any assistance, nor indeed did I doubt, considering all our foregone acquaintance, that he would hesitate to constitute me his banker, if he considered it necessary; still there appeared in his manner a sort of restlessness and nervousness, which communicated themselves to me; and I felt, I scarce knew why—an immoderate anxiety for his departure.

I dreaded a visit from Sniggs while Daly was with me—he would not only recognise the lion of the preceding night, but would no doubt strike up an intimate acquaintanceship with him, and, by a sympathetic interchange of *faciæ*, detain him at Ashmead, perhaps till luncheon—perhaps he might be the bearer of some message from Wells, whom I knew he was to see upon parish business at eleven, which might overthrow in an instant all my well-arranged history of my engagement. However, at last, after he had done ten thousand things, as I thought, purposely tending to delay his departure, Daly went, leaving me his manuscript, of which I considered it my duty to read a certain part, and forming my judgment of the whole by some favourable sample, return it, as I had promised, before dinner.

I wished him farewell—begged him to write to me when he was fixed in London—and assured him of my perfect readiness to be of use to him whenever or however I might be able. Yet when he was out of sight I reproached myself with not having put my offer more explicitly, and volunteered some immediate assistance. The truth is, I was confused and worried, and thrown off my guard, and I really believe it would have been better not to have invited him at all to Ashmead, than have treated him as I did—without being able to avoid it.

When he was gone, I hastened to Harriet's room, and as I never concealed a thought or wish from *her*, explained to her the necessity I felt for avoiding Daly, by dining at her father's—an explanation scarcely necessary, because I had long before told her the whole history of my former adventures with him, even to the episode of my infatuation about Emma. My dear little woman perfectly agreed with me in my views on the subject, and I accordingly wrote to the Rector, to announce my intention, and received, as usual, a kindly welcome to his hospitable house. Having done which, I sat myself down to peruse the papers of my volatile friend, in order that they might be punctually restored to him before his departure, which, unencouraged by me to remain where he was, he had positively fixed for that evening, per mail, if there should be a place for him when it arrived.

I untied the packet, and having skimmed the three preliminary
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chapters, which were occupied in describing the town in which he had been located and environs, its different institutions and offices, all of which I had previously read about, I passed on to the account of Daly's journey into a part of the interior, which, according to his statement, had never been visited before.*

Daly, having travelled upwards of one hundred and sixty miles, without meeting with any considerable impediment or remarkable adventure, arrived on the 15th of April at the town of Basfoodo, the residence of the king of the Gummangoes. He then proceeds with his journal:—

"I was accompanied by my own servant, Richard Evans; Woolpoo, an intelligent negro who had joined us at Mamfoz; Faz and Borjee, two boys; and a guide. At Basfoodo we were well received, contrary, as it appeared to me, to the expectations of the guide. The king, a man of great intelligence, who spoke the Gummango language with peculiar sweetness, made numerous inquiries as to the objects I had in view. Woolpoo acted as interpreter; and, after an hour's talk, the king ordered me some Qualch, a dish made of horseflesh and melted butter. I contrived to eat some of it, because I was given to understand it was considered a great luxury, and, being sent by the king, it would have been taken ill if I had not partaken of it.

"I was conducted to a hut which had been prepared for me by the king's order, where there were several extremely large women waiting to give me tamarinds and rice, which they had brought with them. They were accompanied by five or six Pungahs, who appeared to be their daughters, who diverted me much by their grotesque dances. Oggenou Bow Ting, whom I soon discovered to be the king's favourite minister, told me that he had ordered plenty of milk-and-water for my horses; but when I ventured to express an intention of quitting Basfoodo early the next morning, he assumed a somewhat authoritative manner, and said, 'Betnot, betnot,' three or four times. The strong resemblance of his caution in the Gummango language to the English words 'better not,' struck me as remarkably curious.

"In the morning, however, I took leave of the king, who seemed quite grieved to part with me; indeed, I could not prevail upon him to let me quit him, till I had soothed his regrets by giving him a double-barrelled gun, a gold-laced waistcoat, a cocked hat, and a musical snuff-box. His minister seemed to expect something for himself; but when I mounted my horse, and saw that he and two or three other of the subordinates were making preparations to follow me, I repeated the word 'Betnot,' which he had himself used the night before, and they gave up the design.

"On the 18th we set out, and, although the road was stony, we reached Pagdouri by nine, where we breakfasted. This is a small village on the side of a hill on the banks of a clear stream. We had rice and milk for breakfast. About twelve we moved on gently. As we were proceeding, a young goat crossed our path, which had evidently strayed from its mother. Woolpoo advised our catching and killing it. This was accordingly done, and Faz was intrusted with the care of carrying it.

* Since Mr. Gurney's papers were written, a vast number of lives have been lost in various attempts to penetrate into the interior of Africa, an object never to be attained, and which ought never again to be attempted, without a military force adequate to the protection of the brave and enterprising individuals who may be yet found willing to repeat the experiment.

"From this spot we could discover a very lofty ridge of mountains, ranging from N.E. to S.W. None of my companions could give me any information respecting them, except that they were called Bogie-minicombo, which I believe to mean the Devil's small-tooth comb: I made a sketch of this wonderful chain, to which the reader is referred.

"About a mile beyond this, we met two women and three children. They seemed remarkably fond of their offspring. They offered us milk, and a composition which the natives call tatumaroo; its savour was not agreeable, and, not being able to understand exactly what it was made of, I declined it, but gave some glass beads to the children and a Paris-made pincushion to each of the mothers.

"The soil here assumed a new appearance; it consisted of good red earth, with some flourishing vegetables. One old man showed us his garden, in which tobacco was growing. I plucked one of the leaves and nodded my head, which seemed to give him much pleasure.

"In the evening we reached Agabagadoo, a place of considerable importance, containing not less than two hundred and fifty inhabitants. Here we cooked our goat; and Woolpoo desired Waggumedd, an old chief to whom he was known, to desire one or two of his wives to get a warm bath ready for me, which they did, and I felt greatly refreshed by it;—indeed, nothing conduces more speedily to restore and re-invigorate a weary traveller than the warm bath.

"After supper we had some dancing to the sound of a drum, which is a hollow cylinder, over the top of which is strained a piece of calf's skin. It is beaten on the top with one, and occasionally two, sticks, which produce a hollow but not altogether disagreeable sound. It lightened very much during the evening. I ate some tamarinds; and at nine we all retired to rest, but could not sleep on account of the heat.

"In the morning I was better, and Woolpoo brought me some lapsuac, a dish made of minced fish and rice. The butter used in this country is a vegetable product, derived from the fruit of the Cé and Nédé. We travelled nearly eleven miles this day, and met a man of some importance, taking his daughter with him to Agabagadoo, as Woolpoo said, to be married. He had tied a rope round her left leg, and fastened it round his own waist. He appeared very much amused at our commiserating the poor girl's sufferings, and said 'Kinki, kokki, nogo,'—the precise meaning of which Woolpoo could not interpret; but which I understood to signify that if he had not taken the precaution we noticed, his Pungah would not have been induced to go the journey.

"This afternoon we crossed a very pretty river, which Woolpoo informed me fell into a larger one, the name of which he did not recollect. The water was very clear; so that, not being deep, we could distinctly see the bottom in many places. I here noticed several fish swimming in the stream, which appeared to me very closely to resemble the *Gasterosteus aculeatus*; but I was unable to satisfy myself upon this point, from the rapidity with which they fled at our approach, and the difficulty of catching any of them—a circumstance which I deeply regret.

"At night we reached Fazelon, where we had a very comfortable supper of cushmakoo, composed of fowl boiled to rags, mixed up with oil, tamarinds, and a sweet jam, called suckee. I found this, when seasoned with pepper and salt, and well moistened with goat's milk, a remarkably nice dish.

"One of the Fushdous, or priests, came into our hut, and, having regaled himself, proposed to accompany us the next day, in order to point out to us the Pitsi Bow, or Sacred Well, which was consigned to his care; he left us late, with a promise to return early, but he did not make his appearance; and when I awoke, I missed my silver snuff-box. I suggested to Woolpoo the necessity of applying to the chief of the village for restitution; but I was met again with the words 'Bet-not.' So I put up with my loss with the best possible grace.

"Having lost my snuff-box, I was certainly not very favourably disposed towards the race of Fushdous, whom I subsequently found were not regular priests of the Hoggamogadoos, but a proscribed race who were constantly endeavouring to make a revenue for themselves by exhibiting the Pilsu bow, and who were consequently glad to lay their hands upon any tangible object.

"Having waited for this faithless professor of what appeared to be an unorthodox pack, till the sun was nearly up, we recommenced our interesting progress. At Piliiviniou, a small town not remarkable for any peculiar feature, and containing about seventy-two inhabitants, we halted. The wind was westerly, wild roses and olives were seen during the morning, and Woolpoo showed me a mulberry, which, although unripe, was very satisfactory.

"On the 31st, Evans, my servant, was taken ill; we, of course, halted at Twiddeo, and every attention was shown him. The Pimonso, or Chief of Twiddeo, sent him some quail, and I recommended him some Pulv.-Red.-Jalapii. Whether the horse-flesh or the medicine succeeded the better I cannot say. On the 1st Evans was convalescent, and, although several of the Bonjies of the place seemed quite satisfied that he must die, he was able to continue the journey mounted upon one of my she-asses.

"I certainly think I may with safety say that, at the period at which I now write, I have achieved an object of the highest possible importance to all the civilized world. Woolpoo brought me to-day a man, evidently of deep erudition; for although I did not understand the Gorooa language (for we had now entered that most important kingdom), he made me comprehend his meaning; and from him I gathered what I consider unquestionable evidence of the fact that the river which I crossed nine days since was the Runamunaboo, and that (although Woolpoo then forgot the name of that to which it was a tributary stream) it actually falls into the great Pedee. This important fact, if properly substantiated, will infallibly settle the question as to the direction in which the Pedee runs. Subjoined is a map of the country through which these rivers flow, supposing my conclusions to be correct.

"The day after we left Twiddeo we reached the romantic town of Humshug, where we met with a very kind reception from the Bongeywag. Humshug is situate about fourteen miles N.W. from Calliwou—there is nothing particularly interesting in the *trajet*. I observed, however, several interesting specimens of *Alsine* and *Urtica*, of which I availed myself, but which I regret to say I was not able to bring to England. Plate 34 will, however, afford a pleasing recollection of these interesting novelties.

"I considered it necessary to give the Bongeywag some mark, not only of my personal esteem, but of the regard in which his character was held in England. I therefore presented him with a six-bladed Sheffield

knife, and a cornelian necklace; he was much gratified, and insisted upon giving me several cocks and hens, and a goat.

"We took leave of Humshug with great regret, and, pursuing our way by the side of the river, or rather rivulet, Pewennee, reached the beautiful village of Fantod, just in time to accept of the hospitality of the chief, who not only treated me and my people with great kindness, but favoured me with a sort of vocabulary which I found of great use afterwards, and which I have thought it right, in part, to communicate to my readers.

Humbo wag.
Pooley frou.dowwz.
Swigglee mogou.
Swinhee sou.
Mombro mullygrubou.
Tatifatitooroo.
Umbi widdéeou,
Bunburirumbleboo.
Fiz.
Wadawantou.
Coodleadoo.
Gitouto.
Kisnicé.
Rooretooroo.

How do you do?
Pretty well.
Give me something to drink.
I am hot.
I am ill.
Send for a Tackafee (doctor).
It rains.
Thunder.
Lightning.
How much do you ask?
I love you.
Go away.
A lover.
A wheelbarrow."

Having read so much of the vocabulary, I turned over a few pages, and came to this—"The next day we saw several goats, &c.—"

When I had read thus far, I felt, oddly enough, a somewhat powerful inclination to sleep; indeed, it grew so strong, that the manuscript fell from my unconscious hand upon the table, and by its fall, awakened me to a "sense of my situation." I had already read the accounts of several similar expeditions, and had, I admit, uniformly felt the same symptoms; but as, by Daly's statement, he had disposed of the copyright of his work to an eminent London publisher, I felt rather ashamed this time of being unable to keep myself alive to its interest.

One thing in a considerable degree consoled me,—I should not be obliged to deliver a *virâ voce* opinion of the production; nor, indeed, could I, with justice, give any opinion at all, since the chiefest merit of such a book consists in its correctness and truth. I accordingly re-folded the manuscript, tied it up, and sealed it; and enclosing a note, thanking him for the perusal, which had given me much pleasure, directed it (as he desired) to Mr. Delaville, King's Head Inn, and depositing it in the pony phaeton, proceeded, first to take leave of my dear Harriet and her amiable mother, and then to drive to the Rectory, where I had no objection to pass half an hour before our family dinner.

Off I went, with my mind fuller of Cuthbert's neglect of my wife than anything else, revolving also my scheme of writing the next day if I did not hear; and thus occupied I reached the well-known door of Wells's residence. I ordered the phaeton at ten; and while depositing my cloak in the hall, heard the billiard-balls at work. This satisfied me that Sniggs was to be of the party; so, directing James to leave the parcel at the King's Head, I entered the billiard-room, where I found the reverend Rector acting marker at the fire-place, while Sniggs was struggling desperately to get up with Daly, who was his antagonist, and had scored fourteen to nine of the game.

SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

BY L. E. L.

THE CARRIER-PIGEON RETURNED.

Sunset has flung its glory o'er the floods,
 That wind amid Ionia's myrtle woods,—
 Sunset that dies a conqueror in his splendour ;
 But the warm crimson ray
 Has almost sunk away
 Beneath a purple twilight faint and tender.
 Soft are the hues around the marble fanes,
 Whose marble shines amid the wooded plains,—
 Fanes where a false but lovely creed was kneeling,—
 A creed that held divine
 All that was but a sign,
 The outward to the inward world appealing.
 Earth was a child and child-like in those hours,
 Full of fresh feelings, and scarce conscious powers,
 Around its own impatient beauty flinging,—
 These young believings were
 Types of the true and fair,—
 The holy faith that Time was calmly bringing.
 Still to those woods, with ruins fill'd, belong
 The ancient immortality of song,—
 Names and old words whose music is undying,—
 Yet do they haunt the heart
 With its divinest part,
 The past that to the present is replying.
 The purple ocean far beneath her feet,
 The wild thyme on the fragrant hill her seat,
 As in the days of old there leans a Maiden,—
 Many have watch'd before
 The breaking waves ashore,—
 Faint with uncounted moments sorrow-laden.
 With cold and trembling hand
 She has undone the band
 Around the carrier-pigeon just alighted,—
 And instant dies away
 The transitory ray
 From the dark eye it had one instant lighted.
 The sickness of a hope too long deferred
 Sinks on her heart,—it is no longer stirred
 By the quick presence of the sweet emotion,—
 Sweet even unto pain,
 With which she sees again
 Her bird come sweeping o'er the purple ocean.
 Woe for the watcher,—still it doth not bring
 A letter nestled fragrant 'neath its wing ;
 There is no answer to her fond inquiring,—
 Again, and yet again,
 No letter o'er the main
 Quiets the anxious spirit's fond desiring.

Down the ungather'd darkness of her hair
Floats like a pall that covers her despair,—
What woman's care hath she in her adorning?
The noontide's sultry hours
Have wither'd the white flowers,
Binding its dark lengths in the early morning.
All day her seat hath been beside the shore
Watching for him who will return no more;
He thinks not of her or her weary weeping.
Absence, it is thy lot
To be too soon forgot,
Or to leave memory but to one sad keeping.
Oh, fully of a loving heart that clings
With desperate faith, to which each moment brings
Quick and faint gleams an instant's thought must smother,
And yet finds mocking scope
For some unreal hope,
Which would appear despair to any other!
She knows the hopelessness of what she seeks,
And yet, as soon as rosy morning breaks,
Doth she unloose her pigeon's silken fetter;
But thro' the twilight air
No more its pinions bear
What once so oft they brought—the false one's letter.
The harvest of the summer-rose is spread,
But lip and cheek with her have lost their red;
Theirs is the paleness of the soul's consuming—
Fretfully day by day
In sorrow worn away;
Youth, joy, and bloom have no more sure entombing.
It is a common story, which the air
Has had around the weary world to bear,
That of the trusting spirit's vain accusing;
Yet once how firm and fond
Seemed the eternal bond
That now a few brief parted days are loosing.
Close to her heart the weary pigeon lies,
Gazing upon her with its earnest eyes,
Which seem to ask—Why are we thus neglected?
It is the still despair
Of passion forced to bear
Its deep and tender offering rejected,
Poor girl! her soul is heavy with the past;
Around the shades of night are falling fast;
Heavier still the shadow passing o'er her.
The maiden will no more
Watch on the sea-beat shore—
The darkness of the grave is now before her.

II.

ALEXANDER ON THE BANKS OF THE HYPHASIS.

Lonely by the moonlit waters
Does the conqueror stand,
Yet unredden'd by the slaughters
Of his mighty band.

Subjects for Pictures.

Yet his laurel wants a leaf.
 There he stands, sad, silent, lonely ;
 For his hope is vain :
 He has reached that river only
 To return again.
 Mournful bends the matchless chief;
 He—the earth's unrivalled one—
 He must leave his task undone.

Far behind the camp lies sleeping—
 Gods ! how can they sleep,
 Pale fear o'er their slumbers creeping,
 With a world to weep ?
 With a victory to win.
 There they lie in craven slumber,
 By their murmurs won—
 Must their earthly weakness cumber
 Jove's immortal son ?
 From the ardent fire within,
 Is there no unpelling ray
 To excite their onward way ?

No ! beside that moonlit river
 Stands the soldier-king,
 While he hears the night-wind shiver
 With a weary wing—
 With a weary sound to hear.
 By the numerous shadows broken
 On the river's brim,
 From the mirror'd stars a token
 That his star is dim.
 Changed and sullen they appear.
 To a great and fix'd despair
 All things fate and omen are.

Far away the plains are spreading
 Various, dark and vast—
 Where a thousand tombs are shading
 Memories from the past—
 He must leave them still unknown.
 All the world's ancestral learning—
 Secrets strange and old—
 Early wisdom's dark discerning
 Must remain untold.
 Mighty is the hope o'erthrown—
 Mighty was the enterprise
 Which upon that moment dies.

With the moonlight on them sleeping
 Stands each stately palm,
 Like to ancient warriors keeping
 Vigil stern and calm
 O'er a prostrate world below.
 Sudden from beneath their shadow
 Forth a serpent springs,
 O'er the sands as o'er a meadow,
 Winding in dark rings.
 Stately doth it glide, and slow,
 Like an omen in a dream,
 Does that giant serpent seem.

Silvery rose those far sands shining,
Where that shade was cast—
While the king with stern repining
Watched the serpent past.
Sadly did the conqueror say—
"Would my steps were like my spirit,
I would track thy path!
What those distant sands inherit,
What this new world hath,
Should grow bright around my way.
Ah! not mine yon glorious sphere—
My world's boundary is here!"

Pale he stood, the moonlight gleaming
In his golden hair—
Somewhat of a spirit's seeming,
Glorious and fair,
Is upon that radiant brow.
Like the stars that kindle heaven
In the sacred night,
To those blue, clear eyes were given
An unearthly light,
Though the large tears fill them now;
For the Macedonian wept
As his midnight watch he kept.

In those mighty tears o'erflowing
Found the full heart scope
For the bitter overthrowing
Of its noblest hope;
So will many weep again.
Our aspirings have arisen
In another world;
Life is but the spirit's prison,
Where its wings are furl'd,
Stretching to their flight in vain,—
Seeking that eternal home
Which is in a world to come.

Like earth's proudest conqueror, turning
From his proudest field,
Is the human soul still yearning
For what it must yield
Of dreams unfulfill'd and powers.
Like the great yet guided ocean
Is our mortal mind,
Stirr'd by many a high emotion,
But subdued, confined;—
Such are shadows of the hours,
Glorious in the far-off gloom,
But whose altar is the tomb!

[There is something singularly fine in Alexander's appeal to his army, when the Indian world lay before them, but more present to their fears than to their hopes. "For my own part," said the ardent conqueror, "I recognise no limits to the labours of a high-spirited man, but the failure of adequate objects." Never was more noble motto for all human achievement; and it was from a lofty purpose that the Macedonians turned back on the banks of the Hyphasis. But it is the same with all mortal enterprise: nothing is, in this world, carried out to its complete fulfilment. Our mortality predominates in a world only meant to be a passage to another.]

CONFESSIONS AND OPINIONS OF RALPH RESTLESS.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

London, June, 1837.

To one who has visited foreign climes, how very substantial everything appears in England, from the child's plaything to the Duke of York's column! To use a joiner's phrase, everything abroad is scamp-work. Talk about the Palais Royale, the Rue Richelieu, and the splendour of the Parisian shops—why, two hundred yards of Regent-street, commencing from Howell and James's, would buy the whole of them, and leave a balance sufficient to buy the remainder of the French *expositions*. But still, if substantial and massive, it is also heavy. We want more space, more air, more room to breathe, in London; we are too closely packed; we want gardens with trees to absorb the mephitic air, for what our lungs reject is suitable to vegetation. But we cannot have all we want in this world, so we will do without them.

What wealth is now pouring into the country! and, thank God, it is now somewhat better expended than it was in the bubble mania which acted upon the plethora certainly, but bled us too freely and uselessly. The rail-road speculators have taken off many millions, and the money is well employed—for even allowing that, in some instances, the expectations of the parties who speculate should be disappointed, still it is spent in the country, and is affording not only employment and sustenance to thousands and thousands, but the staple produce of England only is consumed. In these speculations—in the millions required and immediately produced—you can witness the superiority of England. Undertakings from which foreign governments would shrink with dismay, are here effected by the meeting of a few individuals. Speaking of foreign governments, I must however except America, for I do believe that if it was required to make a rail-road to the moon they would, at all events, *attempt* it.

And now for my commissions. What a list! And the first item is—two Canary birds, the last having been one fine morning found dead; nobody knows how; there was plenty of seed and water (put in after the servant found that they had been starved by his neglect), which, of course, proved that they did not die for want of food. I hate what are called pets; they are a great nuisance, for they will die, and then such a lamentation over them! In the "Fire Worshippers" Moore makes his Hinda say—

" I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me—it was sure to die."

Now Hinda was perfectly correct, except in thinking that she was peculiarly unfortunate. Every one who keeps pets might tell the same tale as Hinda. I recollect once a Canary bird died, and my young people were in a great tribulation, so to amuse them we made them a paper coffin, put the defunct therein, and sewed on the lid, dug a grave

in the garden, and dressing them out in any remnants of black we could find for weepers, made a procession to the grave where it was buried. This little *divertissement* quite took their fancy. The next day one of the youngest came up to me and said, "Oh Papa, when will you die?"—A strange question, thought I, quite forgetting the procession of the day before. "Why do you ask, my dear?" "Oh, because it will be such fun burying you." "Much obliged to you, my love."

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred the other day, at a slate quarry belonging to a friend from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first, she was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality; she soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then return to her nest. The workmen, observing this, narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry.

The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but, as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and, for a few times, answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterwards, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and, if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roused off my eggs merely for your amusement."

Some birds have a great deal of humour in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels, and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and laying them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him (the old man could not walk very fast) the raven would keep just clear of the rake or hoe in his hand, dancing back before him, and singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicing gestures. The bird is alive now, and continues the same meritorious practice whenever he can find an opportunity. If he lives long enough I fully expect that he will begin to pun.

June, Steam-boat Princess Victoria.

It certainly appears that the motion of a steam-vessel is more opposed to the peristaltic motion than that of a sailing-vessel. People are more unwell, and appear to suffer in some degree in proportion to the power of the engines. This is very easily accounted for, as the vibration of the vessel increases in the same proportion.

We are now in a vessel of two hundred and fifty horse power, and the consequence is, that the passengers are as sick as two hundred and fifty horses. The vibration of the after part of the vessel amounts to the ridiculous in its effects.

When dinner was put on the table we had no occasion for a bell to announce it, for every glass on the table was dancing to its own jingling music. And when the covers were taken off it was still more absurd—everything in the dishes appeared to be infected with St. Vitus's dance. The boiled leg of mutton shook its collops of fat at a couple of fowls which figured in a sarabande round and round—roast beef walked about its dish to a slow movement—a ham *glissée croisée* from one side to the other—tongues wagged that were never meant to wag again—bottles reeled and fell over like drunken men, and your piece of bread constantly ran away and was to be pulled back into its proper place. It was a regular jig-a-jig—a country-dance of pousette, down the middle, and right and left.

The communication of motion was strange; the whole company seated on long forms were jig-a-jigging up and down together—your knife jiggled and your fork jiggled, even the fragment which was put into your mouth gave one more jump before it descended—a new version of the Dance of Death. However, we jiggled it to some purpose; for, in eighteen hours and a half, we passed from London to Antwerp.

I do believe that I never was content to remain in any one place but for a very short period. As a child I was never at rest—a plaything lasted me five minutes, and then my inquiring mind induced me to analyse it, that is, break it all to pieces to ascertain what it was made of. I have been reflecting whether I can recollect, in my whole life, ever to have been three months in one place, but I cannot, nor do I believe that I ever was—not even when sent to school, for my restlessness would never allow me to remain there so long, my desire of change induced me to scale the walls and run away; and I was punished for my dislike to learning when, in fact, I was only obeying the dictates of my peculiar organization. And then I was off to sea; there I had my wish, as Shakespeare says, “wrapped up in clouds and blown with restless violence about the pendent world,” north, south, east, and west; one month freezing, the next burning; all nations, all colours, white, copper, brown, and black; all scenery, from the blasted pine towering amidst the frost and snow, to the cocoa-nut waving its leaves to the sea-breeze. Here, there, and everywhere, eager to see all, and tired when once seen. Every year administering to my desires, and, as my desires were satisfied, adding to the difficulty of finding fresh food for them. And now that all—that is, all within reach—has passed before me, now that I cannot find something new, but the very novelty is disappointment from comparison with what I have seen. No one is tired of everything, that is impossible; but that of my appetite for novelty is more eager than others; and in proportion to its eagerness, so is

the avidity with which it feeds, and the rapidity with which it is satiated. No one can enjoy more than I do, in anticipation or upon possession; when I first behold a new scene I am delighted with it, and imagine that I could live there for ever; but this soon passes away, and in a month I wonder how any one could live in such a hole. With my fellow-creatures it is the same. I am too confiding at first. Not all the treachery I have experienced will act as a warning. I continue to think of men not as they are, but as they ought to be; and it generally ends in my being again deceived. Is this a happy or unhappy disposition? Happy, most assuredly; for I am ever in pursuit, and that is mundane happiness. I take no warning, although deceived; and this proves that my disappointments fall but lightly upon my buoyant disposition. If our years were not numbered I might indeed break down before my pilgrimage was over; but in this short space of existence I require not new worlds, nor to shake hands with the inhabitants of the moon.

That this species of restlessness is more or less a component part in every mortal is undoubted. The enlightened feel it in their thirst for more knowledge—the simple and weak from curiosity.

That it should be strong in the English nation is not to be wondered at; they have always been the travellers of the world; and their pursuit of commerce has always sent many forth, who have returned and imbued others with the desire of visiting other countries.

That the English nation should, ~~therefore~~, after having, by a succession of long wars, been cooped up in their own island, be desirous to visit the continent, is not only natural but praiseworthy; but that they should make the continent their residence—should expatriate themselves altogether, is, to me, a source of astonishment as well as of regret.

The excuse offered is the cheapness. It is but an excuse, for I deny it to be the fact; I have visited most places with and without a family, and I will positively assert, not for the benefit of others who have already expatriated themselves, but as a check to those who feel so inclined, that they will discover too soon that, at less expense, they can command more good living, and substantial comforts in England, than in any part of the continent they may fix upon as their habitation.

Let us enter a little into the subject: first, as to the capitals, Paris, Brussels, &c.

Let it first be remembered that we have no longer war prices in England, that almost every article has fallen from thirty-five to fifty per cent. It is true that some tradespeople who are established as fashionable, keep up their prices; but it is not absolutely necessary to employ them, as there are those equally skilled who are more moderate; but even these are obliged, to a certain degree, to lower their prices, and their present prices will most assuredly die with them.

Everything will, by degrees, find its level; but this level is not to be found at once. Five years from this date will make a great alteration in every article, not only of necessity, but of luxury; and then, after having been the dearest, England will become the cheapest, residence in the world. House rent in capitals is certainly as dear, if not dearer, abroad than it is in England. There are situations more or less fashionable in every metropolis; and if you wish to reside in those quarters, you pay accordingly. It is true that, by taking a portion of a house,

you, to a certain degree, indemnify yourself; a first, second, or troisième étage, with an escalier commune, loaded with dirt and filth; but is this equal to the comfort of a clean English house, in which you have your own servants, and are not overlooked by your neighbours? If they were to let out houses in floors in England as they do in Paris and elsewhere, a less sum would be demanded. You may procure a handsome house in a fashionable quarter, well furnished, in London, for 300*l.* per annum. Go to the Place Vendôme, or those quarters styled the English quarters, at Paris, and which are by no means the most fashionable quarters, and you will pay for a handsome front floor 700 francs per month, so that for one floor of a house in Paris you will pay 336*l.* per annum, when in London you will obtain the whole house for 300*l.* The proprietor of the Paris house therefore receives much more by letting his floors separate than the English do. The common articles of necessity are as dear, if not dearer abroad; the octroi duty upon all that enters the barriers raising the price excessively. Meat at Paris or Brussels is as dear as in London, and not so good; it is as dear, because they charge you the same price all round, about 5*d.* per lb., and more dear, from its inferiority, and the villanous manner in which it is cut up. Our butchers only butcher the animal, but foreign butchers butcher the meat. Poultry is as dear; game much dearer; and so is fish. Indeed, fish is not only dear, but scarce, and bad. Horses and carriages are quite as dear abroad, in the capitals, as in London. Clothes are in some respects cheaper, in others dearer, especially articles of English manufacture, which are more sought after than any others.

Amusements are said to be cheaper; but I very much doubt it, for, if cheaper, the places of amusement are oftener resorted to, and in consequence as much money is spent abroad as in England. It is true that there are an immense number of theatres in Paris, and that most of them are very reasonable in their charges for admission; but be it recollected that there are not above three of them which are considered fashionable, if even respectable; and there the prices are sufficiently high. If people went to Sadler's Wells, the Coburg, Astley's, &c., as they do to the Theatres St. Martin, Gymnase, et Variétés at Paris, they would find no great difference in the prices.

What then is there cheaper? Wine. I grant it; and, it is also asserted, the education of children. We will pass over these two last points for the present, and examine whether living is cheaper on the continent, provided you do *not* live in any of the metropolises.

That at Tours and other places in the south of France, at Genoa, at Bruges, in Belgium, you may live cheaper than in London, I grant; but if any one means to assert that you can live cheaper than in the country in England, I deny it altogether. People go abroad and select the cheapest parts of the continent to live in. If they were to do the same in England, they would find that they could live much cheaper and much better, for instance, in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Wales, and indeed in almost every county in England.

The fact is, it is not the cheapness of the living which induces so many people to reside abroad. There are many reasons; and all I wish to be charitable, I will put forward the most favourable ones:

In England, we are money-making people, and we have the aristocracy of wealth, as well as the aristocracy of rank. It has long been the

custom for many people to live beyond their incomes, and to keep up an appearance which their means have not warranted. Many, especially the landed proprietors, finding their rentals reduced from various causes, have been necessitated to retrench. They were too proud to put down their carriages and establishments before the eyes of those who had perhaps looked upon them with envy, and whose derision or exultation they anticipated. They therefore have retired to the continent, where a carriage is not necessary to prove that you are a gentleman. Should those return who have emigrated for the above reasons, they would find that this striving for show is hardly perceptible now in England. Those who have remained have either had sense enough, or have been forced by circumstances, to reduce their expenditure. In proof of which, look at the arms upon the carriages now driving about London, and you will find that nine out of ten belong to the nobility, or have the widow's lozenge on the panels; the jointures of former days enabling the latter to keep their carriages, while their sons and daughters avoid an expense which their circumstances will not permit.

Another cause is the easy introduction into what is called good society abroad, on the continent, but which is in reality very bad society. Certainly there are a sufficient number of Counts, Viscounts, and Marquesses to associate with; but the value of a French title, if duly weighed, will be found to be far below that of an English gentleman. This society may certainly be entered into at a much less expense than that of England, especially in the metropolis; but, depend upon it, it is dear at almost any price.

With respect to education of children, that boys may receive advantage from a continental education I admit; but woe be to the mother who intrusts her daughter to the ruin of a French *Pension*; but allowing that boys may benefit by their being sent abroad, that is no reason why a whole family should emigrate.

Neither is education cheaper: what are termed accomplishments may be: but this rage for accomplishments has changed many an interesting girl into a pert coquette.

When it is considered how much valuable time is thrown away upon teaching music to those who have no ear, and singing to those who have no voice, and that these accomplishments, as they are termed, are the cause of that love of display so injurious to the female character, and usually have the result of being an annoyance to those who are compelled to listen to them, it is devoutly to be wished that such a tax was put on all musical instruments, as to occasion their more limited *abuse*.

The education in England I admit to be bad; and, in most instances, the higher the terms, the worse is the teacher. There are many excellent schools in the country as cheap and cheaper here than on the continent; but the schoolmasters in England, generally speaking, are ruining themselves by their adherence to the old system, and their extravagant terms. The system of education on the continent is very superior to that of England, and the attention to the pupils is greater: of course there are bad schools abroad as well as in England; but the balance is much in favour of those on the continent, with the advantage of being at nearly one-half the expense. A great alteration has taken place in modern education; the living languages and mathematics have been found to be preferable to the classics and other instruction still adhered to in the English schools.

I have always considered, and have every reason to be confirmed in my opinion, that the foundation of all education is mathematics. Everything else may be obtained by rote, and without thinking : but from the elements of arithmetic, up to Euclid and algebra, no boy can work his task without thinking. I never yet knew a man who was a good mathematician, who was not well-informed upon almost every point ; and the reason is clear—mathematics have prepared his mind to receive and retain that which he may attempt. In all foreign schools this important branch of education is more attended to than it is in England ; and that alone would be a sufficient reason for me to give them the preference. In point of morals, I consider the schools of both countries much upon a par, although, from the system abroad of never debasing a child by corporal punishment, I give the foreign schools the preference even in that point.

I consider, then, that boys are better educated abroad than in England, and acquire much more correctly the living languages, which are of more use to them than the classics. So much I can say in favour of the continent ; but in every other respect I consider the advantage in favour of England. Young females who have been brought up abroad, I consider, generally speaking, as unfitted for English wives, and that in this opinion I am not singular, I know well, from conversation with young men at the clubs, and elsewhere. Mothers who have returned with their daughters, full of French fashions and ideas, and who imagine that they will inevitably succeed in making good matches, would be a little mortified and surprised to hear the young men, when canvassing among themselves the merits of the other sex, declare that “such a young lady may be very handsome, and very clever, but—she has received a continental education, and that won't do for them.” Many mothers imagine, because their daughters, who are bold and free in their manners, and talk and laugh loud, are surrounded by young men, while the modest girl, who holds aloof, is apparently neglected, that their young ladies are more admired ; but this is a great mistake. Men like that boldness, that coquetry, that dash, if I may use the term, because it amuses them for the time being ; but, although they may pay them attentions on that account, they never would think of marrying them. No ; the modest retiring girl, who is apparently passed by, becomes the wife, the others are flattered before their faces, and laughed at behind their backs. It certainly is unmanly, on the part of our sex, to behave in this manner, to encourage young women in their follies, and ruin them for their own amusement, as Shakspeare says,—

“Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking.”

But so it is, and so it will be so long as the world lasts, and mankind is no better than it is at present.

If then, as I have asserted, there is so little to be gained by leaving a comfortable home and a moral land, what is the inducement which takes so many people abroad to settle there ? I am afraid that the true reason has been given by a late author whom I now quote ; speaking of the French metropolis, she says,—

“I have been lately trying to investigate the nature of the charm which renders Paris so favourite a sojourn of the English.

“In point of gaiety (for gaiety read dissipation) it affords nothing

comparable with that of London. A few ministerial fêtes every winter may perhaps exceed in brilliancy the balls given in our common routine of things ; but for one entertainment in Paris, at least thirty take place *chez nous*. Society is established with us on a wider and more splendid scale. The weekly *soirées*, on the other hand, which properly represent the society of this place, are dull, meagre, and formal to the last degree of formality. There is no brilliant point of re-union as at Almack's,—no theatre uniting, like our Italian Opera, the charm of the best company, the best music, and the best dancing. Of the thousand and one theatres boasted of by the Parisians, only three are of a nature to be frequented by people of consideration, the remainder being as much out of the question as the Pavilion or the Garrick. Dinner parties there are none, water parties none, *déjeuners*, unless given by a foreign ambassadress, none. A thousand accessories to London amusements are here wanting. In the month of May I am told the public gardens and the Bois de Boulogne become enchanting. But what is not charming in the month of May? Paris, perhaps, least of all places ; for at the commencement of the month every French family of note quits the metropolis for its country seat, or for sea or mineral bathing. Foreigners and the mercantile and ministerial classes alone remain. What, then, I would fain discover, constitutes the peculiar merit of inducing persons uninstitigated by motives of economy to fix themselves in the comfortless and filthy city, and call it paradise? Alas! my solution of the problem is far from honourable to the taste of our absentees. *In Paris people are far less amenable than in London to the tribunal of public opinion."*

And not only at Paris, but all over the continent ; for, where morals are generally relaxed, what would cause surprise and censure elsewhere, is passed over without comment and, as a matter of course.

Indeed, there are so many petty annoyances and vexations of life attendant upon residents abroad, that it must require some strong motives to induce them to remain. Wherever the English settle they raise the price of everything, much to the annoyance of the *rentiers* and respectable people of the place, although of advantage to the country generally. The really high-bred and aristocratic people will not associate with them, and look upon them with any feeling but good will. With regard to servants, they are invariably badly served, although they pay two and three times the wages that are paid by the inhabitants, who, in most places, have made it a rule never to take a servant who has once lived in an English family ; the consequence is that those who offer themselves to the English are of the worst description, a sort of *pariahs* among the community, who extort and cheat their employers without mercy. If not permitted so to do, they leave them at a minute's warning, and you cannot go to any foreign colony of English people without listening to very justified tirades of the villany of the servants. Upon the same principle, there are few places abroad where the tradespeople have not two prices, one for the English, and the other for the inhabitants.

I was in company with an English lady of title who gave me a very amusing instance of the insolence of the Belgian servants. She had a large family to bring up without assistance, and had retired to the continent for that purpose. It should be observed that the Belgians

treat their servants like dogs, and it is only with the Belgians that they will behave well ; they are allowed in everything that they are permitted to have, but that is very little. This lady, finding her expenses very much exceeding her means, so soon as she had been some time in the country attempted a reformation. Inquiring of some Belgian families with whom she was acquainted what were the just proportions, she attempted to introduce the same by degrees. The first article of wasteful expenditure was bread, and she put them upon an allowance. The morning after she was awoke with a loud hammering in the saloon below, the reason of which she could not comprehend, but on going down to breakfast, she found one of the long loaves made in the country, nailed up with tenpenny nails over the mantelpiece ; she sent to inquire who had done it, and one of the servants immediately replied that she had nailed it there that my lady might see that the bread did not go too fast.

There is another point on which the English abroad have long complained, and with great justice,—which is, that in every litigation or petty dispute which may appear before a smaller or more important tribunal, the verdict, whether from the Juge de Paix up to the Cour de Cassation, invariably is given against them. I never *heard* an instance to the contrary, although there may have been some. In no case can an Englishman obtain justice ; the detention of his property without just cause ; all that he considers as law and justice in his own country is over-ruled ; he is obliged to submit to the greatest insults, or consent to the greatest imposition. This is peculiarly observable at Paris and Brussels, and it is almost a *jour de fête* to a large portion of the inhabitants when they hear that an Englishman has been thrown into prison. It must, however, be acknowledged that most of this arises not only from the wish of the rentiers, or those who live upon their means, and have these means crippled by the concurrence of English raising the price of every article, that the English should leave and return to their own country, but also from the number of bad characters who, finding their position in society no longer tenable in England, hasten abroad, and, by their conduct, leave a most unfavourable impression of the English character, which, when Englishmen *only travelled*, stood high, but, now they reside to economize, is at its lowest ebb ; for the only charm which they had in the eyes of needy foreigners was their lavishing their money as they passed through the country, enriching a portion of the community without increasing the prices of consumption to the whole.

As a proof of the insolence to which the English are subjected, I will give the reader a verbatim copy of a letter sent to me by a friend not more than a year ago. I have heard of such a circumstance taking place in France, but then the innkeeper was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour ; but this case is even more remarkable. Depend upon it, those who travel will find many a Monsieur Disch before they are at the end of their journey. I will vouch for the veracity of every word in the letter :—

“ *Wisdad, July 3, 1836.*

“ MY DEAR —,—As you kindly said that you would be glad to hear of our progress when any opportunity offered of writing you a letter, I now avail myself of some friends passing through Brussels to let you know that thus far we have proceeded in health and safety ; but whether

we shall complete our project of wintering in Italy seems more and more doubtful, as I believe the cholera to be doing its work pretty actively in some of the states we propose to visit, and a gentleman told me yesterday, who has lately left the country, that the Pope is so glad of an excuse to keep heretics out of his dominions, that he has never taken off the quarantine, so that, under any circumstances, we must vegetate in some frontier hole for a fortnight before we can be admitted ; a circumstance in itself sufficiently deterring in my opinion ; besides which, what with the perplexity of the coinage, and the constant attempt at pillage which we have already met with, and which I am told is quadrupled on the other side of the Alps, such a counterbalance exists to any of the enjoyments of travelling, that I am heartily weary of the continual skirmishing and *warfare* I am subjected to ; *warfare* indeed, as at Cologne I was *called out*. The story is too good to be lost, so I will tell it for your amusement and that of our friends at Brussels, moreover, that you may caution every one against Mons. Disch, of the Cour Imperiale :—We had *marchandised* with Madame Disch for rooms, who at last agreed to *our* terms, but when the bill came she charged her *own*. We remonstrated, and the bill was altered ; but Mons. Disch made his appearance before I could pay it, insisting on the larger sum, saying his wife had no business to make a bargain for him. I remonstrated in vain, and Mrs. ——— commenced most eloquently to state the case ; he was, however, deaf to reason, argument, eloquence, and beauty ; at last I said, ‘ Do not waste words on the matter, I will pay the fellow and have done with him, taking care that neither I or my friends will ever come to his house again,’ at the same time snatching the bill from his hand ; when he demanded, in a great fury, what I meant by that ; exclaiming, ‘ I am Germans gentlemen, —you English gentlemen, I challenge you—I challenge you.’ Although somewhat wroth before this, I was so amused that I laughed in the rascal’s face, which doubled his rage, and he reiterated his mortal defiance, adding,—‘ I was in London last year, they charge me twelve fourteen shillings for my dinner at coffee-house, but I too much gentlemen to ask them take off one farding. I challenge you—I challenge you.’ I then said, ‘ Hold your tongue, Sir ; take your money and be off.’ ‘ Me take money !’ replied he ; ‘ me take money ! No, my servant take money ; I too much gentlemen to take money.’ Upon which the waiter swept the cash off the table, handed it to his master, who immediately sacked it and walked off.”

These facts must prove that the idea of going abroad for economy is most erroneous. As I have before observed, the only article, except education, which is cheaper, is wine ; and I am afraid, considering the thirsty propensities of my countrymen, that is a very strong attraction with the nobler sex. If claret and all other French wines were admitted into England at a much lower duty, they would be almost as cheap in England as they are in foreign capitals, and, as the increased consumption would more than indemnify the government, it is to be lamented that it is not so arranged. Formerly we shut out the French wines and admitted those of Portugal, as our ancient ally ; but our ancient ally has shown any thing but good-will towards us lately, and we are at all events under no further obligation to support her interests. Let us admit French wines in bottles at a very low duty, and then England will be

in every respect as cheap, and infinitely more comfortable as a residence, than any part of the continent. The absentees who are worth reclaiming will return, those who prefer to remain on the continent are much better there than if they were contaminating their countrymen with their presence. How true is the following observation from the author I before quoted on her return from abroad :—

“ Home, home at last. How clean, how cheerful, how comfortable ! I was shown at Marthieu the shabby, dirty-looking lodgings where the ——— are economizing, in penance for the pleasure of one little year spent in this charming house. Poor people ! How they must long for England ! how they must miss the thousand trivial but essential conveniences devised here for the civilization of human life ! What an air of decency and respectfulness about the servants ! what a feeling of homeishness in a house exclusively our own ! The modes of life may be easier on the continent,—but it is the ease of a beggar’s ragged coat which has served twenty masters, and is twitched off and on till it scarcely holds together, in comparison with the decent, close-fitting suit characteristic of a gentleman.”

FAREWELL, FAREWELL, MY FATHERLAND !

Farewell, farewell, my Fatherland !

Before me lies the broad blue sea,

Whose waves will waft me far from thee.

The ship’s afloat, the decks are mann’d ;—

But ere I leave the hallow’d earth

Where first this changeful life had birth,

My knee shall bend in prayer above

To guard the country of my love.

Farewell, farewell, my Fatherland !

They say the sunny clime I seek

Will bring back freshness to my cheek,

By thousand odorous blossoms fann’d.

But what shall soothe my soul’s unrest,

What cheer my sick and aching breast,

When, fond familiar faces gone,

I stand on foreign shores—alone !

• Farewell, farewell, my Fatherland !

Farewell, my mother’s peaceful tomb !

Farewell, ye flowers that round it bloom,

Which now I pluck with trembling hand !

Farewell, the scenes of childhood’s glee,

Where step and spirit bounded free !

The village church—the Sabbath bell—

Home, love, and country—fare ye well !

E. W.

PLEASURES OF RELATIONSHIP.

“ Mais autant qu'on peut voir, et que je m'y connois,
 Mon maître est honnête homme—à quelque chose près.”
Le Méchant.

RELATIONS, it has been said by some manufacturer of maxims, are the friends prepared for us by Providence. I wish I could say that I have found it so : but I am rather inclined to believe that they are, on the contrary, our natural enemies ; and that their specific function in the great moral scheme is to try our tempers, exercise our patience, and prevent our being too closely attached to a theatre we must one day quit. In the selection of other friends we have “ the world before us where to choose,” with nothing to consult but our own inclinations ; and, moreover, we can decide upon what occasions, and to what extent we shall adopt the alliance. We may have one set of friends for business, another for pleasure ; we may have town friends, and country friends, and watering-place friends ; nay, we may have dinner friends, and evening-party friends,—friends to be admitted in the morning visit, and friends who may exchange cards, but are never suffered to pass the hall-door. Not so with our relations : with them we have no choice ; from them we have no escape. All that come must be accepted ; brothers and sisters, though it be by dozens,—cousins, though they are showered on us by hundreds,—the lame, the blind, and the halt, the ugly, the ill-tempered, the quizzical, the gambler, the scamp, the scoundrel,—nay, if fate will have it so, even the felon ; and for all and sundry of these you are morally and socially responsible. There is no shaking them off,—no sinking them,—no taking them in infinitesimal doses. You must be plagued with your relation,—your whole relation,—and sometimes nothing but your relation ; though he should appear in the questionable shape of a *qui tum* attorney, a money-lender, or a tailor in *propriâ personâ*. It is hard enough upon a man to take even his wife for better for worse, in sickness and in health, &c., yet that he does with his own free consent, and, if he chooses it, with his eyes open ; but for your “ born relations,” it is a regular lottery,—a pig in a poke,—and too frequently a fishing for one eel in a bag full of serpents.

But, then, it may be said that if there be all these evils in kindred, there are also the correlative goods ; and that in this, as in all other sublunary matters, we must take the rough and the smooth, the bitter and the sweet, together. This is all very pretty talking ; but it does not require to have lived long in this world to discover that the rough and the bitter greatly predominate over the smooth and the sweet. Most people, indeed, have heard of rich old uncles, wealthy maiden aunts, and such-like cattle : stories, too, are told of very distant relations in America, or the East Indies, who have died intestate, or left their money to a cousin, or a nephew, whom they would never see or acknowledge. I do not deny the abstract possibility of such things, but I cannot confirm the tale by my own personal experience ; and as the rich and the fortunate must ever be few, and the poor and the unhappy many, the balance in this respect is woefully against us, and scarcely to be counted upon in any general argument. Observe, too,

that when a man is born with a gold spoon in his mouth, and finds himself included in many entails, or surrounded by a hive of money-making relations, the said relations are seldom of any use till they are fairly dead and buried; and even so, the succession has often to be purchased by such previous compliances, such a surrender of one's time, and such abrogation of self during the lifetime of the testator, that one might earn the money more easily by an honest trade.

The great basis of most worldly friendships is the "*je vous conviens, vous me convenez*;" and the greater qualities of the soul, nay, even the minor morals of life, assist in bringing and keeping people together far less than a certain harmony, accord, or sympathy between the high contracting parties. The "writers of receipts" may preach as they like of friendship being confined to the good and the wise; the "real cooks" will tell you the reverse. The porter's book would contain many "a virgin page, white and unspotted still," and the right hand of the thundering footman would soon forget its cunning, were friendship confined within such narrow channels. La Rochefoucauld was not so much out in considering the highest-minded friendships as a mere commerce and barter; and the account current between the parties, like that of the merchant with his banker, will ever show a better credit-side, the less it is drawn upon. The truest and the only lasting friendships are those which are formed we know not how, continued we know not why, and whose basis has never been tested, simply because circumstances have never required the experience. As in all other places of trust, your friend will perform his functions the better for exercising them *durante bene placito*, or *quam diu bene se gesserit*, than if he had an indenture of your affections, and a vested right in the perpetuity of your good-will. Whatever may be advanced in favour of the indissoluble nature of the marriage knot, the desperate efforts of the Alexanders (ay, and of the Alexandrinas, too,) to cut its Gordian folds, show how oppressively it sometimes binds the parties; and yet, between husband and wife, there is an absolute community of interests: how, then, would it be with mere friends if submitted to the same law? Is it not clear that there are no more everlasting friendships than there are *des éternels amours*?

But relations are, as we have seen, friends precisely of this matrimonial adhesion. They cling to you in a truly Mezentian embrace, and nothing but poverty or misfortune will shake them off. With respect to parents, it must be acknowledged, that they *may* render themselves very serviceable during our minority; though, if they be foolish or wicked, even that may be disputed; but after twenty-one, they stand dreadfully in the way; and they often make their children feel the full weight of dependence not only in matrimonial matters, but in a thousand other particulars. But if an entailed estate be in the way, I fear there are too many eldest sons, who, if not disposed to consult *L'abrégé de la vie des pères, à l'usage des héritiers*, are not too much grieved when nature comes to their assistance. So, also, I would not advise elder brothers, in this case, to shoot in company with their younger brethren; and as for the rest of the family, the elder children too often live but to bully their juniors,—or, at best, we may say of them, "the fewer the better cheer."

I myself have been a singular victim in the particular of relations, having been "blessed" by Providence with such an assortment of non-

conformities as would put the patience of Griselda herself to the blush. Born of a family very moderately favoured with worldly prosperity, with a temperament eminently susceptible, and with a taste for the pleasures of refined and educated society, I was early in life separated from my connexions, to embark in a diplomatic career. This latter circumstance very naturally brought me into contact with the best company of the continent, and raised my natural relish for whatever was distinguished in manners, bearing, and turn of thought; while it added equally to a jealous susceptibility of ridicule, which has not always been quite exempt from weakness. I was, however, myself but little aware of this alteration in my ideas and sentiments; or, at least, I met with few occasions for ascertaining its extent, through its bearings upon the companions of my early youth. Towards them, my attention was but rarely turned, amidst the arduous duties of a place of much responsibility, and the incessant pleasures of a youthful and rather dissipated court; so that I soon learned to think of them in reference only to their most general peculiarities, and that, too, without a thought of comparison with ulterior experiences. I remembered with pleasure my sisters' kindly affections, the joyous hours of childish companionship with my brothers, the pleasant visits to my cousins and uncles, and the jovial Christmas assemblages, which brought us all together, to feast and to laugh; and these pleasant associations were rarely disturbed by any thought of the many possible changes calculated to disturb such amiable intercourse, which might have occurred in them, or in myself, during the interval of our separation.

When, therefore, the progress of time brought with it my recall home, and the means of ample enjoyment in my own country, I anticipated the extremest delight from the renewal of ancient intercourses, and the daily interchange of the charities and amenities of family life. Of my numerous brothers and sisters, one sister alone had excited in me an especial attachment, by the conformity of her disposition and studies with my own. Deeply imbued with a taste for the arts, and with a love for poetry and for the higher walks of literature in general, she possessed a strong feeling for propriety in all things. Like myself, she shrank with horror from vulgarity,—from what may be called natural vulgarity; and if she did not share with me my acute sensibility to those lighter shades of conventional manners, which mark the different castes of society, she was preserved from violating them in her own person by a tact that seized at once the tone of any company in which she happened to find herself.

As may be expected, on my return to England, I selected this sister for my domestic companion, and taking a house in a fashionable street in London, I laid myself out to receive and to cultivate whatever was most agreeable, while I preserved the many high official and parliamentary connexions incidental to my former active life. This notion, it never struck me, was at all incompatible with a renewal of all my early ties; and I was deeply sensible, not only of the duty, but the comfort and respectability of an intimate family union.

The first blow at the unsophisticated natural feelings and affections is usually struck in the great schools, where aristocratic distinctions are nicely weighed, and quarterings as vigorously estimated as in any of the smallest German courts. Horne Tooke, who was the son

of a poulterer, cunningly evaded the consequence of this damning fact, when he went to Eton, by designating his honoured parent as a Turkey merchant; just as the dancing-master passed himself off on his jour-nies as a hop-merchant. Thanks to the aristocratical tone of our public schools, it is difficult enough for the strongest-minded and highest-principled boy not to be sometimes ashamed of his parents, if they be not of the favoured caste; and this is by so much the worse, because the disgrace which is attached to low birth, and habits of honest industry, does not extend to things really scandalous and blameable. It is not long ago that I was asked to dine with a friend, to meet "one of the pleasantest men I ever saw, an infernal scamp to be sure, but a right good fellow;" and this "scamp" (and a scamp he was in the worst sense of the term) was the inviter's own parent. Nay, there are hundreds living in London who would shrink from asking their father to dine "with their own particular set;" and every one has heard of the noble lord and lady, whose son gave them an invitation to the Boyle Farm fête, on the express condition that they should not accept it.

From such early caschardening of the affections at school and college I escaped unscathed. My associates, in both cases, were my equals, and I never was called on to cut my father in the street or my mother in an assembly, because the one was a snob, and the other a quizz. This happy result, however, must in some degree be attributed to my early change of scene; for I will not undertake to swear that, all circumstances conspiring against me, I should in every case have resisted temptation, and felt perfectly at my ease in acknowledging the *fons et origo* (male or female) from which I sprang.

Be this, however, as it may, certain it is that in the particular in question I never was tried; and on my return to England, I was by no means prepared beforehand with any of those shifts and evasions by which better-informed persons avoid a too strict manifestation of their feelings on the like occasions. It was, therefore, with no ordinary sense of mortification I discovered that not only external circumstance, but interior, intellectual, and moral condition, placed the widest possible interval between me and my "next of kin." Long before the possibility of any inconvenience in society (or, to adopt the French word, which comes nearer to the idea, any *inconvenance*) being attached to this circumstance had entered the imagination, I became fully sensible that my worthy relations had little or nothing in common with myself. They knew none of my friends, they had read none of my books, they were ignorant of all the scenes in which I had passed my latter life, were utterly incognizant of foreign habits, tastes, and breeding. They frequented not the West End, they rarely went to the Opera, and as for pictures, they knew not a Murillo from a Gerard Dow, and would cast away more admiration on a Red Lion or a Blue Boar at an alehouse-door than upon a Landseer or a Vanbroeckoven. I, on the other hand, was not conversant with sugars or cottons, was no judge of rail-road shares or Spanish bonds, and was only too happy in my perfect unacquaintance with the Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and Company, who afforded the raw materials for personalities to my excellent aunts and cousins. It was soon, therefore, but too apparent that when we had exhausted our mutual inquiries respecting the whereabouts of a few old associates, we

had nothing in common left to feed conversation withal, and were reduced to the direst efforts to keep up appearances, and not fall asleep before separating for the evening.

To invite these worthy personages in their turn, and to stand the fatigue of their society at convenient intervals, would have been an infliction grievous, indeed, to bear; but it might have been rendered more tolerable by the agreeable sense of a duty fulfilled; and it would not have been difficult to assort my company to the occasion. This, however, would not do. I soon was made to feel that the affectionate creatures had not altogether pardoned my success in life, and that they required "to share the triumph and partake the gale" before they would be reconciled to it. They expected, therefore, that I should ask them to whatever I gave; and if I forgot to remember them upon what they called state occasions, they straightway set it down as a personal affront, and resented it accordingly. When, however, they were invited, the matter was still worse. They felt all the weight of their own incompatibility with the rest of the company; went out of themselves to look for slights; and when the conversation slid, as it will do with foreigners, into French or German, imagined that the change of language was expressly intended to cover some remark on themselves. Consequently, they took the earliest opportunity at our next meeting to abuse the imaginary offenders, complain of the French artist, vituperate the music, and exult in their own partiality for Robin Adair, plain cookery, and a bottle of black strap.

It does not signify talking: there are but two possible modes of social existence; that of being like other folks, or that of being like nothing on earth but yourself. What is meant by having the air of a man or a woman of fashion is merely the bearing in your person the *ensemble* of nameless but numerous and distinctive particularities which people of fashion exclusively possess. Everything that is individual with this class, if not rooted out or destroyed, is lost and merged in its common characteristics. But go into any mixed assemblage of the other classes, and you do not find a society; you have a congregation of individuals, each bristling with idiosyncrasies, and as repulsive as oil and vinegar. Examine that congregation in detail, and you will find every one either too tall or too short, too fat or too lean, and exhibiting such strange incongruities of "voice, guitar, and person," as give you the impression that they are the ugliest set of people that "e'er your conversation coped withal." Now it is not that these most estimable personages are really taller or shorter, fatter or leaner, or more ill-favoured than their fellow-creatures. The upper classes, thanks to their sordid or their ambitious marriages, are as apt to fail in the beauty and harmony of their persons as less *wohlgeborn* individuals. But then, your man of fashion contrives, as it were, to put such disparities out of sight. He carries matters off in better style, and imposes on you so completely by the acquired harmonies of his person, that you lose sight of all that is naturally exceptional. Thus, in dress, to go no further, there is an uncompromising sister of mine, who is rather of the Maypole order, and who chooses to clothe herself after a fashion of her own, but which never is nor ever can be *the* fashion. In addition to her general dissent from the changeful modes of the day, too, she insists most particularly on sporting, upon all occasions, an involution of muslin upon her head

that would throw the black "big drom" (as Lablache would call him) of a military band into comparative obscurity. Abroad she might, perhaps, be mistaken for a *belle limonadière*, for she really is a fine woman; but at home she would pass for nothing on earth but one of those respectable housekeepers that (for a conseederation) charitably entertain, at bed and board, husbands and wives who are unconscious of the face of a clergyman.

To do this lady justice, if she obtrudes too prominently on the eye, she generally leaves the ear in repose: but then her cousin, a lively and lady-like personage enough as to her outward woman, has picked such a desperate quarrel with Priscian, and makes such an hash of her *v, v's* and her *w, w's*, that the Minorities could not match her. Besides, she affects to know everything and person of fashion, and talks of duchesses and marchionesses as if she had ever seen a live one. The consequence of this pretension may be foreseen. She never dines with me but she keeps me in a perpetual stew! Again, I have two or three brothers comfortably settled in trade. One is a praiseworthy soap-boiler, another does business in Mark Lane, and a third, who is of a speculative turn, and is ready to make money in any way that occurs, has dignified himself with the appellation of a general merchant. Now these three are really kind, good, serviceable fellows enough at home; and they rather shine than otherwise in their proper sphere. But the first is a furious lover of truth, and likes to give people "a bit of his mind." At my table he told the French ambassador that he hated all foreigners, and avowed his conviction that Louis Philippe deserved to be hanged. The second is a terrible politician, and makes a point of quarrelling with every one who differs from him by a shade; while the third has the mania for paying off the national debt, and of talking of himself and his concerns in no measured terms of boastful importance. This gentleman is a great engrosser of conversation, and after having bored a whole company at dinner with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget, he got old Admiral Spadille by the button, and kept him for an entire evening from the card-table, to listen to the history of his last contract for pigs, and his venture of raw Irishmen that he had consigned to Van Diemen's Land. In the exuberance of his personal vanity, he not only thinks himself a perfect Aristippus, but is satisfied with everything that belongs or is in any way connected with him. He speaks of his brother, the bankrupt, as if he were a Lord of the Treasury, and rather thinks it an honour to have an uncle who was fined a thousand pounds for "robbing the Exchequer;" nay, he had the hardihood to remind Lord Loftly that his eldest great uncle had been coachman to his lordship's grandfather, and asked him if he knew his second cousin who married the Three Compasses, next to his lordship's lodge.

These "miseries of human life" your philosopher perhaps may deride, and think me a very little soul for deeming them vexations; but a man may be as noble-minded as you please, and yet he must submit to the level of the little-minded if he means to live with them. At bottom I am as proud as my brother can be of the honest industry of him of the Three Compasses, whose children were all put well forward in the world by his care, and who died respected and beloved by all his friends; but that will not alter the insolent contempt of his lordship for a *parvenu*; and I can perceive a marked alteration in his bearing

towards me on account of my collateral ancestor. But Lord Lofty is not only in other respects a desirable and pleasant acquaintance, but possesses the power of serving me most essentially. Am I then so wrong for wincing at a *gaucherie* that lowers me in his estimation? But the matter is still worse with some other relations whom I have not yet introduced to my reader. I have a cousin, a lame duck, with his son who has a partiality for imitating my hand-writing, which he does with such success, that it has cost me, more than once, several hundred pounds to save him from the gallows. I have an aunt who drinks a bottle of Madeira at dinner, and whom no lodging-house keeper in Brighton will accept for a tenant, lest she should set fire to her bed-curtains and burn the house. Then there is a sister of hers, who has taken to field-preaching, and was had up to Bow Street for being the cause of a breach of the peace, in which, by-the-by, she was the only sufferer. This lady I can never keep out of my house, though she is offended at all we do and all we leave undone; and she actually brought a cobbler of grace to lecture us for giving balls, and for not eating cold meat on a Sunday. Would to Heaven that this were the worst! My mind strangely misgives me that this curer of souls, or of soles, has a design on the poor lady's soft heart; so that I stand a good chance of being claimed as a nephew at the club-house door, some fine day, by the lad of wax, who is not very remarkable for prudence even when he is sober, and that is not perfectly the case during the greater number of the four-and-twenty hours.

Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt an enumeration of all the ways in which these "little more than kin and less than kind" come against me. In the first place, they one and all think because I do business with the minister (for I hold a place), and sometimes dine with him, that I can provide for a race, which, like that of Agamemnon, "*ne finit jamais*." It is to no purpose that I tell them that I have no claims, that I have received too many favours myself to give any more trouble, or remind them of what I hitherto have done in that way for the family. The refusal is set down for ill-will, pride, and a false shame at my homely connexions, whom I strive to keep out of sight. As for borrowing money, I say nothing—that is *à medio ductus acervo*; and, besides, if some of my kind relations mistake me for a loan-fund bank, others, I believe, would not refuse me pecuniary accommodation (on sufficient security), if I would condescend to ask it. Neither do I so much complain of their besieging my villa; for what else is the country made for, but to feast curates, apothecaries, and humble relations? I own, however, I should like sometimes to have the house to myself, and to be able to see *my own* friends, without bringing them into *quite* such close contact with my domestic ridicules. One instance, however, I cannot pass over; and I defy society to produce a case of greater hardship. It was not many weeks ago that I was seated, *lôte-à-lôte*, in the opera-box of Lady — (certainly the most exclusive fine lady in the chronicles of fashion), when, who should spy me but a worthy brushmaker from Aldersgate-street, who was planted bolt upright in the pit beside his porpoise of a wife? Now this plague was not even a relation, but only a man I am compelled to dine at table with, some twice a year, at my brother's, the soap-boiler. I saw him and his *cara sposa* well enough, and looked with all my might the other way, to avoid his

customary and rather demonstrative salutations. But judge my confusion, to see them enter the box between the acts, where, maugre my lady's silence, her frowns, and, at last, her open inuendoes, they remained till the end of the evening. Shall I tell you of the compliments I received from the fine men who tried to drop into the box, but were prevented by the bulky forms of the intruders? Shall I enumerate the thousand-and-one absurdities these intruders did, said, and looked? or need I mention that sentence of banishment has passed on me, not only from that fatal box, but, what is worse, from the parties of — House, which I cannot but consider as of dangerous consequence to my place and popularity in one of the best circles of London?

Among the number of my relations there were, as it may be supposed, some upon whom I could look with more satisfaction. To the rising generation, more especially, I was disposed to think and act with affection. My property I meant for them at my death, and I made great efforts to direct their education, to form their minds, and their hearts, while my best pleasures arose from the little pleasures and gratifications I was enabled to procure for them. But even here disappointments predominated, and these were too cruel to bear exposure in the present narrative. To tell you of those who pined through their short course to an early grave; of those who have resisted all kindness, and returned it by the most heartless ingratitude; to mention the young wife fading prematurely under a husband's ill treatment; the generous boy lost in boundless dissipation; or to speak of him who died at sea, not in the discharge of his duty, but in an accursed duel forced on him by a brutal bully, were only to open wounds (as yet hardly closed) to no useful purpose. Suffice it to say, that, as a general rule, I have found my relations (good, bad, and indifferent alike) a *charge*; and the very few among them whom I would have chosen as friends, had the choice been permitted me, have been, by death, misfortune, or ill health, sources of the most painful anxiety and bitter regret.

So that every way I have been a loser; and unless one or two of the most opulent of my connexions should make themselves agreeable by making themselves scarce, and should, in dying, remember (not sweet Argos) but my sweet self, in the shape of a good fat legacy, I fear I must go to my grave regretting that I was not bred in a foundling hospital, or, at least, the only child of an only child, and the descendant of a family which, for generations unknown, has escaped from the burden of collateral branches.

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MARTIAL IN LONDON.

Impromptu under a Marquee at Fleming House.

When Parliament-people petition their friends,
The state of the poll on the canvass depends;
But here we submit to a different control,
The state of the canvass depends on the pole!

THE PHANTOM SHIP*.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. X.

THE sudden gloom which had succeeded to the pale light, had the effect of rendering every object still more indistinct to the astonished crew of the *Ter Schilling*. For a moment or more not a word was uttered by a soul on board. Some remained with the eyes still directed to where the phantasmagoria had been seen, others turned away full of gloomy and foreboding thought. Hillebrant was the first who spoke; turning round to the eastern quarter, and observing a light on the horizon, he started, and seizing Philip by the arm, cried out, "What's that?"

"That is only the moon rising from the bank of clouds," replied Philip, mournfully.

"Well!" observed Mynheer Kloots, wiping his forehead, which was damped with perspiration, "I *have* been told of this before, but I have mocked at the narration."

Philip made no reply. Aware of the truth, and that he was so deeply implicated, he felt as if he were a guilty person.

The moon had now risen above the bank, and poured her mild pale light over the slumbering ocean. With a simultaneous impulse, every one directed their eyes to where the strange vision had been seen; and all was a dead, dead calm.

Since the apparition, the Pilot Schrifton had remained on the poop; he now gradually approached to Mynheer Kloots, and looking round, said—

"Mynheer Kloots, as pilot of this vessel, I tell you that you must prepare for very bad weather."

"Bad weather," said Kloots, rousing himself from a deep reverie.

"Yes, bad weather, Mynheer Kloots. There never was a vessel which fell in with—what we have just seen, but met with disaster soon afterwards. The very name of Vanderdecken is unlucky—He! he!"

Philip would have replied to this sarcasm, but he could not, his tongue was tied.

"What has the name of Vanderdecken to do with it!" observed Kloots.

"Have you not heard, then? The captain of that vessel we have just seen is a Mynheer Vanderdecken—he is the Flying Dutchman!"

"How know you that, pilot?" inquired Hillebrant.

"I know that, and much more, if I chose to tell," replied Schrifton; "but never mind, I have warned you of bad weather, as is my duty;" and, with these words, Schrifton went down the poop-ladder.

"God in heaven! I never was so puzzled and so frightened in my life," observed Kloots. "I don't know what to think or say.—What think you, Philip—was it not supernatural?"

"Yes," replied Philip, mournfully. "I have no doubt of it."

"I thought the days of miracles had passed," said the captain; "and

that we were now left to our exertions, and had no other warning but from the appearance of the heavens."

"And they warn us now," observed Hillebrant. "See how that bank has risen within these five minutes—the moon has escaped from it, but it will soon catch her again—and see, there is a flash of lightning in the north-west."

"Well, my sons, I can brave the elements as well as any man, and do my best. I have cared little for gales or stress of weather; but I like not such a warning as we have had to-night. My heart's as heavy as lead, and that's the truth—Philip, send down for the bottle of schnapps, if it is only to clear my brain a little."

Philip was glad of an opportunity to quit the poop; he wished to have a few minutes to recover himself and collect his own thoughts. The appearance of the Phantom Ship was, to him, a dreadful shock—not that he did not fully believe in its existence, but still, to behold the vessel, and to be so near to him—that vessel in which his father was fulfilling his awful doom—that vessel on board of which he felt sure that his own destiny was to be worked out, had given a whirl to his brain. When he heard the sound of the boatswain's whistle on board of her, eagerly did he stretch his hearing to catch the order given, which would have been, he was convinced, in his father's voice. Nor were his eyes less called to his aid in his attempt to discover the features and dress of those moving on her decks. As soon as he had sent the boy up to Mynheer Kloots, Philip hastened to his cabin and buried his face in the coverlid of his bed, and then he prayed—prayed until he had recovered his usual energy and courage, and had brought his mind to that state of composure which could enable him to look forward calmly to danger and difficulty, and feel prepared to meet it with the heroism of a martyr.

It was not more than half an hour that Philip remained below. When he returned to the deck, what a change had taken place. When he left, the vessel was floating motionless on the still waters, and her lofty sails hung down listlessly from the yards. The moon soared aloft in her beauty, reflecting the masts and sails of the ship in extended lines upon the smooth sea. Now all was dark; the water rippled short and broke in foam—the smaller and lofty sails had been taken in, and the vessel was cleaving through the water before the wind, which, in its fitful gusts and angry moanings, proclaimed too surely that it had been awakened up to wrath and was gathering its strength for destruction. The men were still busy reducing the sails; but they worked gloomily and discontented. What Schrifton, the pilot, had said to them, Philip knew not; but that they appeared to avoid and look upon him with feelings of ill-will was evident. And each minute the gale increased.

"The wind is not steady," observed Hillebrant; "there is no saying from which quarter the storm may blow. It has already veered round five points, Philip; I don't much like the appearance of things, and I may say with the captain that my heart is heavy."

"And, indeed, so is mine," replied Philip; "but we are in the hands of a merciful Providence."

"Hard a-port! flatten in forward! brail up the trysail, my men! Be smart!" cried Kloots, as the ship was taken aback from the wind chopping round to the northward and westward, and careened low to its force. The rain now came down in torrents, and it was so dark that, with difficulty, they could perceive each other on the deck.

"We must clew up the topsails while the men can get upon the yards. See to it forward, Mr. Hillebrant."

The lightning now darted athwart the firmament, and the thunder pealed.

"Quick! quick, my men! let's furl all!"

The sailors shook the water from their streaming clothes, some worked, others took advantage of the night to hide themselves away, and commune with their own fears.

All canvass was now taken off the ship, except the fore-staysail, and she flew to the southward with the wind on her quarter—the sea had now risen, and roared as it curled in foam—the rain fell in torrents—the night was dark as Erebus, and the wet and frightened sailors sheltered themselves under the bulwarks. Although many had deserted from their duty, there was not one that ventured below that night. They did not collect together as usual—every man preferred solitude and his own thoughts. The Phantom Ship dwelt on their imaginations and oppressed their brains.

It was an interminably long and terrible night—they thought the day would never come. At last, gradually the darkness changed to a settled, sullen, grey gloom—which was day; and they looked at each other, but found no comfort in the meeting of their eyes, for there was not one in which a beam of hope could be found lurking—they all considered that they were doomed—they remained crouched where they had sheltered themselves during the night, and said nothing.

The sea had now risen mountains high, and more than once had struck the ship abast. Kloots was at the binnacle, Hillebrant and Philip at the helm, when a wave curled high over the quarter, and poured itself in resistless force upon the deck. The Captain and his two mates were swept away, and dashed almost senseless against the bulwarks—the binnacle and compass broke into fragments—no one ran to the helm—the vessel broached to—the seas broke clear over her, and the main-mast went by the board.

All was confusion. Captain Kloots was stunned, and it was with difficulty that Philip could persuade two of the men to assist him down below. Hillebrant had been more unfortunate—his right arm was broken, and he was otherwise severely contused; Philip assisted him to his berth, and then went on deck again to try and restore order.

If Philip Vanderdecken was not yet much of a seaman, at all events, he had that moral influence over the men which will ever be commanded by resolution and courage. Obey willingly they did not, but they did obey, and in half an hour the vessel was clear of the wreck. Eased by the loss of her heavy mast, and steered by two of the best men of the ship, she again flew before the gale.

Where was Mynheer Von Stroom during all this work of destruction? In his bed-place, covered up with the clothes, trembling in every limb, and vowing that if ever he once more put his foot on shore, not all the companies in the world should induce him to trust to salt-water again. It certainly was the best plan for the poor man.

But, although for a time, the men obeyed the orders of Philip, they were soon seen talking earnestly with the one-eyed pilot, and after a consultation of a quarter of an hour, they all left the deck with the exception of the two at the helm. The reasons for so doing were soon apparent—several

returned with cans full of liquor, which they had obtained by forcing the hatches of the spirit-room. For about an hour Philip remained on deck persuading the men not to intoxicate themselves, but in vain, and the cans of grog offered to the men at the wheel were not refused, and, in a short time, the yawing of the vessel proved that the liquor had taken its effect. Philip then hastened down below to ascertain if Mynheer Kloots was sufficiently recovered to come on deck. He found that he had sunk into a deep sleep, and with difficulty it was that he roused him and made him acquainted with the distressing intelligence. Mynheer Kloots followed Philip on deck, but he still suffered from his fall—his head was confused, and he reeled as he walked, as if he also had been making free with the liquor. When he had been on deck a few minutes, he sank down on one of the guns in a state of perfect helplessness; he had, in fact, received a concussion of the brain. Hillebrant was too severely injured to be able to move from his bed, and Philip was now aware of the hopelessness of their situation. Daylight gradually disappeared, and, as darkness came upon them, so did the scene become more appalling. The vessel still ran before the gale, but the men at the helm had evidently changed the course, as the wind that was on the starboard was now on the larboard quarter; but compass there was none on deck, and, even if there had been, the men in their drunken state refused to listen to Philip's orders or expostulations. "He," they said, "was no sailor, and was not to teach them how to steer the ship." The gale was now in its utmost force—the rain had ceased, but the wind had increased and roared as it urged on the vessel; which, steered so wide by the drunken sailors, shipped seas over each gunnel, but the men laughed and joined the chorus of their songs to the howling of the gale.

Schripton, the pilot, appeared to be the leader of the ship's company. With the can of liquor in his hand, he danced and sang, snapped his fingers and peered with his one eye, like a demon, upon Philip; and then would fall and roll with screams of laughter in the scuppers. More liquor was handed up as fast as it was called for. Oaths, shrieks, laughter, were mingled together; the men at the helm lashed it amidships, and hastened to join their companions, and the *Ter Schilling* flew before the gale; the fore-staysail being the only sail set, checking her, as she yawed to starboard or to port. Philip remained on deck by the poop-ladder. Strange, thought he, that I should stand here the only one left now capable of acting,—that I should be fated to look upon this scene of horror and disgust by myself,—should here wait the severing of this vessel's timbers,—the loss of life which must accompany it,—the only one calm and collected, or aware of what must soon take place. God forgive me, but I appear, useless and impotent as I am, to stand here like the master of the storm,—separated as it were by fate from my brother mortals for my own peculiar destiny. It must be so. This wreck then must not be for me,—I feel that it is not,—that I have a charmed life, or rather a protracted one to fulfil the oath I registered in heaven. But the wind is not so loud, surely the water is not so rough,—my forebodings may be wrong, and all may yet be saved. Heaven grant it. For how melancholy, how lamentable is it, to behold men created in God's own image, leaving the world, disgraced below the brute creation!

Philip was right in supposing that the wind was not so strong, nor the

sea so high. The vessel, after running to the southward till past Table Bay, had, by the alteration made in her course, entered into False Bay, where, to a certain degree, she was sheltered from the violence of the winds and waves. But, although the water was smother, the waves were still more than sufficient to beat to pieces any vessel which might run on shore at the bottom of the bay, to which point the *Ter Schilling* was now running: so far it offered a better chance of escape, as—instead of the rocky coast outside, against which, had the vessel run, a few seconds would have insured their destruction—there was a shelving beach of loose sand. But of this Philip could, of course, have no knowledge: the land at the entrance of the Bay had been run by, unperceived in the darkness of the night. About twenty minutes more had passed away, when Philip observed that the whole sea around them was one continued foam. He had hardly time for conjecture before the ship struck heavily on the sands, and the remaining masts fell by the board.

The crash of the falling masts, the heavy beating of the ship on the sands, which caused many of her timbers to part, with a whole sea which swept clean over the fated vessel, checked the songs and drunken revelry of the crew. Another minute, and the vessel was swung round on her broadside to the sea and lay on her beam-ends. Philip, who was to windward, clung to the bulwark, while the intoxicated seamen floundered in the water to leeward, and attempted to gain the other side of the vessel. Much to Philip's horror, he perceived the body of Mynheer Kloots sink down in the water, which now was several feet deep on the lee side of the deck, without any apparent effort on the part of the captain to save himself. He was then gone, and there were no hopes for him. Philip thought of Hillebrant, and hastened down below; he found him still in his bed-place lying against the side. He lifted him out, and with difficulty climbed with him on deck, and laid him in the long-boat on the booms as the best chance of saving his life. To this boat, the only one which could be made available, the crew had also repaired; but they repulsed Philip, who would also have got into her; and, as the sea made clean breakers over them, they cast loose the lashings which confined her. With the assistance of another heavy sea which lifted her from the chocks, she was borne clear of the booms and dashed over the gunnel into the water, to leeward, which was comparatively smooth, not, however, without being filled nearly up to the thwarts. This, however, was little cared for by the intoxicated seamen, who, as soon as they were afloat, again raised their shouts and songs of revelry as they were borne away by the wind and sea towards the beach. Philip, who held on by the stump of the mainmast, watched them with an anxious eye, now perceiving them borne aloft on the foaming surf, now disappearing in the trough. More and more distant were the sounds of their mad voices, till, at last, he could hear them no more,—he beheld the boat balanced on an enormous rolling sea, and now he saw it not again.

Philip knew that his only chance now was to remain with the vessel, and attempt to save himself upon some fragment of the wreck. That the ship would long hold together he felt was impossible; already she had parted her upper decks, and each shock of the waves divided her more and more. At last, as he clung to the mast, he heard a noise

abaft, and he then recollected that Mynheer Von Stroom was still in his cabin. Philip crawled aft, and found that the poop-ladder had been thrown against the cabin door so as to prevent its being opened. He removed it and entered the cabin, where he found Mynheer Von Stroom clinging to windward with the grasp of death,—but it was not death, but the paralysis of fear. He spoke to him, but could obtain no reply ; —he attempted to move him, but it was impossible to make him let go the part of the bulk-head that he grasped. A loud noise and the rush of a mass of water told Philip that the ship had parted amidships, and he unwillingly abandoned the poor supercargo to his fate, and went out of the cabin door. At the after-hatchway he observed something struggling,—it was Johannes the bear, who was swimming, but still fastened by a cord which prevented his escape. Philip took out his knife and released the poor animal, and hardly had he done this act of kindness when a heavy sea turned over the after part of the vessel, which separated in many pieces, and Philip found himself struggling in the waves. He seized upon a part of the deck which supported him, and was borne away by the surf towards the beach. In a few minutes he was near to the land, and shortly afterwards the piece of planking to which he was clinging, struck on the sand, and then, being turned over by the force of the running wave, Philip lost his hold, and was left to his own exertions. He struggled long, but, although so near to the shore, could not gain a footing ; the returning wave dragged him back, and thus was he hurled to and fro until his strength was gone. He was sinking under the wave to rise no more, when he felt something touch his hand. He seized it with the grasp of death. It was the shaggy hide of the bear Johannes, who was making for the shore, and who soon dragged him clear of the surf so that he could gain a footing. Philip crawled up the beach above the reach of the waves, and, exhausted with fatigue, sank down in a swoon.

When Philip was recalled from his state of lethargy, his first feeling was intense pain in his still closed eyes, arising from having been many hours exposed to the rays of an ardent sun. He opened them, but was obliged to close them immediately, for the light entered into them like the point of a knife. He turned over on his side, and covering them up with his hand, remained some time in that position, until, by degrees, he found that his eyesight was restored. He then rose, and, after a few seconds, could distinguish the scene around him. The sea was still rough, and tossed about in the surf fragments of the vessel ; the whole sand was strewn with the cargo and contents. Near to where he had lain down was the body of Hillebrant, and the other bodies who were scattered on the beach told him that those who had taken the boat had all perished.

It was, by the height of the sun, about three o'clock in the afternoon, as near as he could estimate, but Philip had such an oppression of mind, he felt so wearied, and in such pain, that he took but a slight survey. His brain was whirling, and all he demanded was repose. He walked away from the scene of destruction, and having found a sand-hill, behind which he was defended from the burning rays of the sun, he again lay down and sank into a deep sleep, from which he did not wake until the ensuing morning.

Philip was roused a second time by the sensation of something prick-

ing him on the chest. He started up, and beheld a figure standing over him. His eyes were still feeble, and his vision indistinct; he rubbed them for a time, for he first thought it was the bear Johannes, and again that it was the Supercargo Von Stroom who had appeared before him; he looked again and found that he was mistaken, although he had warrant for supposing it to be either or both. A tall Hottentot, with an assaigay in his hand, stood by his side; over his shoulder he had thrown the fresh-severed skin of the poor bear, and on his head, with the curls descending upon his waist, was one of the wigs of the Supercargo Von Stroom. Such was the gravity of the black under this strange costume, for, in every other respect, he was naked, that, at any other time, Philip would have been induced to laugh heartily, but his feelings were now too acute. He rose upon his feet and stood by the side of the Hottentot, who still continued immovable, and certainly without the slightest appearance of hostile intentions.

A sensation of overpowering thirst now seized upon Philip, and he made signs that he wished to drink. The Hottentot motioned to him to follow, and led over the sand-hills to the beach, when Philip discovered upwards of fifty men, who were busy selecting various articles from the scattered stores of the vessel. It was evident by the respect paid to Philip's conductor, that he was the chief of the kraal. A few words, uttered with the greatest solemnity, were sufficient to produce what Philip required, a small quantity of dirty water from a calabash, which was, to him, delicious. His conductor then waved to him to take a seat on the sand.

It was a novel and appalling, yet still a ludicrous scene; the white sand, with the strong glare of the sun, strewed with the fragments of the vessel, with casks and bales of merchandise,—the running surge with its white foam extending far into the offing, throwing about here and there some particles of the wreck,—the bones of whales which had been driven on shore in some former gale, and which now, half buried in the sand, showed portions of the huge skeletons,—the mangled bodies of his late companions, whose clothes it appeared had been untouched by the savages, with the exception of the buttons, which were eagerly sought after. The naked Hottentots (for it was summer time, and they wore not the sheepskin krosses) gravely stepping up and down the sand, picking up everything that was of no value, and leaving all that civilized people would have coveted; and, to crown the whole, the chief, who sat in the still bloody skin of Johannes and the broad-bottomed wig of Mynheer Stroom, with all the gravity of a lord-chancellor in his countenance, and without the slightest idea that he was in any way ridiculous, produced perhaps one of the strangest and chaotic tableaux that ever was witnessed.

Although, at that time, the Dutch had not very long formed their settlement at the Cape, a considerable traffic had been, for many years, carried on with the natives for skins and other African productions. The Hottentots were therefore no strangers to vessels, and, as hitherto they had been treated with kindness, were well disposed towards Europeans. After a time, the Hottentots began to collect all the wood which appeared to have iron in it, made it up in several piles, and set them on fire. The chief then made a sign to Philip, to ask him if he was hungry; Philip replied in the affirmative, when his new acquaintance put

his hand into a bag, made of goatskin, and pulled out a handful of very large beetles, and presented them to him. Philip refused them with marks of disgust, upon which the chief very sedately cracked and ate them ; and having finished the whole handful, rose, and made a sign to Philip to follow him. As Philip rose, he perceived floating on the surf his own chest ; he hastened to it, and made signs that it was his, took the key out of his pocket, and opened it, and then made up a bundle of articles most useful, not forgetting a bag of guilders. His conductor made no objection, but calling to one of the men near, pointed out the lock and hinges to him, and then set off, followed by Philip, across the sand-hills. In about an hour, they arrived at the kraal, consisting of low huts covered with skins, and were met by the women and children, who appeared to be in high admiration of their chief's new attire, and showed every kindness to Philip, bringing him milk, which he drank eagerly. Philip surveyed these daughters of Eve, and, as he turned from their offensive greasy attire, their strange forms, and hideous features, sighed, and thought of his charming Amine.

The sun was now setting, and Philip still felt fatigued. He made signs that he wished to repose. They led him into a hut, and, surrounded as he was with filth, his nose assailed with every variety of bad smell, and attacked by insects, he laid his head on his bundle, and uttering a short prayer of thanksgiving, was soon in a sound sleep.

The next morning, he was awakened by the chief of the kraal, accompanied by another man who spoke a little Dutch. He stated his wish to be taken to the settlement where the ships came and anchored, and was fully understood ; but the man said that there were no vessels in the bay at that time. Philip nevertheless requested he might be taken there. As he felt that his best chance of getting on board of one, would be by remaining on the spot, and, at all events, he would be in the company of Europeans until one arrived. The distance he discovered was but one day's march, or less. After some little conversation with the chief, the man who spoke Dutch desired him to follow him, and that he would take him there. Philip drank plentifully from a bowl of milk, brought him by one of the women, and again refusing a handful of beetles offered by the chief, he took up his bundle, and followed his new acquaintance.

Towards the evening they arrived at the hills, from which Philip had a view of the Table Bay, and the few houses erected by the Dutch. To his delight, he perceived that there was a vessel under sail in the offing. On his arrival at the beach, to which he hastened, he found that she had sent a boat on shore for fresh provisions. He accosted the people, told them who he was, the fatal wreck of the *Ter Schilling*, and his wish to embark.

The officer in charge of the boat willingly consented to take him on board, and informed Philip that they were homeward bound. Philip's heart leapt at the intelligence. Had she been outward bound, he would have joined her ; but now he had a prospect of again seeing his dear Amine before he re-embarked to follow up his peculiar destiny. He felt that there was still some happiness in store for him, that his life was to be chequered with alternate privation and repose, and that the prospect of futurity was not to be one continued chain of suffering until death.

He was kindly received by the captain of the vessel, who freely gave

him a passage home ; and, in three months, without any events worth narrating, Philip Vanderdecken found himself once more at anchor before the town of Amsterdam.

CHAP. XI.

It need hardly be observed, that Philip made all possible haste to his own little cottage, which contained all that he valued in this world. He promised to himself some months of happiness, for he had done his duty ; and there was no infringement of his vow in waiting at home until the next fleet should sail in the autumn of the year, and it was now but the commencement of the month of April. Much as he regretted the loss of Mynheer Kloots and Hillebrant, as well as the deaths of the unfortunate crew, still there was much solace in the remembrance that he was for ever rid of the wretch Schrifton, who had shared their fate ; and he almost blessed the wreck, so fatal to others, which enabled him so soon to return to the arms of his Amine.

It was late in the evening when Philip took a boat from Flushing, and went over to his cottage at Terneuse. It was a rough evening for the season of the year. The wind blew fresh, and the sky was covered with flaky clouds fringed here and there with broad white edges, for the light of the moon was high in the heavens, and she was at her full. At times, the light would be almost obscured by a dark cloud passing over her disc, at others, she would burst out in all her brightness. Philip landed, and wrapping his cloak round him, hastened up to his cottage. As he approached, with a beating heart, he perceived that the window of the parlour was open, and that there was a female figure leaning out. He knew that it could be no other but his Amine, and, after he crossed the little bridge, he proceeded to the window, instead of going to the door. Amine (for it was she who stood at the window) was so absorbed in contemplation of the heavens above her, and so deep in communion with her own thoughts, that she neither saw nor heard the approach of her husband. Philip perceived it, and paused when within four or five yards of her. He wished to obtain the door without being observed, as he was afraid of alarming her too much by his sudden appearance, for he remembered his promise, "that if dead he would, if permitted, visit her as his father had visited her mother." But, while in suspense, Amine's eyes were turned upon him, and she beheld his form half distinct, for the light of the moon had just been obscured by a dark cloud. Her immediate impression was, that it was a visitation from the other world, for the return of her husband was not to be expected for perhaps a year. She started, parted the hair away from her forehead with both hands, and looked again earnestly.

"It is I, Amine, don't be afraid," cried Philip hastily.

"I am not afraid," replied Amine, pressing her hand to her heart ; "it is over now,—spirit of my dear husband, for such I think thou art, I thank thee. Welcome, even in death, Philip, welcome," and Amine waved her hand mournfully, inviting Philip to enter, as she retired from the window.

"My God ! she thinks me dead," thought Philip, and hardly knowing how to act, he followed her through the window, and found her sitting on the sofa. Philip would have spoke, but Amine, whose eyes

were fixed upon him as he entered, and who was fully convinced of his supernatural appearance, exclaimed,

"So soon—so soon. Oh, God! thy will be done; but it is hard to bear. Philip, beloved Philip, I feel that I soon shall follow you."

Philip was now more alarmed; he was fearful of the sudden reaction when Amine discovered that he was still alive.

"Amine, dear, hear me. I have appeared unexpectedly, and at an unusual hour; but throw yourself into my arms, and you will find that your Philip is not dead."

"Not dead!" cried Amine, starting up.

"No, no, still warm in flesh and blood, Amine, still your fond and doating husband," replied Philip, catching her in his arms, and pressing her to his heart.

Amine sank down from his embrace upon the sofa, and fortunately was relieved by a burst of tears, while Philip, kneeling by her, supported her.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! I thank thee," replied Amine, at last; "I thought it was your spirit, Philip. Oh, I was glad to see even that," continued she, weeping on his shoulder.

"Can you listen to me, dearest?" said Philip, after a silence of a few moments.

"Oh, speak, speak, love; I can listen for ever."

In a few words, Philip then recounted what had taken place, and the occasion of his unexpected return, and felt himself more than indemnified for all that he had suffered by the fond endearments of his still agitated Amine.

"And your futher, Amine?"

"He is well—we will talk of him to-morrow."

"Yes," thought Philip, as he woke next morning, and dwelt upon the lovely features of the still slumbering wife; "yes, God is merciful. I feel that there is still happiness in store for me; nay, I feel that it also depends upon my due performance of my task, and that I should be punished if I were to forget my solemn vow. Be it so,—~~through~~ ^{through} danger and to death will I perform my duty, trusting to His ~~mercy~~ ^{mercy} for a reward both here below and in heaven above. Am I not repaid for all that I have suffered? O, yes, more than repaid," thought Philip, as, with a kiss, he disturbed the slumber of his wife, and her full dark eyes were fixed upon him, beaming with love and joy.

Before Philip went down stairs, he inquired about Mynheer Poots.

"My father has indeed troubled me much," replied Amine; "I am obliged to lock the parlour when I leave it, for more than once I have found him attempting to force the locks of the beaufets. His love of gold is insatiable; he dreams of nothing else. He has caused me much pain, insisting that I never would see you again, and that I should surrender to him all your wealth. But he fears me, and he fears your return much more."

"Is he well in health?"

"No, no, but still evidently wasting away,—like a candle burnt down to the socket,—flitting and flaring alternately, at one time almost imbecile, at others, talking and planning as if he were in the vigour of his youth. Oh, what a curse it must be—that love of money. I believe—I'm shocked to say so, Philip, but that poor old man, now on the brink

of a grave, into which he can take nothing, would sacrifice your life and mine to have possession of these guilders, the whole of which I would barter for one kiss from thee."

"Indeed, Amine, has he then attempted anything in my absence?"

"I dare not speak my thoughts, Philip, nor will I venture upon surmises, which it were difficult to prove. I watch him carefully;—but talk no more about him. You will see him soon, and do not expect a hearty welcome, or believe that, if given, it is sincere. I will not tell him of your return, as I wish to mark the effect."

Amine then descended to prepare breakfast, and Philip walked out for a few minutes. On his return, he found Mynheer Poots sitting at the table with his daughter.

"Merciful Allah! am I right?" cried the old man; "is it you, Mynheer Vanderdecken?"

"Even so," replied Philip, "I returned last night."

"And you did not tell me, Amine."

"I wished that you should be surprised," replied Amine.

"I am surprised! When do you sail again, Mynheer Philip? very soon, I suppose? perhaps to-morrow?" said Mynheer Poots.

"Not for many months, I trust," replied Philip.

"Not for many months!—that is a long while to be idle. You must make money—tell me, have you brought back plenty this time?"

"No!" replied Philip; "I have been wrecked, and very nearly lost my life."

"But you will go again?"

"Yes, in good time, I shall go again."

"Very well, we will take care of your house and your guilders."

"I shall perhaps save you the trouble of taking care of my guilders," replied Philip, to annoy the old man, "for I mean to take them with me."

"To take them with you! for what, pray?" replied Poots, in alarm.

"To purchase where I go, and make more money."

"But you may be wrecked again, and then the money will be all lost. No, no; go yourself, Mynheer Philip; but you must not take your guilders."

"Indeed I will," replied Philip; "when I leave this I shall take all my money with me."

During this conversation, it occurred to Philip that, if Mynheer Poots supposed that he had taken away his money there would have been more quiet for Amine, who, as she had informed him, was now obliged to be constantly on the watch. He therefore intended to make him believe, when he again departed, that he had taken his wealth with him.

Mynheer Poots did not renew the conversation, but sank into gloomy thought. In a few minutes, he left the parlour, and went up to his own room, when Philip stated to his wife the reasons why he had resolved to make the old man believe that he should embark his property.

"It was thoughtful of you, Philip, and I thank you for your kind feelings towards me; but I wish you had said nothing on the subject. You do not know my father; I must now watch him as an enemy."

"We have little to fear from an infirm old man," replied Philip, laughing. But Amine thought otherwise, and was ever on her guard.

The spring and summer passed rapidly away, for they were happy. Many were the conversations between Philip and Amine, relative to

what had passed—the supernatural appearance of his father's ship, and the fatal wreck.

Amine felt that more dangers and difficulty were preparing for her husband, but she never once attempted to dissuade him from renewing his attempts in fulfilment of his vow. Like him, she looked forward with hope and confidence, aware that, at some time, his fate must be accomplished, and resigning herself to the accomplishment, with the trust that the hour would be long delayed.

At the close of the summer, Philip again went to Amsterdam, to procure for himself a berth in one of the vessels, which would sail at the approach of the winter.

The wreck of the *Ter Schilling* had been well known, and the circumstances attending it, with the exception of the appearance of the *Phantom Ship*, had been drawn up by Philip on his passage home, and communicated to the Court of Directors. Not only from the very creditable manner in which the report had been drawn up, but in consideration of his peculiar sufferings and escape, he had been promised by the Company a berth, as second mate, on board of one of their vessels, should he be again inclined to sail to the East Indies.

Having called upon the Directors he received his appointment to the *Batavia*, a fine vessel of about 400 tons burthen. Having effected his purpose, Philip hastened back to *Terneuse*, and, in the presence of *Mynheer Poots*, informed Amine of what he had done.

"So you go to sea again?" observed *Mynheer Poots*.

"Yes, but not for two months, I expect," replied Philip.

"Ah!" replied *Poots*, "in two months;" and the old man muttered to himself.

How true it is that when we know the worst, we can bear up against it much better than if left in suspense. It may be supposed that Amine fretted at the idea of her approaching separation from her husband, but she did not; lament it she certainly did, but feeling the imperious duty of it, and having it ever in her mind, she bore up against her feelings, and submitted, without repining, to what could not be averted. There was, however, one circumstance, which caused her much uneasiness, which was—the temper and conduct of her father. Amine, who knew his character well, perceived that he had already imbibed hatred for Philip, and she rightly imputed it to his being an obstacle in the way of his possessing the money that was in the house; for the old man knew that, if Philip was dead, his daughter would be very indifferent to who had possession or what became of it. The idea that Philip was about to take it with him, had almost turned the brain of the avaricious old man. He had been watched by Amine, and had been seen to walk for hours muttering to himself, and not, as usual, attending to his profession.

A few evenings after his return from Amsterdam, Philip, who had taken cold, complained of his not being well.

"Not well!" cried the old man, starting up; "let me see—yes, your pulse is very quick. Amine, your poor husband is very ill. He must go to bed, and I will give him something which will do him good. I shall charge you nothing, Philip—nothing at all."

"I do not feel so very unwell, *Mynheer Poots*," replied Philip; "I have a bad headache certainly."

"Yes, and you have fever also, Philip, and prevention is better than remedy; so go to bed, and take what I send you, and you will be well to-morrow."

Philip went up stairs, accompanied by Amine; and Mynheer Poots went into his own room to prepare the medicine. So soon as Philip was in bed, Amine went down stairs, and was met by her father, who put a powder into her hands to give to her husband, and then left the parlour.

"God forgive me if I wrong my father," thought Amine; "but I have my doubts. Philip is ill, more so than he will acknowledge; and if he does not take some remedies, he may be worse—but my heart mis-give me—I have a foreboding. Yet surely he cannot be so diabolically wicked?" And Amine examined the contents of the paper; it was a very small quantity of dark-brown powder, and, by the directions of Mynheer Poots, to be given in a tumbler of warm wine. Mynheer Poots had offered to heat the wine, and was so occupied in the kitchen during Amine's meditation, which was broken by his return.

"Here is the wine, my child; now give him a whole tumbler, and the powder, and let him be covered up warm, for the perspiration will soon burst out, and it must not be checked. Watch him, Amine, and keep the clothes on, and he will be well to-morrow morning." And Mynheer Poots quitted the room, saying, "Good night, my child."

Amine poured out the powder into one of the silver mugs upon the table, and then proceeded to mix it up with the wine. Her suspicions had, for the time, been removed by the kind tone of her father's voice; who, to do him justice as a medical practitioner, appeared always to be most careful of his patients. When Amine mixed the powder, she examined and perceived that there was no sediment, and the wine was as clear as before. This was unusual, and her suspicions revived.

"I like it not," said she; "I fear my father—God help me!—I hardly know what to do—I will not give it to Philip. The warm wine may produce perspiration sufficient."

Amine paused, and again reflected. She had mixed the powder with so small a portion of wine that it did not fill a quarter of the cup; she put it on one side, filled another up to the brim with the warm wine, and then went up to the bed-room.

On the landing-place she was met by her father, whom she supposed to have retired to rest.

"Take care you do not spill it, Amine. That is right, let him have a whole cupful. Stop, give it me, I will take it to him myself."

And Mynheer Poots took the cup from Amine's hands, and went into Philip's room.

"Here, my son, drink this off, and you will be well," said Mynheer Poots, whose hand trembled so that he spilt the wine on the coverlid. Amine, who watched her father, was more than ever satisfied that she had not put the powder into the cup. Philip rose on his elbow, drank off the wine, and Mynheer Poots then wished him good night.

"Do not leave him, Amine, I will see all right," said Mynheer Poots, as he left the room. And Amine, who had intended to go down for the candle left in the parlour, remained with her husband, to whom she confided her feelings, and the circumstance that she had not given him the powder.

"I trust that you are mistaken, Amine," replied Philip; "indeed I feel sure that you must be. No man could be so bad as you suppose your father."

"You have not lived with him as I have; you have not seen what I have," replied Amine. "You know not what gold will tempt people to do in this world—but, however, I may be wrong. At all events, you must go to sleep, and I shall watch you, dearest. Pray do not speak—I feel I cannot sleep just now—I wish to read a little—I will lie down by-and-by."

Philip made no further objections, and was soon in a sound sleep, and Amine watched him in silence till midnight long had passed.

"He breathes heavily," thought Amine; "but who knows, if I had given him that powder, if he had ever waked again. My father is so deeply skilled in the eastern knowledge that I fear him. Too often has he, as I well know, prepared the sleep of death for a purse well filled with gold. Another would shudder at the bare thought, but he, who has dealt out death at the will of his employers, would scruple little to do so even to the husband of his own daughter; and I have watched him in his moods, and know his thoughts and wishes. What a feeling of some mishap has come over me this evening!—what a foreboding of evil! Philip is ill, 'tis true, but not so very ill. No! no! Besides, his time is not yet come; he has his dreadful task to finish. I would it were morning. How soundly he sleeps!—and the dew is on his brow. I must cover him up warm, and watch him that he remain so. Some one knocks at the entrance-door. Now will they wake him up. 'Tis a summons for my father."

Amine left the room, and hastened down stairs. It was, as she supposed—a summons for Mynheer Poots to a woman taken in labour.

"He shall follow you directly," said Amine; "I will now call him up." Amine went up stairs to the room where her father slept, and knocked; hearing no answer, as usual, she knocked again.

"My father is not used to sleep in this way," thought Amine, when she found no answer to her second call. She opened the door and went in; to her surprise her father was not in his bed. "Strange," thought she; "but now I recollect not having heard his footsteps coming up after he went down to take away the lights." And Amine hastened down to the parlour, where, stretched on the sofa, she discovered her father apparently fast asleep; but to her call he gave no answer. "Merciful Heaven; is he dead!" thought she, approaching the light to her father's face. Yes, it was so!—his eyes were fixed and glazed, his lower jaw had fallen.

For some minutes, Amine leant against the wall in a state of bewilderment—her brain whirled; at last she recovered herself.

"'Tis to be proved at once," thought she, as she went up to the table, and looked into the silver cup in which she had mixed the powder—it was empty! "The God of Righteousness hath punished!" exclaimed Amine; "but, oh! that this man should have been my father! Yes! it is plain. Frightened at his own wicked, damned intentions, he has poured out more wine from the flagon to blunt his feelings of remorse; and not perceiving the wine at the bottom with the powder, he has filled upon it, drank himself—the death he meant for another! Another!—and for whom? one wedded to his own

daughter! —Philip! my husband! Wert thou not my father," continued Amine, looking at the dead body, "I would spit upon thee, and curse thee!—but thou art punished, and may God forgive thee! thou poor, weak, wicked creature!"

Amine then left the room, and went up stairs, where she found Philip still fast asleep, and in a profuse perspiration.

Most women would have waked up their husbands; but Amine thought not of herself—Philip was ill, and Amine would not arouse him to agitate him. She sat down by the side of the bed, and with her hands pressed upon her forehead and her elbows resting on her knees, she remained in deep thought until the sun had risen and poured his bright beams through the casement.

She was roused from her reflections by another summons at the door of the cottage. She hastened down to the entrance, but did not open the door.

"Mynheer Poots is required immediately," said the girl, who was the messenger.

"My good Therese," replied Amine, "my father has more need of assistance than the poor woman; for his travail in this world, I fear, is well over. I found him so ill when I went to call him that he has not been able to quit his bed. I must now entreat you to do my message and desire Father Seysen to come here; for my poor father is, I fear, in extremity."

"Mercy on me!" replied Therese. "Is it so? Fear not, but I will do your bidding, Mistress Amine."

The second knocking had awakened Philip, who felt that he was much better, and his headache had left him. He perceived that Amine had not taken any rest that night, and he was about to expostulate with her, when she at once told him what had occurred.

"You must dress yourself, Philip," continued she, "and must assist me to carry up his body and place it in his bed before the arrival of the priest. God of mercy! had I given you that powder, my dearest Philip—but let us not talk about it. Be quick, for Father Seysen will be here soon."

Philip was soon dressed, and followed Amine down into the parlour; the sun shone bright, and its rays were darted upon the haggard face of the old man, whose fists were clenched and tongue fixed between the teeth on one side of his mouth.

"Alas! this room appears to be fatal. How many more scenes of horror are to pass in it?"

"None, I trust," replied Amine; "this is not, to my mind, the scene of horror. It was when that old man—now called away and a victim to his own treachery—stood by your bedside and offered you the cup with every mark of interest and kindness—that *was* a scene of horror," said Amine, shuddering, "which long will haunt me."

"God forgive him, as I do," replied Philip, lifting up the body and carrying it up the stairs to the room which had been occupied by Mynheer Poots.

"Let it at least be supposed that he died in his bed, and that his death was natural," said Amine. "My pride cannot bear that this should be known, or that I should be pointed at as the daughter of a murderer! Oh, Philip! in what light must I—I know—appear in your eyes; and

you little think how miserable the idea has made me." And Amine sat down and burst into tears.

Her husband was attempting to console her, when Father Seysen knocked at the door. Philip hastened down to open it.

"Good morning, my son. How is the sufferer?"

"He has ceased to suffer, father."

"Indeed!" replied the good priest, with sorrow in his countenance.

"Am I then too late? yet I have not tarried."

"He went off suddenly, father, in a convulsion," replied Philip, leading the way up stairs.

Father Seysen looked at the body and perceived that his offices were needless, and then turned to Amine, who had not yet checked her tears.

"Weep, my child, weep! for you have cause," said the priest. "The loss of a father's love must be a severe trial to a dutiful and affectionate child. But yield not too much to your grief, Amine; you have other duties, other ties, my child—you have your husband."

"I know it, father," replied Amine; "still must I weep, because I was his daughter."

"Did he not go to bed last night then that his clothes are still upon him? When did he first complain?"

"The last time that I saw him, father," replied Philip, "he came into my room and gave me some medicine, and then wished me good night. Upon a summons to attend a sick bed, my wife went to call him, and found him speechless."

"It has been sudden," replied the priest; "but he was an old man, and old men sink at once. Were you with him when he died?"

"I was not, Sir," replied Philip; "before my wife had summoned me and I had dressed myself, he had left this world."

"I trust, my children, for a better." Amine shuddered. "Tell me, Amine," continued the priest, "did he show signs of grace before he died? for you know full well that he has long been looked on as doubtful in his creed and little attentive to the rites of our holy church."

"There are times, holy father," replied Amine, "when even a sincere Christian can be excused, even if they give no sign. Look at his clenched hands, witness the agony of death on his face, and could you, in that state, expect it?"

"Alas! 'tis but too true, my child; we must then hope for the best. Kneel with me, my children, and let us offer up a prayer for the soul of the departed."

Philip and Amine knelt with the priest, who prayed fervently; and, as they rose, they exchanged a glance which fully revealed what was passing in the mind of both.

"I will send the people to do their offices for the dead and prepare the body for interment," said Father Seysen; "but it were as well not to say that he was dead before I arrived, or let it be supposed that he was called away without receiving the consolations of our holy creed."

Philip motioned his head in assent as he stood at the foot of the bed, and the priest departed. There had always been a strong feeling against Mynheer Poets in the village where he resided—his neglect of all religious duties—the surmise whether he was even a member of the church—his avarice and extortion—had created him a host of enemies; but, at the same time, his great medical skill, which was fully acknowledged,

rendered him of importance. Had it been known that his creed (if he had any) was Mahometan, and that he had died in attempting to poison his son-in-law, it is certain that Christian burial would have been refused to him, and the finger of scorn would have been pointed at his daughter. But as Father Seysen, when questioned, said in a mild voice that "he had departed in peace," it was presumed that Mynheer Poets had died a good Christian, although he had acted little up to the tenets of Christianity during his life. The next day the remains of the old man were consigned to the earth with the usual rites; and Philip and Amine were not a little relieved in their minds at everything having passed off so quietly.

It was not until the funeral had taken place that Philip examined the chamber of his father-in-law, which, in company with Amine, he now proceeded to do. The key of the iron chest had been found in his pocket; but Philip had not yet looked into this darling repository of the old man. The room was full of bottles and various boxes of drugs—all of which were first thrown away, or if the utility of them were known to Amine, removed to a spare room. His table contained many drawers, which were now examined, and among the heterogeneous contents were many writings in Arabic—probably prescriptions. Boxes and papers also, with Arabic characters written upon the outside; and in one, which they first took up, was a similar powder to that which Mynheer Poets had given to Amine. There were many articles and writings, which made it appear that the old man had dabbled in the occult sciences, as they were practised at that period, and which they hastened to commit to the flames.

"Had all those been seen by Father Seysen,"—observed Amine, mournfully, "but here are some printed papers, Philip!"

Philip examined them, and found that they were acknowledgments of shares in the Dutch East India Company.

"No, Amine, these are money, or what is as good—these are eight shares in the Company's capital, which give a handsome interest every year. I had no idea that the old man made such use of his money. I had some idea of doing the same with a part of mine before I went away, instead of allowing it to remain idle."

The iron chest was now to be examined. When Philip first opened it, he imagined that it contained but little; for it was large and deep, and appeared to be almost empty; but when he put his hands down to the bottom, he pulled out thirty or forty small bags, the contents of which, instead of being silver guilders, were all of gold: there was only one large bag of silver money. But this was not all; several small boxes and packets were also found, which, when opened, were found to contain diamonds and other precious stones. When all were collected, the treasure appeared to be of great value.

"Amine, my love, you have indeed brought me an unexpected dower," said Philip.

"You may well say *unexpected*," replied Amine. "These diamonds and jewels my father must have brought with him from Egypt. And yet how penuriously have we been living until we came to this cottage. And with all this treasure he would have poisoned my Philip for more—God forgive him!"

Having counted the gold, which amounted to nearly fifty thousand guilders, the whole was replaced and they left the room.

"I am a rich man," thought Philip, after Amine had left him; "but of what use are riches to me? I might purchase a ship and be my own captain, but would not the ship be lost? That does not follow for a certainty; but the chances are against the vessel; therefore will I have no ship. And is it right to sail in the vessels of others with the same feeling?—I know not; but this I know, that I have a duty to perform, and that all our lives are in the hands of a kind Providence, who calls us away when it thinks fit. I will place most of my money in the shares of the Company, and if I sail in their vessels and they come to misfortune by meeting with my poor father, at least I shall be a common sufferer with the rest. And now to make my Amine more comfortable."

Philip immediately made a great alteration in their style of living. Two female servants were hired; the rooms were more comfortably furnished; and in everything in which his wife's comfort and convenience were concerned, he spared no expense. He wrote to Amsterdam and purchased several shares in the Company's stock. The diamonds and his own money he still left in the hands of Amine. The two months passed rapidly away during these arrangements, and everything was complete when Philip again received his summons by letter, to desire that he would join his vessel. Amine would have wished Philip to go out as a passenger instead of doing duty, but Philip preferred the latter, as otherwise he could give no reason for his going out to India.

"I know not why," observed Philip, the evening before his departure, "but I do not feel as I did when I last went away—I have no foreboding of evil this time."

"Nor have I," replied Amine; "but I feel as if you would be long away from me, Philip; and is not that an evil to a fond and anxious wife?"

"Yes, love, it is; but——"

"Oh, yes, I know it is your duty, and you must go," replied Amine, burying her face in his bosom.

The next day Philip parted from his wife, who behaved with more fortitude than on their first separation. "All were lost, but *he* was saved," thought Amine. "I feel that he will return to me—God of Heaven, thy will be done!"

Philip soon arrived at Amsterdam, and having purchased many things which he thought might be advantageous to him in case of accident, to which he now looked forward as almost certain, he embarked on board the *Batavia*, which was lying at single anchor, and ready for sea.

(To be continued.)

A RIDE IN THE GREAT WESTERN JUNGLE.

BY AN OLD FOREST RANGER.

"Oh, man, but yon was a narrow escape ye had frae the tiger," remarked the Doctor, as our three sporting friends cantered slowly down the romantic pass which leads from the Neilgherry Hills to the Great Western Jungle. "I canna' think hoo he gae'd o'er you without gie'n you a skilp wi' ane o' thae muckle paws o' his; od, they'r gae an' ready wi' them by ordinar!"

"Faith, Doctor, that's more than I can tell you myself," replied Mansfield; "all I recollect is hearing a roar, seeing some large object fly over my head, and finding myself sprawling at the bottom of the ravine with one barrel of my rifle discharged. I must confess it was a fool-hardy attempt on my part, and I have got out of the scrape much better than I deserved. I received a lesson in my early days, which ought to have taught me better, and made me cautious of attacking anything in the shape of a tiger for the rest of my life."

"May I ask what that was?" inquired Charles, who now began to take a deep interest in Mansfield's anecdotes of jungle warfare.

"It is a melancholy story, and one which, even now, I cannot think of without a feeling of remorse for my folly. But I shall tell it you, as it may prove a good lesson, and prevent your being guilty of any such rash act, in the commencement of your jungle campaign. It happened soon after my arrival in this country, when I was yet a boy, and, like all *Griffins*, addicted to the vice of hat-hunting, or, as your worthy uncle emphatically terms it, thistle-whipping—one fine morning I was following my usual avocation, attended only by a Moorish boy, who had charge of my dogs, a fine game little fellow, about twelve years of age, and a few cockers. The boy and his dogs beat the bushes vigorously; quail and partridge were plentiful; and in spite of my missing every second shot, my bag was beginning to fill rapidly. I fancied myself a very Nimrod, and continued to load and fire with unwearied industry and great delectation. In the midst of our sport, a large panther sprang from the bushes; and, strange to say, took to flight, followed by my pack of yelping curs, till they drove him into a cave, on the side of a rocky hill, at no great distance. I had never before seen anything in the shape of a tiger, and was struck dumb with astonishment. Not so my little Moor boy. He was the son of a famous *Shikaree*, and although I believe he had never seen a tiger any more than myself, he had often heard his father talk of his exploits amongst the wild beasts of the forest, he knew me to be a *griffin*, and his little heart swelled with the proud consciousness of superior knowledge in woodcraft. 'Suppose master please,' said he, drawing himself up, and assuming an air of immense importance, 'I show *Sahib* how to kill that tiger. I know very well *burrah shikar** business.' In my simplicity I looked upon the daring little imp, who talked thus confidently of killing a panther with a degree of respect almost amounting to awe; and, without hesitation, put myself under his guidance. According to his directions, I extracted the shot from my gun, and reloaded it with some bullets, which I happened to

* Great shikar—the hunting of large animals.

have in my pocket. 'Now then,' exclaimed my young *shikaree*, as he placed me behind the shelter of a large stone, directly in front of the cave! 'now then, I show *Sahib* how to make tiger come. *Sahib* make tiger eat plenty balls; that proper *shikar* business.' So saying, he marched directly up to the entrance of the cave, and began to pelt the tiger with stones, abusing him, at the same time, in choice Hindoostanee slang. Sure enough this did make 'tiger come' with a vengeance. The enraged brute, uttering a shrill roar, darted from the cave, seized the poor boy by the back of the neck, threw him over his shoulder, and dashed down the hill like a thunderbolt. My blood curdled at the sight; but I instinctively fired, and, I suppose, hit the beast, for he instantly dropped the boy, who rolled into a dark ravine at the foot of the hill. The panther having disappeared in the neighbouring jungle, I descended into the ravine, to look after poor little 'Kheder.' There he lay, weltering in blood, dreadfully mangled, and evidently in a dying state, but still quite sensible. The gallant little fellow never uttered a complaint, but fixing his large black eyes steadily on my countenance, as if he could there read his fate, asked in a faint tone of voice for some water. I was stooping down to collect some in my hat, when I was startled by a surly growl and the noise of some animal snuffing amongst the brushwood, which closed over my head and almost excluded the light of day. It was the panther, who had returned. My first impulse was to fly, and leave the boy to his fate. But poor 'Kheder,' seeing my intention, fixed his glassy eyes upon me with an imploring look which cut me to the heart, and made me blush for very shame. Kneeling by his side, I raised his head, wiped the bloody froth from his parched lips, and poured a few drops of water down his throat. This appeared to revive him. 'You have not killed the tiger, *Sahib*,' said he, speaking in Hindoostanee: 'I am sorry for that. I should like to have sent his skin to my father. But you will tell him, *Sahib*, that I died like a *shikaree*. I was not afraid of the tiger: I never cried out when I felt his teeth crunching through my bones. No; I stuck my knife in him twice. See! that is tiger's blood!' and his glazing eye flashed wildly for a moment, as he held up a bloody knife, which he clutched firmly in his right hand. 'My father will be proud to hear this. But my poor mother will cry much, and her heart will turn to water when she hears that I am dead.' And here, for the first time, the hot tears began to trickle down his cheeks. For a few minutes he remained motionless, with his eyes closed, and the big drops stealing, slowly and silently, through the long silken eyelashes. But, suddenly starting up, with his eyes bursting from their sockets, and gasping painfully for breath, he screamed, as if in a fit of delirium, 'The tiger has seized me again!—save me, *Sahib*, save me!' cried he, in a hoarse voice; 'I feel his teeth in my throat! my breath is stopped!—ah!—ah!' he gasped like a person drowning, his eyes turned in his head till nothing but the white was visible—his jaws became firmly locked—a cold shudder ran through his limbs—and the gallant little 'Kheder' fell back in my arms, a stiffened corpse.* I was young then, and unused to witness death; and that scene has made an impression on my mind which will never be obliterated. All

* The story of the poor dog-boy is a fact.

this time the panther continued to pace up and down the edge of the ravine, nearly on a level with my head, growling fearfully, and, ever and anon, poking his snout into the bushes, and snuffing at me, as if debating with himself whether or not he should jump down. The bushes were so thick that he could not distinguish me through them, and it is to this circumstance that I attribute my escape. For a full hour I remained in this dreadful state of suspense; and, during that fearful hour, many were the good resolves I made against tiger-hunting. But, like many other good resolves, they were only made to be broken on the first tempting opportunity. The panther, at last, as if tired of keeping watch, walked quietly off; and I escaped to tell the tale, which I trust will prove a warning to you, Master Charles, and all other *Griffins* who may chance to hear it."

"Eh! Captain Mansfield, but that's an awfu' affectin' story," exclaimed the Doctor, inhaling an enormous pinch of snuff; "the death o' that puir bit laddy gar' the tears come into my een, and amais't set me greetin'. I wonder, Sir, it hasna' had some effect in makin' you a wee thing mair quiet and wiselike. But I'm thinkin' you're waur than ever. Od, man, it's just frightsome to see the way your een glance, when onything comes across you, to set your birse up. By your leave, Sir, you're just a perfect maniac for the time being. As true as death it gar' me grue to see the wild demented look ye had, this same day, when ye gaed into the glen after the tigre. What will you do, Sir, when ye gang hame, whare ye'll hae nae tigers nor wild soos to hunt? Think o' that, Sir! Od, ye'll no be chancy! I expect to hear o' your ridin' aboot the country wi' a pot-lid on your head, like Don Quixote, spearin' the puir folks' swine, wi' the cook's spit, or maybe creepin' up ahint a dike, and takin' a shot at a brindled stirk, amang the bushes, in mistake for a tigre. And, noo that I think o't, I'm no just sure that you'll be able to remain in the army. Na, Sir, you canna do't. You'll need to sell oot—and you'd better do't afore ye get amang your freens and expose yourself. Ye ken, Sir, when ye gang hame, the grenadiers 'll get back the bearskin caps; and the smell o' the bear's fur, on a hot day, 'll raise your corruption, and set you demented. Ye'll begin first to snuff and snort, the way you did the day, when the tigre wadna come out. And then you'll cry out to the commandin' offisher, 'Look out, Sir! look out!—the bear's afoot—I smell him!' And then—and then—hoot, fie, Sir, it'll never do; you maunna gang hame, on nae account; you maun get an exchange, without loss of time. If nae ye gang to England, they'll hae you in a straight jacket, wi' your head shaved and spinnin' aboot in a big creel, hung frae the tap o' the room, for a' the world like a rattan in a wire cage, afore you're twenty-four hours on shore."

"You be hanged!" cried Mansfield, unable longer to keep his gravity, and bursting into a loud laugh.

The Doctor grinned mightily at his own conceit, exhibiting a set of yellow teeth, which, barring the colour, might have been envied by a wolf; and, following the example of Mansfield and Charles, spurred his horse into a sharp canter.

Our friends have, by this time, accomplished more than half the descent; and a remarkable change is already perceptible, not only in the temperature of the air, but in the scenery and in the natural pro-

ductions. The cloth dress, which had been found necessary in the bracing climate of the hills, now begins to feel oppressive to the wearer. The *Rhododendron* trees, wild jessamine, and high-waving fern, which have hitherto clothed the sides of the hills, now give place to stunted bamboo and dwarf *Palmyra* bushes; whilst turtle doves, tookans, paroquets, and other tropical birds, unknown on the summit of the hills, begin to make their appearance.

As they continued to descend, the heat, and the tropical character of the scenery, gradually increased, till, at the foot of the pass, the road suddenly plunged into the great forest jungle which encircles the hills; that wilderness of trees, where the stupendous elephant and the prowling tiger have, for ages, held undisputed sway.

Here, the tall feathery bamboo, the stately teak, and other large trees peculiar to an eastern climate, flourish in all their glory. The glare of an Indian sun is suddenly quenched in the deep gloom of the forest. The deathlike silence of the wilderness reigns around; and the confined air of the woods becomes close and suffocating.

Under the shade of a large banian tree, at the entrance of the forest, our party found a relay of fresh horses, which had been sent on during the night.

The saddles were quickly transferred to their backs, and, leaving their smoking steeds in charge of the horse-keepers, the three sportsmen pushed along the rugged path, which led into the forest, at a round pace.

"Come, *Æsculapius*," cried Mansfield, addressing the Doctor, who was beginning to lag behind, and exhibited strong symptoms of being somewhat saddle-sick, "that old jade of yours will fall asleep under you, unless you make better use of your heels.—Give him the spur, man."

"Oich! Hoich!" grunted the Doctor, as he drove the spurs into his long-legged, raw-boned *kutch*-horse, and came shambling up to the rest of the party, at a pace, which very much resembled the action of a dromedary, and must have been about equally pleasant to the unfortunate rider—"Od, Captain, this is a deevil o' a pace ye'r gaun at—man nor beast is no fit to stand this, at least, no' withouten leather breeks and tap-boots."

"O, ho!" cried Mansfield, laughing, "is that your complaint, Doctor?—sorry for you, my worthy Galen—very sorry, indeed—nothing so unpleasant as feeling the want of a pair of leathers in a long ride; but I much fear there is no help for it. We have still twenty long miles before us, and unless we make play now, we shall get benighted and lose our way, which in this forest would be no joke. Give him his head, man, and let him go."

"Weel, weel," sighed the Doctor; "but just bide a wee till I dight my face, and get a pinch out o' my mull." Here the Doctor pulled off his hat, and began to mop his face with a snuffy pocket-handkerchief. "By your leave, gentlemen, I'm just sweetin like a bull, and my poor beast is no muckle better."

"Hark forward!" cried Mansfield, giving the reins to his horse, after he had allowed the Doctor sufficient time to enjoy a hearty pinch of snuff. "Good night to you, Doctor; I suppose we shall hear of you in the course of to-morrow, provided the tigers or wild elephants do not make free with you during the night."

The Doctor, finding there was no help for it, took heart of grace, and by dint of plying the spurs vigorously, managed to make the old dromedary keep up wonderfully well, although not without many a grin, and many an uneasy shifting of his seat.

As they penetrated deeper into the woods, the gloom became more intense, and the deep silence of solitude more imposing. It almost inspired them with a feeling of awe. Not a bird, not even an insect, was heard. It appeared as if no living thing had ever disturbed the solitude of the primeval forest. And yet there were occasional traces of life. The tall rank grass which grew up amongst the trees, to the height of ten or twelve feet, was in many places trampled down by the wandering herds of wild elephants—several recent foot-marks of tigers might be traced along the sandy path, and once or twice a jungle-dog was seen to glide across the road, with the drooping tail and stealthy pace which indicate the prowling savage.

Here and there an occasional opening in the tree tops varied the monotony of the scene exhibiting a gorgeous view of the mountains. Their stupendous crags, hanging woods, and sparkling waterfalls, backed by a sky of deeper blue than even Italy can boast, formed a striking contrast to the sombre gloom of the forest, and made the panting travellers sigh for the fresh mountain breezes which they had so lately left.

Mansfield and Charles had just pulled up for a moment to admire one of these beautiful glimpses, and to allow the Doctor, who had again fallen behind, to come up, when the former, casting his eyes upon the ground, discovered a huge snake, a boa-constrictor about twenty feet long, basking amongst the dry leaves by the side of the path.

"Hurra, Doctor!—Hurra! Screw him along. Here's a shot for you; a piece of *shikar* quite in your line"—and Mansfield hastily unslung his rifle, which he always carried at his back ready loaded.

"What is't, man?—what is't?" cried the Doctor, coming up quite out of breath.

"See there," replied Mansfield, pointing to the snake; "what do you think of that fellow, Doctor? Would he not be a fine addition to your museum?"

"Od's my life, man, but that's a grand beast," exclaimed the Doctor, jumping from his horse. "An indubitable boa, and longer by six feet than any specimen I ever met wi'. Gi' us the rifle, Captain, gi' us the rifle, till I shoot him—I wouldn't lose that specimen for a pound-note."

"Steady now, Doctor," said Mansfield, handing him the rifle; "let's see you take him in the head."

"Na, na! we maunna injure the head on no account; it would spoil him for a specimen," replied the Doctor, firing right and left into the snake.

The balls passed through the body of the enormous reptile without apparently doing him much injury; he merely gave a convulsive start, and glided rapidly into the jungle.

"Hark to him, Doctor! Go it, my sporting Æsculapius! Never mind the thorns!" shouted Mansfield, laughing till he nearly fell from his horse, as the worthy Doctor, in the excitement of the moment, dashed through brake and brier in hot pursuit of the wounded snake.

Charles, who had never before seen a boa, was quite as anxious as the

Doctor to secure the prize. Throwing the reins of his horse to Mansfield, he sprang to the ground, and joined in the chase, shouting aloud, and brandishing a hog-spear which he happened to carry in his hand.

In this manner they followed the snake for some distance, the Doctor pounding away with the butt-end of the rifle, and Charles striving in vain to transfix him with his spear. At length the snake reached the brink of a dry watercourse filled with dense tangled brushwood, into which he glided. He was just about to disappear, when the Doctor, inspired with a desperate fit of courage, dashed forward, seized him by the tail, took a turn of it round his arm, and throwing himself on his back, with his feet firmly planted against a tree, held on like grim death.

Luckily for the Doctor, the snake was too much disgusted with the treatment he had already received, or too intent on making his escape, to think of turning on his pursuers. But his struggles were tremendous. He coiled himself round the trees, twisted himself into knots, and strained every muscle in his body till they seemed ready to burst through his skin. So great was his strength, that it appeared, once or twice, as if the tail must give way or the Doctor's arms be torn from their sockets.

Whilst this struggle was going on, Charles was busily employed in reloading the rifle.

"Haste you, man! haste you!" gasped the Doctor, nearly black in the face from over-exertion. "Ods, my life, Maister Charles, if ye dinna be quick and gie him another shot, he'll waur us a' at the hin'er end. He's amaisht pou't the airms aff me already. Deil be licket, but I'm thinkin it's the foul fiend himsell, in his auld disguise, that we hae grippet. Div ye no find nae smell o' brimstone about him?"

"Can't say I do," replied Charles, laughing, as he discharged both barrels into the snake; "but I shall make him smell it, and feel it, too."

Blood gushed copiously from the wounds, and the strength of the snake was perceptibly diminished. He suddenly uncoiled himself from the trees, and turned round, as if with the intention of making an attack. Charles, snatching up the spear, drove it through his head, and pinned him to the ground.

"Hold on now, Doctor," cried he, leaning his whole weight upon the spear to prevent its being withdrawn; "keep his tail fast, so that he may not get a purchase round a tree, and we have him."

The snake writhed about convulsively, but he was now completely paralyzed, his strength was gone. In a few minutes the victory was complete; and Charles and the Doctor returned to the road, dragging along their snake in triumph.*

"Bravo, Medico! Welcome the conquering hero! So you've managed to hustle him at last." And Mansfield laughed heartily as the Doctor emerged from the jungle in a perfect fever of heat and excitement, his face laced with streaks of blood, which flowed from innumerable scratches, and his coat literally torn to shreds. "But I see you have not obtained a bloodless victory. Hang it, Doctor, you

* This adventure with a snake was achieved by the writer and his brother in their early *griffinage*; and, in those unsophisticated days, was looked upon, by them, as an exploit no ways inferior to Sir Guy's famous victory over the dragon of Wantley.

have utterly ruined your beauty. You will not be able to show that handsome face of yours among the women for a month to come."

"Ay, I'm thinkin I've scarted mysell a wee," replied the Doctor, wiping the blood and perspiration from his face with the sleeve of his coat. "But they're honourable wounds, Captain. O! man, if ye had seen the grand tulzie we had wi' the rampawgin deevle, it wad just hae putten ye clean out o' conceit wi' tiger huntin. It was the sarest job that ever I put my hand till. But, O! Captain, it was grand sport."

"I have no doubt it was a very brilliant piece of *shikar*," replied Mansfield, smiling. "But what do you intend to do with your game, now that you have secured it?"

"Do wi' it! Od, man, I'll take him hame, surely. Na,—I canna do that either, he's o'er heavy. But I'll just skin him where he is, and take the skin wi' me."

"No, no, my friend; we can't afford time for that now, the sun is just setting. But, as we are only five miles from camp, you can easily send out to-morrow morning and have him carried home."

The Doctor was reluctantly obliged to agree to this arrangement, and the party proceeded.

Daylight had deserted them before they reached the end of their journey. But the full moon had risen, and shed a flood of silver light over the picturesque jungle encampment, which rejoiced the sight of our wearied travellers, as a sudden opening amongst the trees brought them upon a beautiful natural lawn of velvet turf imbosomed in lofty woods, and sloping gently towards the bank of a deep and broad river studded with numerous wooded islands. The snow-white tents, glittering in the moonlight,—the bullocks and baggage ponies picketed under the trees,—the numerous fires, and the groups of natives squatted around them, with their dusky features and picturesque dresses brought out in strong relief by the reflection of the flame, formed altogether a very striking picture, and lent an air of home and comfort to the uninhabited forest.

Our party were quickly seated in the principal tent, around a camp-table sparkling with wax lights and groaning under a profusion of goodly viands,—amongst which a huge venison pasty and a wild boar's head shone conspicuous. Good store of claret was there also,—ruby bright, cold as the mountain spring. And the worthy Doctor's heart leapt for joy, whilst his mouth watered at beholding the unexpected luxury and good living afforded by an Indian sportsman's camp.

Ample justice was done to the feast, and after a very moderate allowance of wine,—for Mansfield, like all good sportsmen, was temperate himself and the cause of temperance in others,—our friends retired to rest, prepared to start at daylight on the morrow, with clear heads and well-braced nerves,—two things as necessary to insure success to the forester as a quick eye and a true rifle.

KOONDAH.

THE POETRY OF EARLY RISING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT LIFE."

If there is one time more than another in which our dear mother, Nature, seems most happy in herself, and looks more proudly and admiringly on her own works and the creatures and creations of her hand, it is in the early months of summer ; and if there is one time more than another in which her beauty is more beautiful, her eternal youth more youthful-looking, her delight more infectious, stirring up our sluggish spirits from their trance, it is in her summer mornings, splendid with "excessive light," glittering with her dewy jewellery, balmy with her warm and fragrant breath, and continually new and fresh with the

"Hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers."

When the hedges which were green at your retiring to bed, look at them when you rise again, and they are white (as if covered with snow) with the fragrant thorn-blossoms—as if Nature, in the secrecy of night, had showered a rain of silver spangles among their green leaves, to surprise the waking Hours of the morning with beauty, and take the unwilling soul of Man from the sensual sty of Sloth, and lay it in the happy Elysium of her green lap, to slumber there, if it must sleep on and will not be awakened, with those innocent, sweet bedfellows of the tawny gipsy girls,

"The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose ;"

—when the breath of health may be drank like a precious elixir made for medicining the sickness of the heart, and cleansing it of

"The lees and settleings of the melancholy flood ;"

—and when the rosy Health herself, robed in green, and looking like a summer-browned companion of the buxom wood-nymphs,—

"The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,"

or like one of Diana's own chosen troop of hunters, each as beautiful as their most heavenly mistress—when the hunter's horn, and the horn of the bee, and the anthem of the lark, "singing at Heaven's gate," call us away from "the smoke and stir of this dim spot" to the dewy and shining fields of Day, in the full freshness and glory of his youth ;—when these pleasures invite us, oh who, save the sensual and the insensible, would toss upon the bed of indolence !—Surely it is healthier and wiser

"To wake and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep ?"

No doubt it is ; but the multitudinous Many are too deeply drowsed with the syren songs and cloying syrups of Luxury to hear the mother's voice of Nature, admonishing us, and the counsels of her high priests, teaching us to awake and amend our lives at their solicitation. We are deaf as the adder that hears but listens not to the "voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely :"—our cry is still, like the slug-gard's,

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber ;"

and though the earth-embracing air is flowing along like a river of life,

ready prepared, if we would but leave our beds, to receive and freshly bathe and renew our wasted bodies, unwholesome with the exhalations of sleep, and, like a bath, lave them till they revive and redly glow with health and vigour, we prefer wallowing with sloth as an easier attitude than standing erect and strong on "morn-elastic" limbs, like so many mortal Mercuries, "new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." Fashioned by the Eternal Hand to look and be but "a little lower than the angels"—taught to rise to them with our souls—we love rather to crawl upon the ground, degraded Nebuchadnezzars, kings by birth and endowments, slaves lower than the lowest in desires and in the condition to which we have debased ourselves. Heirs of heaven, we have sold our birth-right for "a mess of pottage:"—it is eaten, and now, like the prodigal, we must hereafter herd with swine, and feed on the husks of life, instead of "sorting" with immortal spirits, and eating of their manna-bread, their locusts, and wild honey.

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?"

cried the poet of the Season: none, however, heard him, or, if they did, heeded him not, and tumbled on the other side; and, seeing how disregarded was his call, he turned once more in his own bed, and took another nap. If, when some good-natured friend reminded him of his early enthusiasm for early rising, the poet brusquely asked, "What have I to do, young man?" he spoke thus in his despair: he felt that his voice had been like "one crying in the wilderness," and that he had called unto stocks, and preached unto stones. We are not wiser now, nor more inclined to hear: we still have our own way, and will have it; and instead of rising when

" — fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the heaven laugheth of the sight,"

we lie upon the ground, and cling to it, as though rooted in it; and if we stretch out our arms, it is not as the vine stretches out its tendrils, that it may secure itself still the more firmly where it stands, we stretch out ours only to grasp at sordid things—the gold and the gauds which are our bane and detriment.

"No more—no more!—angels have preach'd in vain!"

It were vain, indeed, to admonish those whom Nature cannot teach, nor Wisdom, when she crieth daily in the streets to ears too "gross and unpurged" to hear her cry, and obey her call to come up from the low cells and dungeons of Care—to walk with her on the high-places of Nature—to breathe with her "the incense-breathing Morn," and behold the Sun set forth "like a bridegroom in his strength," with

"All his travelling glories round him."

But Nature, though forsaken of her human children, still loves them, and yearns for them as a mother for her offspring; and how gladly would she take them back again unto her arms! They

"Have given their hearts away; a sordid boon."

But we have loitered so long at the door, waiting for those who will not waken, that we shall lose the beauties we would have had them to see for themselves, and not hear of, as of some old romancer's story.

It is the dawning-hour of day. The air is calm as an infant's breathing: the sky is clear, and greyly tinged with the returning light.

" The early star shoots down, and day is breaking
 Orient as eyes of roses at their waking.
 A gentle stir is heard among the bowers,
 A rustling of the waking leaves and flowers."

The animal and insect world is now astir : the creatures that delight in darkness and in night have retired, in their turn, to rest : the more cheerful creatures of the day—(for so we are taught to consider them, yet, for anything we know to the contrary, the bat may be a merrier fellow than the swallow, and the owl as lively as the lark, though he affects an imperturbable air of gravity)—those who delight in sun and shower—are already risen to enjoy their old pleasures, their new loves and bird-like friendships, and fresh haunting-places. Some of these happy creatures are already providing for the wants of the day only, thinking nothing of the morrow : others, who are not summer-livers only, but mean to winter here, are hoarding grain for their winter necessities ; and all are pursuing that work of their lives which Nature appointed them to do, and are doing it cheerfully and industriously.

" The bee has left his honied ho., and humming
 Drowsily a few short snatches of his song,
 Winds in and out—now drops the flowers among,
 Finds where his business lies—a moment sings—
 Then, nestling to his work, shuts-to his golden wings !"

Man only sleeps and is slothful, and, when he wakes, repines at the task assigned him, and murmurs much, and sings not a single note of praise or pleasure. But behold the dawning !

" As some broad river's tide (whose ebbing left,
 Where silvery waters eloquently ran,
 Banks black with ooze, and shoals of filthy slime)
 Comes gently flooding back its daily course,
 So gradually the light breaks flowing in
 From east to west, till all the sky is fill'd
 With blaze and beauty, like a theatre,
 Some vast arena of old Greece or Rome,
 Where a great, many-million'd people throng'd."

Twilight—of which the happy poet Herrick says—

" Twilight, no other thing is, poets say,
 Than the last part of night, and first of day"—

twilight, and all its shadows and solemn glooms, is gone, and now it is perfect day. But, before that cheerful advent of the light,

" What various scenes, and, oh ! what scenes of woe,
 Were witness'd by that red and struggling beam !
 The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
 Through crowded hospital beheld it stream ;
 The ruin'd maiden trembled at its gleam ;
 The debtor waked to thoughts of gyve and jail ;
 The love-lorn wretch from love's tormenting dream ;
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
 Trimm'd her sick infant's couch, and sooth'd his feeble wail."

But " the universal blessing," light, has laid, as with the rod of Moses, the serpent thoughts of darkness, fear, superstition, and despair ; and holier thoughts and aspirations, and the voices of birds, if not of men, are heard filling the aisles, and thrilling the high dome of Nature's temple with their matinal hymn of praise.

And now a sudden stop and deepened silence is heard. The voice of hymning is audible no more, as though the great gush of gratulation had exhausted the little powers of the exultant worshippers of God, and his handmaid Nature, and her works and wonders; and all is again calm, as if sleep had not quite released the feathered tribes from her sweet influence. Not only things animate, but things inanimate, seem to have fallen into this momentary repose—this hush as of deep awe, and as if all things in “expressive silence” mused His praise who moulded and fashioned, gifted and endowed all things.

But though the “full choir that waked the universal grove” has ceased, and the sudden activity of life is sunk again into repose, there is much to see and admire and wonder at, and more to imagine and behold. Let the “lyric lark” rest awhile his weary wings, “with roarie May-dews” wet, and let him fluttering dry them in his clovered couch, where the golden sunlight loves to glitter on his breast, and warm his thankful heart with the genial heat he loves. We have heard him sing

“Till all the heavens were round him ringing;”

—But the cuckoo rest till the shepherd-boy is among the hills, to start and stare at his sudden cry, which now shouts in his ear as if from the hedge he is stealing along, and in a moment seems fields away: let him “imitate his lay,” and forget his flock, to wander after “the wandering voice;” and let the early schoolboy, who loves the fields, wonder to hear his “cry,” and look for him “in bush, and tree, and sky,” and be led by the ear and misled by his wishes from hedge to hedge, from field to wood,

“A weary chace and idle hour:”

leave him to his unrest and the birds to their rest, and let us enjoy this hour of happy silence—silence which thinks—silence which speaks—speaks the quiet satisfaction of Nature as she beholds the children of her bosom growing momentarily and perceptibly to her eyes, if not to ours: let her behold, and smile as she beholds, the growing maturity which will make the hopes of her spring the certainties of her autumn. And if we cannot help her with our hands, let us bid her “God speed,” and cry

“Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Nature
Has done her part. Ye softening breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend;
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year!”

Look now around the heavens! The sun,

“Like a monarch returning, both blessing and blest,”

is now far on his glorious journey. And now turn your eyes, blind with “excess of light,” and behold again the refreshing green of the pastoral earth.

“Straight your eye hath caught new pleasures,
As the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray:

* * * * *

Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.”

The grass tapers up like myriads of spears raised in some fairy armament: here and there the daisies show their silver-crowned heads, as though they were tributary kings of the lesser heptarchies and smaller tribes of

“Elves and fays and fairies slim:”

kingcups are lifted up at every step you take, like golden bowls filled to the brim with dew: primroses, cowslips, and violets crowd about the hills and cluster under the hawthorn-sweetened hedges; and, “retired as noontide dew,” the lovely lily of the valley droops her delicate head, and looks as pale as passion in young human faces. Turn now to those “mighty senators of the wood,” those venerable oaks, overtopping all their verdant neighbours. Behold the graceful laburnum, dropping its yellow clusters about the face of morning like golden ringlets falling from the fair forehead of Beauty! The whole vernal world is now, indeed, in its youth, and pride, and glory!

“No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar: paler some,
And of a wannish grey; the willow such—
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf;
And ash, far-stretching his umbrageous arm:
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved and shining in the sun;
The maple, and the beech, of oily nuts
Prolific; and the lime, at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours drest.”

COWPER.

The gardens, too, are full of the freshness and beauty of morning. There the rose breathes her delicate fragrance, that dies not with her summer of life, but clings still to her leaves, though scattered and wafted wherever the winds list. There

“The lilac—(various in array, now white,
Now sanguine as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all,)”—

loads the air with fragrance. And there,

“Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours,”

clings like weakness to the wall. The jessamine throws “wide her elegant sweets.” Sweet peas flutter like various-winged butterflies ready for flight. Blue-bells seem to swing silently in the air—to our ears, but, perhaps, to beings better endowed, with finer perceptions, and organs more delicately tuned, are ringing an aerial peal. The foxgloves—with whom the bees love to wrestle—bloom, and invite them to the amorous war. Pinks throw far and wide their clove-scented breath; and every flower of the field and the “trim garden” has arrayed itself in all its glories, to welcome and do honour to the Morn!

And now the voice of Song is heard warbling again: the lark is antheming the sun: the thrush is

“Singing of summer in full-throated ease :”

the blackbird whistles in the copse, and pauses often to hear a brother whistler in the distance, answering him : the cuckoo blows his flute notes again, and again the schoolboy

“Starts, his curious voice to hear,
And imitates his lay :”

rooks, clamouring in their play, with their harsh discords make sweet harmony ; and all is beauty, health, and joy.

The early morning is a time for thoughts of love and hope : it comes like a return of youth to age, and of re-awakened life to all. To enjoy the first fresh hours of a spring or a summer day is like having watched the youth of some remarkable man.

To town-born men, unused to “the sweet rural life,” how delicious—almost delirious—a pleasure is early rising, and early walking abroad in the country, in the mornings of June, and its sweet sister summer months!—that is, if ever they had, or have, any love for the beauties of this beautiful world—any longing to enjoy them. How the eyes of the town-prisoned man dwell on them, and grow the more enamoured of their loveliness the more they gaze on them ! How his dulled spirits dance !—his heart, contracted with the constricting cares of life, expands, and takes in all ! How his chilled affections warm ! How youth, and its first, fresh, free feelings are remembered !—the middle years of life, and its growing wants and providences for to-morrow, contemplated with calm, contented cheerfulness !—his coming age looked forward to with hope of a green and autumn-like decline—there, where he stands admiring and wondering at the natural beauties of this earth, or in some spot as beautiful—as English—as home-loved—as patriot-thought inspiring, complacent, and serene !

Men in health, with unexhausted hopes, feel thus. But ah ! to the sick man, new risen from what he feared would be the bed of death,—or to him whose fate is sealed—whom hope will no longer flatter with fair promises of life,—how does the exceeding loveliness of early day touch him to the heart ! His eyes trickle with tears—not sorrowful, not selfish,—tears sanctified with love—love for the few most dear to him, whom he must leave, and love for all, as brethren. If there is one tear of selfish sorrow mingling in his melancholy pleasure in the vernal pleasures speaking, singing, and shining around him, it is that he has wasted the healthy years of life in idle or poor, empty entertainments, which, now that they are remembered, will not bear measuring for one moment with the pleasures which surround him—awaken him too late—speak to him when it is sorrowful to hear them—and make the few, brief, hurrying hours of his decline “full of troubles.” Oh what beauty does he behold in all things !

“Straight *his* eye has caught new pleasures
As the landscape round it measures !”

What music and what happiness does he hear in the song of the birds,

“Bidding the Morn good-morrow !”

The winds sing *Æolian* harmonies in his ear. The lowing of the distant kine touches him as if an organ breathed deep diapasons through some trembling abbey. Even the inharmonious clamouring of rooks and daws

is music unto him: their migratory flights far forward—their playful circlings round about their old home-trees, are graceful in his eyes. The mavis sings not idly—sings not to himself, for his own pleasure: his heart—that knows what joy is by its own sorrow—hears his song echoed through all its many dreary chambers, and answers to his joy with a delicious sadness, almost as sweet as joy. The bold blackbird espies him,

“Brushing with *trembling* steps the dews away,”

and ceases not to sing, he looks so gentle. The lark hovers over his head—bowed down with broken health and heavy spirits—like the dove that fluttered above the heads of those baptized ones who stood weeping in the sacred waters of Jordan—and lures his wetting eyes, and solemnized thoughts, and prayerful aspirations up to Heaven—“the world shut out,” forgotten, and forgiven.

We think nothing of a day, whether spent idly or usefully; and yet of what importance may not that day have been to the world!—little perhaps to ourselves, but great in the history of the interests of man. It may have changed the fate of nations—have broken the chains of bondage of a noble but enslaved people—and have thrown down the altars of an unknown god, and laid the foundation of temples to be built to the true God. It may have changed the dynasties of centuries, and raised the throne of a new dynasty which shall reign for as many more. It may have given to the waiting world another Shakspeare—a Homer—a Milton; or it may have snatched away from a delighted people a Scott—a Goethe—a Byron. The fame of such noble men with noble memories is the work of many single days’ making, but a few short years; and yet the labour of their brief lives will live through ages, and be, perhaps, as lasting as the world they adorned. The mighty “*Iliad*” was the labour of many single days, no doubt; but that labour has outlived many centuries, and may outlive far more—live till Time himself is dying, and Fame is silencing. We wonder at the hundred volumes forming the collected writings of a Voltaire or a Scott; but these were but the labours of men who made good use of their days. “No day without a line” was a poor wish and a lazy task for the poet who desired it: a line a day would make but a small show at the year’s end; and yet a few years so employed might give the idle dog, who wished only so much, a great name and an immortality. All the claims which Gray the poet has upon Fame are fifty pages, of twenty-eight lines each,—noble lines, it is true, but they do not seem much, nor the labour of many days: yet who would not jump to have his reputation as a poet? Goldsmith’s exquisite genius for poetry—if the mine had been more worked—lies in almost as small a compass: Collins’s in less; and who would not wish to be either Collins or Goldsmith, and take the melancholy insanity of the one, or the “in wit a man—simplicity a child” of the other, into the bargain? When, even by a line a day, such reputations as these may possibly be made in so short a time as three or four years, days are evidently valuable, and should not be idly wasted.

There was a day when not a brick or stone of this gigantic city of ours was seen standing in what must then have been a solitary wilderness: ere the following day had been scored down in the long account of Time, a little hut, huddled together with mud, and reeds, and piled-up stones—the foundation-house, the nut and nucleus of this greatest city

of the world—stood on the northern shore of the unfrequented Thames, upon whose waters then, perhaps, no other voyagers were seen floating but the beautiful wild swan and her dusky cygnets : these having passed along, the silence and solitude of the green shores and the wild waters were unbroken for many, many days. The sun—"the beneficial sun"—passed over the dreary scene; and not an eye turned to look upon him, and hail and bless him, and smile because he smiled. The storm swept over the waves and rushed into the forest lining its shores, and not a creature breathing human breath shrunk from its severities. The wild gull laughed and leaped to meet the storm, and soared and sank, and circled around the melancholy scene; and not even an echo answered to its scream. The wolf visited its waters, and having drank his fill, retreated back into the sombre depths of the wilderness, and once more hunted for his prey. Night came, and no reverential eye was lifted up to heaven from that silent shore, unknown to man, or, if known, untrodden by his foot. No voice of prayer or praise went up to the Eternal Throne, at the solemn coming on of the darkness of night, or at the glorious diffusion of the golden splendours of returning day. The silence there—the human silence—had never spoken or sung a syllable to God. The wild boar, and the bear, and the wolf cried to each other in savage communion, answering threat with threat. The human hum had not been heard there—the human joy—the human sigh—the human groan. The human tear had never fallen there—the human heart had not shuddered and shrunk away from the hard, unfeeling touch of human hands : it had not sunk slowly under a sorrow without tears ; it had not shut up its griefs, or shed them inwardly in the inconsolable breast where they were born. Oppressed and overladen, it had not broken in sullen silence, and "died and made no sign." The only hum heard there was that of the wild bee : the only tear that of the Summer rain ; the only moan that of the melancholy wind, wailing through the woods in Autumn ; the only sullenness that of surly Winter. Hard-hearted Wealth and harder-hearted Poverty had not feared and hated each other. Insolent Pride had not trodden Humility down. Human love, pity, hope, fear, despair, famine, sickness, sorrow, and pain had never visited that sylvan shore, and knew it not. It was a savage, solitary corner of this wide Eden the earth, with no weak Adam and frail Eve dwelling therein, to make its once-loved garden unlovely in the eyes of Heaven. Sin and the serpent guile had not defiled, deflowered, and deformed it. Death had not dug a grave in its undisturbed dust to cover and conceal the murdered victims of his destructive hand. The beautiful land was innocent—unstained—unblemished—and unashamed. Angels—if ever they visited this earth—alighted there, and found their heavenly natures unaffronted by any signs of sin. The Seasons paused in their fast flight about the world, and warmed the sterile, Sarah-womb of the uncultivated ground, and it was fruitful. The wild birds warbled there, and met not man, their deadliest enemy. The broadly-branching oak knew no leveller but the storm. The forest and grass flowers increased and multiplied, unforbidden and untrodden by the hand and foot of man. The wild bees harvested their honey, and lived unrobbed of the reward of their hard toils. The fishes bred in the unvisited waters, and knew no death but Nature's. Nature—the tender mother of all—fish, wild beast, insect, reptile, tree, and

flower—looked lovingly on the lonely spot, and kept and guarded it awhile from desecrating Man. He discovered it, and all its virgin charms were violated.

But if human errors and passions, and the sorrows their consequences, had not stained and desecrated a spot of earth still sacred to unashamed Nature—still unviolated and unpolluted by man, her only unfilial offspring—neither had human virtues made it acceptable to Heaven; (for notwithstanding all that there is of bad, and the great amount of it, there is still a greater amount of good among mankind.) The dear domestic virtues and “the mild charities of life” had not inhabited there, and drawn the angels down to watch over and mingle unawares among men; to “bless their doors from nightly harm;” to walk with them unseen, but not unfelt; to talk with them in whispers, and whispers not unheard. Abundant-bosomed Charity, with her ever-giving heart and hand, had not repaired there. Love—sexual, paternal, and maternal, filial, sisterly, and brotherly love—all springing from one sacred affection—had not harboured there. Friendship, truth, honour, philanthropy, patriotism, justice, religion, and piety had not made it holy and dear to the hearts of men. The mighty Heart of a mighty Nation did not then beat there as the great centre of life of all its gigantic limbs. The Holy Name had never been uttered there with trembling solemnity. There no reverent knees had bent in humble worship; there no stricken heart had poured its penitential sorrows. The winds only wailed upon the naked hill, where now,

“Through long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.”

And yet the lifeless waste had a voice and a worship even in its silence and desolation. The ebbing and flowing waters praised Him who poured them from the hollow of His hand. The valley, where they “glided at their own sweet will,” laughed when He smiled down upon it, and it was praise. The forest, that “shagged its shores with horrid shades,” untended and unpruned by any hand but His, sounded, with sea-like roar, deeply solemn symphonies in His praise. The reverend oaks bowed before Him who could have uprooted them with the least motion of His hand. The green leaves prattled like infant tongues in His praise. The lofty pines stooped their black heads in humble worship of Him. The lowly grasses and grovelling herbage of the ground bent as His warming breath swept over them, and, rustling, sighed His praise. The cheerful light and melancholy shadows—the unsinning darkness and the unblushing day, praised Him. The wild birds sang of Him who fed them, and would not unpermitted let them fall. The unadmired, beautiful flowers breathed back the incense lent from heaven. All things that lived there every hour acknowledged, in their lives and deaths, that all existence is the breath of God, and praised Him.

Such was once the spot where London is now. A single day broke in upon its sacred seclusion and beautiful desolation: Man planted his foot there, and cried, “This land is mine!” and took possession, and has kept it undisputed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HUMORIST.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF GRIMALDI.

THE retirement of a favourite actor lessens the shock we receive at hearing he is no more: the termination of his public, is a proper precursor to the close of his actual life. Painful as it was to witness the tenacity with which Bannister clung, as it were, to the lamps after the last syllable of his adieu was spoken; agonizing as that instant was to actor and auditor, it was compensated by beholding that fine old man, year after year, contesting with Time and Gout. Quick, whom we knew for twenty years after he had ceased to make the metropolis merry, was a comedy to us still; but Emery, torn from the stage in the heyday of life, and but a few days after we had been wrought up to that agony that we delight in by his Giles, his death came as a heart blow, which stunned, rather than saddened us.

Since the death of Kemble (1823) "star after star" has "decayed," Johnstone, Munden, Emery, Knight, Mathews (a theatre in himself), Blanchard, Fawcett, Powell (poor old Powell, that unpretending piece of kindly humanity), Pope, Bannister, Elliston, Kean, Wewitzer, Incedon; the queen of tragedy, all, all in the narrow house, whilst Young, C. Kemble, and Jones, have retired, and Liston threatens to do so. Death has gathered in his harvest, and the last stroke of his sickle struck down *the Clown*—the laughter-loving, inimitable Grimaldi. About nine years since he bade farewell to his patrons: for some years his health had been such that the public felt his retirement as a boon, for who could make merry, whilst the actor writhed? During his latter performances he had frequently suffered intense agony: his farewell was therefore divested of the pain of parting; and his death, after he had for nine years ceased to act, was to the many an event naturally looked for, sighed over a moment, and dismissed. Not so, we apprehend, however, with your genuine playgoer; and there are such even yet. Kemble had his idolaters, Kean his partizans; but neither of them had been the first loves of their admirers. Grimaldi had taken possession of all our hearts in the days of hoops and holland pinafores; we had shared in all his frolics ere we had entered three syllables, or knew the name of tragedy. Grimaldi was a household word; it was the short for fun, whim, trick, and atrocity,—that is to say, clown-atrocity, crimes that delight us.

Kemble we looked upon as one of the gentlemen in Tooke's Pantheon, and thought he talked like Milton (which we heard many years before we could possibly comprehend a word of it.) Had he entered in the flesh the house of our father, we should have stood all the while he was in the room, and never have dared to speak; had we seen his cloak hanging in the hall, it would have awed us; but Grimaldi the big boy (for he was no more) was of us—our familiar; his sports were ours; how well he played at hoop! We had no more respect for his

talents, or him, than we had for Bob Boochey in the lower form : but we loved him, yearned for him, wanted to share in his doings ; felt a little volcano raging within us whilst he was perpetrating his atrocities. " He'll be found out ! " and we clasped our tiny hands till the nails cut into the palms : no, he's safe, and away goes the monstrous booty into that leviathan pocket of his, that receptacle of all sorts of edibles, and occasionally of kettles full of boiling water, and even lighted candles. Reader, have the cares of this railroad-making world obliterated from thy mind what the boys in our time called " doing DAGS ? " The etymology of the phrase is unknown, but it inferred the doing something that no other boy would dare attempt. Now, Grimaldi, we thought, could do anybody's " DAGS," ay, even Bonaparte's, whom we heard was a clever fellow, too, but a great scoundrel.

We would have lent all our toys, shared all our cakes with Joey ; and if he had tricked us, could scarcely have been angry with him ; he was better than the Boy's Own Book ; he was the boy's own actor. Comedy made easy to the meanest capacity, portable pleasantry ; he had things in common with us from the frill round his neck even to the *subligaculi* without braces, but buttoned on to the jacket like our own. We never believed that Grimaldi was a man : he was associated in our mind with plum-pudding ; for at Christmas we ate the one, and saw the other ; and we retained our relish for the sweets of both to the last. He has gone who had his " ain green nook " in every one's early dramatic recollections, who was mixed up with every man's remembrancers of boyhood ; he has had the best of all of us ; he has skimmed the cream from the (now) mere milk of our adorations.

Joseph Grimaldi (for he had a Christian and surname, and, moreover, godfathers and godmothers) was born, after the ancient fashion, on the 18th December, 1779 (the year that robbed the world of Garrick) ; he was the son of Signor Grimaldi, whom a few, very few, old Londoners affect to remember. He originally came to England in the suite of Queen Charlotte, as a dentist ; and as he had been in earlier years a member of a saltatory troop, it is not very extraordinary to find him in 1764 practising as a dancer instead of a dentist. He was a low humorist ; and, in those days of practical joking, thought a very clever fellow ; but his inability to make himself clearly understood by the million enabled Follet, Delpini, &c. &c., to get a hold upon public favour, and he ceased to attract. In 1787 three great theatrical events occurred : Braham made his debüt as a singer ; Kean his, as an inhabitant of this breathing world ; and Signor Grimaldi died : little Joey, the son, was already an established member of the Thespian profession, having made his first appearance as the infant, in the serious pantomime of " Robinson Crusoe," on the 26th December 1781, being then exactly two years and eight days old. Of his infantine efforts we need not speak : he had the merit of silence, which, as his father said, " vas great doings in a mere baby ting." The year his father died we find him, as Master Grimaldi, cutting rather an important figure in the ballet entitled " Le Champ de Mars." From this time he progressed, dancing in ballets, going on in groups, doing little parts, &c. &c., until 1800, when Dubois (we think) quarrelled, and left Drury ; and Grimaldi got the character of the Ursa-fed young gentleman in that delicious nursery story, Valentine and Orson. In this character he displayed mind ; it

was not a mere development of muscular power, but an evolution of an intellect subdued, but not destroyed, by ignorance. Grimaldi was now considered somebody: he had, two years before, taken unto himself a wife, Miss Hughes, sister to one of the proprietors of Vauxhall, and he was making his way to a very respectable station in the profession, when the sudden death of his wife brought on a nervous affliction, a mental despondency, that perfectly paralysed his powers: this malady was hereditary; his father was a wanderer amid churchyards, and entertained a horror of death truly awful.

The attentions of Grimaldi's sister did much to dispel his gloom, and in 1802 he again married. Miss Bristow, his second choice, was an amiable woman, and, happy with her, he really went to work to make his way to fame. Follett, Delpini, Laurent, &c. &c. filled up the list of comic pantomimists, and Grimaldi's inclination was to matter of more serious method; in addition to which he was no tumbler, and could not contend for a moment with various members of Astley's corps in contortions and leaping. Johannot and Decastro made it perilous for him to attempt comic singing. Lalouette and Morcerot could, to quote the phraseology of the day, "dance his head off:" he therefore was content to play second fiddle, and now-and-then in the provinces do a little in the comic way. Years rolled on. Laurent saved money, took the Lyceum, and lost it; Delpini got old and cramped; Johannot drank harder, and sang worse than heretofore; young Astley began to find grey mingling in his ringlets; Follett had a fatal fall, and a clown was wanting. Seizing the *mollia tempora fandi*, he obtained the appointment of Fool to the metropolis.

We pass over much intermediate matter*, and come to 1809, when "Mother Goose" put the town in good humour, and Mr. Harris in ecstasies. From that moment he did what he liked with the town. Like Bannister, it was long ere he could be persuaded to venture a song; but when he did, he created a style that had no precursor, and can have no imitator. "Tippitywitchet" was originally given by him in "Bang up, or Harlequin Prime," we think, in 1810—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"—"The Man ran away with the Monument"—"London now is out of Town"—"Sir Gooseberry Gimcrack"—"Mr. Fog and his Daughter"—"Bazaars"—"Hot Codlings"—"Will Putty,"—are a few among the many. Reeve, for many years, and after him Whitaker,

* In 1792, a pantomime (mostly serious) entitled "The Savages," was produced—The Dwarf, Master Grimaldi.

Same year, in a burlesque entitled "Master's Holiday," we find the character of Jacky Suds, Master Grimaldi.

1793. Ballet of action, "The Sans Culottes"—Le Sans Culotte, Master Grimaldi.

1794. "The Mandarin," a pantomime—Lacquey, Master Grimaldi.

1796. "The Spirit of the Grotto"—Slang, Master Grimaldi.

Grand pantomime, "Venus' Girdle"—Old Woman (with part of a glee), Master Grimaldi.

"The Talisman," another pantomime—The Hag Morad, Master Grimaldi.

1797. "The Mountain of Misery," pantomime—Old Man in Love, Mr. Grimaldi.

In 1790, Master Grimaldi played at the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields, then a sort of minor theatre & a Sadler's Wells. It stood upon the site of New Bedlam, and was ultimately suppressed through the management of the proprietors of Vauxhall.

furnished the music for these effusions. They were unique. Those who never heard him cannot be made to understand how words so utterly destitute of humour and music, so entirely guiltless of merit, could have been rendered effective. So, however, it was; for Grimaldi's song was always the choicest morsel of the night.

After the year 1820 infirmities began to do their work upon the once Herculean frame of the clown. He introduced his son (J. S. Grimaldi) to the public; and year after year he gave up the heavy work to his descendant. In 1825 he evidently became too stiff for a night's performance, and though he struggled against nature a while, all proved vain, and in 1828 he took his farewell. It was the 17th of March—a day devoted by the Irish portion of the metropolis to frolics at which prudence does not preside; but Saffron Hill abjured its devotions to its patron saint, and emptied itself into Sadler's Wells' yard. At one o'clock in the day more people were assembled than the house could hold, and when the doors were opened the place was choked up at one rush. The performances were, a melodram by T. Dibdin, entitled "The Sixes, or the Fiend," in which Grimaldi sustained his original character of Hock, a drunken soldier: he was unequal to the exertion necessary to the performance of clown, and wisely avoided the attempt. In this drama he sang a duet with his son, which was honoured with a double encore. "Humphrey Clinker" followed, and the entertainments concluded with a grand masquerade, in which all the pantomime performers of the day appeared. Previously to the close of the latter, Grimaldi came forward in full dress, and delivered his farewell in the following words:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I appear before you this evening for the last time. Doubtless there are many persons present who are of opinion that I am a very aged man. I have now an opportunity of convincing them of the contrary. I was born on the 18th of December, 1779, consequently on the 18th of last December I was 48: at the early age of three years I was introduced by my father at this theatre. [Loud applause.] Ever since that period I have held a situation in this establishment: yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been concerned at this theatre *five and forty* years. [Cheers.] By strict attention, perseverance, and exertion, did I arrive at the top of my profession; and proud am I to acknowledge oft times have been honoured by your smiles, approbation, and support: it is now three years since I have taken a regular engagement, owing to extreme and dangerous indisposition: with patience have I waited, hoping that my health might be re-established, and that I might again meet your smile, but I am sorry to say there is little or no alteration, therefore it would be folly in me to hope ever more to return to my professional duties. Judge then, Ladies and Gentlemen, could I leave this theatre without returning my patrons and the public grateful thanks for all the favours I have received? Impossible. [Loudly reiterated plaudits.] Therefore at this moment I beg they will accept them. I have now (ere I depart) but one, one dreadful word to utter—FAREWELL. God bless you all! may you and yours ever enjoy the greatest earthly blessing, is the sincerest wish of—[here he became much affected, and the conclusion of the sentence was lost in sympathy and applause.]

"One word more," he continued; "the proprietors have handsomely begged my acceptance of the theatre for this evening gratuitously. {Bravo!} The performers, the gentlemen of the band,—in fact, the whole establishment have in like manner contributed their services. I cannot leave without ex-

pressing my grateful thanks for this mark of respect, and I hope I shall ever acknowledge the obligation even with my latest breath. Once more, Farewell*."

To say this was received with every manifestation of sympathy were to say nothing; it was received with a demonstration of affection unexampled in our recollection of leave-taking. As he concluded, his brethren encircled him; the scene drew off, and discovered variegated lamps arranged in the words—

"GRIMALDI'S FAREWELL."

The companions of "his toils, his feelings, and his fame," led the poor subdued invalid into the green-room, where he wept aloud with an intensity of suffering that it was painful to witness and impossible to alleviate. He had promised to distribute his farewell garments among his brethren, but was wholly unfitted for the task; he was conveyed home in a state of affliction that created the most lively fears amongst those most intimate and dearly connected with him.

On the morning after his benefit Mr. Grimaldi's house was literally besieged by persons complaining of the deprivation they had suffered in not being able to give their favourite a parting cheer, and he was urged to take another farewell at the King's Theatre. After much discussion amid his friends this idea was abandoned, partly because, he said, "I can't scream" (*Anglicè* vocalise) "*there*, because I'm no opera singer," and partly because he wished to end his career where he had commenced it. At Drury, therefore, he took his second and last benefit, on the 27th June, 1828: he played clown in T. Dibdin's burlesque of "*Harlequin Hoax*:" his exertions were confined to one scene, the celebrated one, called the Barber's Shop, in which, though infirmity compelled him to *sit in a chair* whilst enacting it, he was as transcendent as ever. His *entrée* was the signal for a shout enough to rend the roof: he stood up, his knees tottering, and every feature of his face convulsed. Mr. Harley attempted to run on to assist him, but was restrained by young Grimaldi, who knew that his father had taxed his energies for a last effort, and that those energies would not desert him. After playing the scene as no one but himself could play it, he retired, and shortly after re-appeared for the last time. His address was shorter, and delivered with more firmness than on the former occasion: he alluded to his infirmity, "the result of labour, not of years," and said those who had witnessed the best efforts of his manhood should not be annoyed by the imbecility of his "premature old age." When he concluded, he stood at the lamps swaying to and fro as if fascinated, rooted to the spot, until Mr. Harley forced his way on, and taking the veteran by the hand, half led, half carried him from the stage. To that gentleman he presented his buckles, as a "remembrance for his kindness to poor old Joe!"

From that period he retired to a cottage near Woolwich, and estranged himself from the bustling, busy scenes in which he had once been first in the throng. Sorrows assailed him there: his son's irregularities were

* In a letter to a friend, (Mr. C. Lawrence) in which he gives a copy of his speech, he says, "The waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c., cannot be described by pen, ink, and paper—only those who witnessed can have any idea of it; when I said the proprietors had given the theatre gratis, a gentleman in the boxes said, 'So they ought, and a pension besides.'"

a fertile source of annoyance, and at length that unfortunate young man ended a life of licentiousness by falling down stairs in a house of questionable reputation: he never recovered the injuries he sustained, but died in 1832, aged 30. This was a blow from which his father never recovered: it was followed about two years since by the loss of his wife, on which he left Woolwich and took a house in Southampton Street, Pentonville: there he saw the few friends who had not forgotten "the cripple in his loneliness:" there would he recall the mirthful scenes—never, never to be renewed! To get through the long evenings a solitary invalid knows, he usually visited "The Marquis of Cornwallis," a respectable tavern in that street. As he had lost all power of locomotion, the landlord was wont to carry him on his back to and fro. In the parlour of that establishment he told his tales and cracked his jokes up to, and inclusive of, the night prior to his decease. On the 1st of June last he was carried from the house we have alluded to to that of his cousin, Mr. Arthur: there he supped, and from thence was taken home (i. e. next door), was assisted into bed, apparently in perfect health: about 12 o'clock a deep groan made his attendant hurry to his apartment: he was gasping for breath, and gave frightful indications of the last struggle of humanity: shortly afterwards Grimaldi was no more. An inquest was held on the body, which was afterwards consigned to the grave in the churchyard of Pentonville chapel, where he lies at the foot of the resting-place of Charles, brother to Thomas Dibdin.

In the foregoing pages we have abstained from statements that were not fully substantiated: what remains to be mentioned regarding him comes from sources the authenticity of which we have no right to impugn. Mr. T. Dibdin, who knew Grimaldi well for forty years, "never knew his mother;" and has, in his "Recollections" we think, expressly declared his ignorance upon this subject. She was a Mrs. Brooker, and engaged as a *figurante* at Sadler's Wells in 1778. There seems some reason to believe that she and Signor Grimaldi dispensed with hymeneal ceremonies at the time of their intimacy; and what became of her we have not been able to ascertain. She had four children, Joseph and John, and two daughters, afterwards Mrs. Williamson and Mrs. Goodwin: only one of the latter is, we believe, surviving. John Grimaldi ran away, and went to sea: all traces of him were lost, when, about 1801, he suddenly made his appearance at the stage-door of Drury Lane, and asked for his brother: he was warmly welcomed, and Joseph bade him "make his house his home." John agreed to do so, and was to come bag and baggage on the following day; but he failed to call, and from that moment to the day of his death Grimaldi never gained tidings of his only brother.

Unable to partake in the doings of the theatre, Mr. Grimaldi retained his love for the profession, his good-fellowship with the professors. Sadler's Wells was sacred ground with him. Whilst he retained the use of his limbs he was wont to wander up and down beside the tall poplars and the narrow river, and cogitate upon his by-gone glories. Like his father, he had a strong tendency to melancholy associations; and he would (especially if "fooled to the top of his bent" by any inconsiderate friend) enumerate the performers who "had been and were not;" the scenes and adventures that he had taken part in, in that theatre, until tears drowned his speech. The last time he ever visited

this place was on the 29th of January, 1837, when, for a benefit, he was requested to become an auditor; and it was announced that "the performances would be under the patronage of the veteran Grimaldi." His name was not forgotten amid the worthies of Clerkenwell: a full house honoured the announcement: he sat on the back seat of a private box, and it was generally believed that he was not present. This created considerable dissatisfaction. In the pantomime, however, a duet, written by Mr. Copping, and sung by the Clown and Jim Crow, called the attention of the auditors to the hero of the evening. The following colloquy, or something like it, occurred:—

CLOWN.

Prithee tell me, Master Crow,
Why you look so full of glee?

JIM CROW.

Why? coss our old friend Joe
I'm delighted there to see!

No sooner were the words uttered and the performer's finger pointed at the box, than every eye was turned to the hiding-place of the retired actor. In another verse the Clown proposed—

Now he's here, to welcome him
With a hearty three-times-three!

The auditors responded, and "the shout rent the skies." Assisted by a friend, poor Grimaldi crawled to the front of the box, and, as soon as silence could be procured, faltered out his thanks. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "never in my theatrical career (nearly half a century) did I feel more grateful, more honoured, than now: my heart is too full. I feel, ladies and gentlemen, this affectionate kindness. I—[He here burst into tears, and was supported by Mr. Arthur and another gentleman, but rallied, and continued nearly as follows:—]—You may judge the feelings of one who has travelled through the world of pantomime, and reached the declining years of life without losing one jot of his enthusiasm, though shorn of all his strength. This event, this honour was unexpected by me; but it is cheering, it is grateful to my heart,—and in that heart will it be remembered until I cease to be. Years have passed since I had the honour of addressing you, and this is, in all probability, the last time. [Cries of 'No, no:'] during the uproar of applause his friends tried to re-assure him, but he shook his head despondingly.] Had I been prepared for this, I should have endeavoured to acquit myself more creditably. I came but to oblige the manager, and to look once more on scenes which—[He again paused, and then, throwing his arms out towards the house, hastily cried]—God bless you!—God bless you all!" He was taken to the back of the box amid deafening cheers; the performers, who were assembled in a line on the stage, listening with profound attention to his address, and joining heartily in the cheering that it elicited. His dream was done; it had no further change.

A great many errors have crept into the public prints respecting him. Amid other things, it has been asserted that he was the pupil of Du Bois. Nature was his only mistress, and he often said—"In my early years my father gave me a broad-sword and a guinea, and sent me into the world to seek as best I might." In Lodoiska he was, when about eighteen, one of the chief combatants; and, in the last scene, obtained

some celebrity for fighting to the last on a parapet when the castle is in flames, then rushing through them in mad desperation, and leaping over a high balustrade to the stage. On alighting there, he encounters fresh foes, and fought crawling on the ground, representing the contortion of one injured by fire. (This crawling fight, by-the-by, Kean afterwards very successfully imitated in Richard the Third.)

Mr. Grimaldi was petulant, and suffered under nervous irritation and morbid sensibility: except Mr. Mathews, we never met with a performer so nervous: he had no self-reliance until he was in the heart of his mystery, and then he had no fear. At the period of the demise of the late Duke of Gloucester, a friend paid the retired actor a visit: in the course of conversation the circumstance was alluded to:—"For," said the visiter, who was himself an actor, "calamity has closed the theatres, and I am rejoicing in a holiday upon this day of death." Grimaldi fell back in his chair, and pointed to something covered up at the further end of the room; his power of articulation was temporarily gone, and his gestures were frantic. His friend removed a cloth at which he pointed, and found the bust of young Grimaldi. The bereaved father was at length relieved by tears, and exclaiming, "It is, indeed, a day of death, for it is the anniversary of the demise of my poor boy," gave way to the agony of grief: he was conveyed to his chamber, and did not quit it for some days. A similar accident awakening his sensibilities a few months prior to his death, superinduced a fit of apoplexy, from which, by prompt medical aid, he speedily recovered; but from that period a bell-wire was passed from Mr. Grimaldi's bed-chamber into that of his cousin next door, that, if he should be subjected to a second attack in the night, he might be enabled to give the alarm.

It has been stated in a low periodical, in which a heap of falsehood, purporting to be a life of the pantomimist, appeared, that he was an habitual drunkard. He was quite the reverse. Those who have been his constant companions for thirty years aver that they never beheld him under the influence of wine: he was certainly a huge feeder; but when the nature of his labours is taken into consideration, this will not create surprise. Pantomimists and singers eat more than other people; the exhaustion attendant upon their exertions being much greater than that to which any other performers are subjected.

In his provincial tours Grimaldi was always fortunate. On one occasion, in three or four weeks, he realised 1000*l*. On his return to town he invested it in the funds in the name of his wife, presenting it to her for his "welcome home." On another tour he employed his profits in the purchase of the shares he held until his death in Sadler's Wells theatre. He was careful, it may also be said, penurious, in his habits: he was like Bottom the Weaver, "slow of study," taking five or six weeks to mellow himself in one of his songs. Until he had become so, he used to bring in a large sheet, on which the words were inscribed, and, to use his own phrase, "ax their leave to sing it *to paper*." This was his constant custom at the Islington, but he never did so at Covent Garden Theatre. He for many years played Clown, first at Sadler's Wells, and then hurried to Covent Garden in a hackney coach, where he played Clown a second time; and, on one occasion, he added to these two efforts the performance of the same character at the Circus on the same evening. No strength could have borne up against such assaults;

and Grimaldi's early decrepitude was no doubt induced by too great muscular exertion, and by colds caught night after night, whilst *in transitu* from one playhouse to the other.

It never appears to enter into the calculations of the multitude that performers are mere men and women; and the most stupendous efforts, made nightly, remain quite unappreciated by the public. Those who have seen Kean supported at the wing through a long part, and at the close of it wrapped up in a fur cloak, and put to bed;—those who remember Munden acting, when, from gout, he could not walk when off the stage, though, from some mysterious principle of dramatic excitement, he managed to do so on it;—those who have seen Grimaldi rubbed down after coming off from each scene, “to get the knots out of his legs,” or Gouffé, Mazurier, Parsloe, &c., lying panting on their faces, between each effort, whilst barley water was poured down their throats;—those persons will well know that the sicknesses from which actors too often suffer are caused, not by indiscretions, but by their duties calling for more exertions than their frames can bear*.

An attempt to describe Mr. Grimaldi's Clown has always proved a failure: his humour could not be tied down to pen, ink, and paper; it was an essence too subtle to yield to mere phrasology. His eyes, large, globular, and sparkling, rolled in a riot of joy; his mouth, capacious, yet with a never-ending power of extension, could convey all sorts of physical enjoyment and distaste; his nose was not the mere bowsprit appendage we find that respectable feature to be in general: it was a vivacious excrescence capable of exhibiting disdain, fear, anger, even joy. We think we see him now screwing it on one side; his eyes, nearly closed, but twinkling forth his rapture; and his tongue a little extended in the fulness of his enjoyment; his chin he had a power of lowering, we will not say to what button of his waistcoat, but certainly the drop was an alarming one.

It always appeared to us that Grimaldi *moved his ears*; and this, anatomically speaking, is not an impossibility. Be it as it may, the way in which he drew down his lower jaw on any sudden surprise gave this effect to the auricular organs. Speech would have been thrown away in his performance of Clown; every limb of him had a language. What eloquent legs were his! Look at him approaching that cottage of gentility; ~~THE~~ man is changed: see how he stands looking at the window, at which hangs a bonnet: his back is toward you; but it tells the tale, the lady within is to be won. Look how he bends towards the balcony—Romeo in red and white: see how mincingly he puts forth his foot, and passes his hand over his garments; he must woo in another shape; he turns round in utter bewilderment; anon a boy passes—he plays at marbles with him, first for money, then for his jacket; he wins it: a dandy passes—he abstracts his coat tails: a miller—he steals a sack: he has stolen yonder chimney-pot, and made a hat; taken that dandizette's shawl, and converted it into a waistcoat: the sack becomes white ducks; the tails render the jacket a coat; a cellar-door iron ring forms an eye-glass; and he moves, an admirable caricature of the prevailing fashion of the day.

* Poor Parsons gasped through all his characters. For years he was slowly dying of asthma. Kemble suffered intensely from the same cause; yet I have heard the one called a drunkard, and George Colman vilified the other for eating opium, which he did, to allay a while the agony under which he suffered.

Then, was there ever such a coach-builder? Go to school, Mr. Houlditch; for, with a coal-scuttle and a few cheeses, Grimaldi would construct you a vehicle at a moment's notice. Is his vegetable man unforgotten? He was no paltry humorist who conceived the notion of making a melon into a head, and turnips and radishes do the duty of hands and fingers. His love-making—what infinite variety in his approaches! His boisterous freedom with the London fish-dealer; his sailor-like jollity at Portsmouth; his exquisite nonchalant air when attired as a dandy; and his undeniable all-overishness when, as Clown, he meant to impress, being suddenly smitten by the beauty of his fair enslaver. It was all what we had an hundred times seen, without the innate ridiculousness of the things being made apparent to us. Grimaldi had looked on the follies of humanity, and fairly turned the seamy side without. Then his treatment of that old man villainous, "yclept Pantaloon," whom, old and infirm as he is, no one pities at all, though he is treated by all the persons of the medley drama in a way that no elderly gentleman should be expected to endure. We applauded and rejoiced in those vices in Grimaldi that we hated in the Pantaloon; here is a bone for your metaphysicians to pick: we were quite blind to the moral delinquency of Mons. Clown's habits; he was a thief—we loved him, nevertheless; a coward, a most detestable coward—still we loved him: he was cruel, treacherous, unmanly, ungenerous, greedy, and the truth was not in him—yet, for all this, multiplied up to murder, if you would, we loved him, and rejoiced in his successes. Clown, (Grimaldi's Clown we mean,) Punch, and Falstaff (Shakspeare can afford to be put in any company), are all darlings of our souls, though, if we reason about the matter, we find them to be all most incomprehensible vagabonds. Grimaldi had certainly studied the gamut of merriment, and knew every note of its compass, and could discourse most excellent music. He was the finest practical satirist we ever had,—Hogarth in action*; during his day there were an hundred clever men, but no single Clown. Follett was a jumper only; Laurent was ingenious, not humorous; Bradbury was a man of great strength, but his was very dreary merriment; Kirby was too confined; Bristow, Hartland, and that school, were mere imitators of the great original; Paulo and Southby, both clever, never stood the slightest chance in competition with him; and young Joe was only the shadow of the shade of that Grimaldi that our boyhood recalls; he only approached to an imitation of the style of his father in his latter and weaker day.

Pantomimes are now virtually extinct; Stanfield and Roberts have made picture galleries of them. Be it so. Grimaldi will in a few years be but a name; and our children's children must be content to take the tale of his merits on the credit of their ancestors. We believe in Garrick, whom we never saw, and those to come may believe in Grimaldi; for, though in a low department of art, he was the most wonderful creature of his day, and far more unapproachable in his excellence than Kean or Kemble in theirs. He sleeps well, and had happily quitted the stage ere pantomimes had been driven from it: he was a harmless, and a kind man, had many friends, and few enemies.—*Sit tibi terra levis!*

* Remember his scene when he opens three oysters, and finds an apt excuse for eating them all; his dagger scene; his duel; his skeleton scene, *cum multis aliis*;

PATTY LARKSPUR'S WATCH.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"I beg your pardon, Madam; but you are a little too fast."

"I think, Sir, you are a little too slow."

"No, Madam—no, indeed."

"Are you sure you are right, Sir?"

"As the sun, Madam—as the sun."

"Well, I confess it—I am one of the giddiest things at a watch!"

"Will you, Madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine?"

"Oh, Sir, with pleasure—with many thanks."

"Diamonds, doubtless?"

"They ought to be."

There appears but little in the above courteous interchange of words; and yet, as we hope to make the reader confess, they were the prologue to a most important drama. "Will you, Madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine?" That so polite, so urbane an offer should ever meet with an ill reward!

Henry Snow was a placid bachelor of two-and-forty. The whole world was to him one green spot, in which comforts grew as thick as daisies. Cupid had very often aimed at him, but never shot. "I hate that Mr. Snow—he's so polite!" was the hasty expression of a young lady in the five-and-twentieth year of Mr. Snow's age—Henry at the time having affability for a bevy of thirty women; and, a justice that is sometimes very annoying, scrupulously sharing his politeness among all. Not one young lady gained half a look, an approach to a smile, more than another. Now, there is an implied invulnerability in such conduct very galling to the enemy. But so it was with Henry Snow; he would hand his heart, so to speak, in slices to a large circle, and with the same agreeable equanimity that an undertaker walks round with funeral cake. However, Achilles had his heel—and Henry Snow met Patty Larkspur.

To a contemplative mind, autumn brings a sweet and bitter melancholy. The leaves, "thin dancers upon air," do *not* take our thoughts to Taglioni; and the wind, moaning, sobbing through the branches, does not always carry us to the last new opera. It is highly necessary that the reader should pay due attention to this, our profound reflection, inasmuch as he will then the more deeply sympathize with our hero, believing the very season to have taken part with Patty Larkspur against him. Not that we are disposed to undervalue the single power of the lady; we think it more than probable, from the knowledge of her great spirit of enterprise, that, at any quarter of the year, Henry Snow must have fallen; still, had it been spring instead of autumn, we are inclined to think he would have made a longer fight of it. We have said that, to all men of any degree of sensibility, autumn brings its gentle sadness; but in a bachelor of two-and-forty there arises a peculiar train of reflection: he begins to doubt the efficacy of a warming-pan contrasted with other means of effecting the same result; his housekeeper begins to merge her deference to the master in friendship to the man; there are twenty delicate household appeals, too delicate to be shaped into language. In a word, it was the beginning of autumn when Henry

Snow, bachelor, sat, in the Hastings coach, opposite to Patty Larkspur, spinster. That the ruin of the man should be complete; there was no other passenger, save a large brown pointer, the favoured property of the lady. Poor Henry Snow!

The reader has, doubtless, pondered on the heroic feats of some happy child of Mars; has seen him—his white plume conspicuous in the *mêlée*—with a hundred Damascus blades playing like sunbeams about his unhurt head; has seen a whole troop discharge their carbines at him, to the waste of powder and shot, the hero still unwounded. Covered with laurels, he returns to his home; he is deemed by all men unconquerable, invulnerable—nothing can withstand him, nothing can hurt him. Alas, for the end! The unscathed victor, with no thought of war and death, in an evil hour carelessly takes an old rusty pistol from the shelf, loaded and overlooked for twenty years. The flint is worn, the trigger stiff, and the powder damp; and yet the conqueror, by an unlucky motion of the finger, fires the pistol, and its contents meet again in his heart. Unfortunate Henry!—we mean, unhappy conqueror!

We began our mournful narrative with a short dialogue. The coach was running towards Hastings, the horses, like the steeds of Neptune, snuffing the sea, when Patty Larkspur, looking at her watch, pronounced it to be six o'clock.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," said Henry Snow, "but you are a little too fast." And then ensued the conversation which we have already faithfully registered; and which, for the sake of middle-aged bachelors—for it is in the middle state of bachelorship that the animal is in the greatest peril from his pursuers—we would we could cut in leaves of brass. We have given the words; but we have yet to describe—if, indeed, we can—the action with which Patty Larkspur took the watch from her side, and placed it in the open palm of Henry Snow. And first, a few words on the person of the fair. We can find no other word, and yet we are loth to call any lady plump; it is a word fitter for pullets than for virgins. However, in the poverty of our language—for we care not to be beholden to France for a phrase—we must call Patty Larkspur plump; nay, she was very plump. The truth is—and we have hugged it so close that we have nearly stifled it—the truth is, Patty Larkspur was fat. She had large blue eyes, which, when showing themselves to the best advantage, looked, as one of her lovers once informed her, like violets blown upon! She had a very fresh colour—very fresh; her red morocco prayer-book was not redder. Her hair hung over her forehead and down her cheeks, like twenty corkscrews turned into flax. Her little comfortable nose was of the shape and size of that diminutive specimen of the mushroom which market-women call the button. Such was the face of Patty Larkspur; but it was a face highly varnished up with smiles. Nevertheless, beneath those smiles—difficult as it was for the sagacity of man to go so far—there was a terrible energy in the woman. But smiles, smiles were her weapons; a story of her girlhood cast the shadow of the coming woman.

Patty Larkspur and Matilda Larkspur were the daughters of a small grocer at Uxbridge; now, grocers are the especial victims of Beelzebub, known in learned writ as the god of flies. It was the pleasing duty of the two sisters to waylay, knock down, or in any manner destroy the flies lured by the sweets of their paternal home. A trifling reward

repaid the best destroyer. Matilda caught her victims in stale small beer ; but Patty always carried off the prize, for she made war with melted sugar. Matilda died an old maid ; for she ignorantly thought that the hearts of men were to be cut through, as Hannibal made through the Alps, with vinegar ; whilst Patty Larkspur—but let us not anticipate her interesting history.

"Will you, Madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine ?" asked Henry Snow, in the fulness of his innocence.

"Oh, Sir, with pleasure—with many thanks," said Patty Larkspur ; and taking her watch from her side, she gave it to Snow, as if she were making a present of that best estate in this world's paradise, the female heart. Could she have truly and absolutely conveyed away that precious immovable, she could not have smiled with deeper meaning. Such was the outward manifestation of Patty Larkspur ; but—shall we say it ?—as she gave the watch to the mature bachelor—shall we confess, that on the retina of Patty Larkspur's mind was painted, not a spare biped of two-and forty, but that some association of ideas carried her back to the days of her youth—to the home of her father at Uxbridge ; and that she saw in Henry Snow—such tricks does errant fancy play the most innocent !—a large blue fly approaching the fatal sugar ? As he touched the regulator, she saw him close to the luscious perdition ; and when he had performed his task, and looking in her face, held out the watch—the fly had tumbled in and was lost for ever ! Again Patty Larkspur smiled, as she saw her victim vainly struggling in an ocean of sweets.

We have no doubt that, on the part of Patty Larkspur, it was love at first sight ; an accident that, however finely handled, has never, in our uneducated opinion, been properly described. It is, however, very difficult to note the many freaks committed by people in that most interesting situation. We have read much upon the subject, and are almost convinced, from certain eloquent passages, that love, taken suddenly, operates like laughing gas ; making men—according, we presume, to their nervous system—run at whatever may be before them ; grin from ear to ear ; knock their heads upon the mute earth ; receive love's arrow as a juggler swallows a sword, wriggling most affectingly as the weapon enters him ; run round and round, like a dog in the laudable pursuit of his own tail ; shout, scream, cry "boh !" sneeze, or, indeed, commit any extravagance made pathetic by the occasion. Why is history silent on the interesting topic ? When Petrarch first met Laura in the church of Santa Clara at Avignon, on the sixth of April, in the sixth hour of the morning (and yet people preach the benefit of early rising), in the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight—is it not a fact, hitherto most shamefully hushed up, that so much was he removed from the earth by the glorious vision, that he stood upon one leg for three days afterwards ? We are proud of a friendship with a traveller who has seen a portrait of the divine sonneteer, taken when undergoing love at first sight. When Henry the Eighth first beheld Anne Bullen, what was his kingly conduct ? Historians have deemed the matter of no account ; yet did he not, passing over every form of decency, insist on playing at leap-frog with Cardinal Wolsey, the Pope being unfortunately at Rome ? There is nothing of this in Hume ; but if the speculations of the most approved writers on love at first sight have any truth in nature, sure we are that Henry the Eighth did not marry Anne Bullen

without first jumping over the head of the "King Cardinal." Did not Socrates, having for the first time beheld Xantippe, close his eyes until he took her for wife; when—and such phenomena have, we believe, occurred more than once—they became straightway open? When the venerable Greek judges acquitted, by the power of love at first sight, the incomparable Phryne, did they not, in the most forcible manner, display the unanimity of their opinions by vehemently smacking their lips? However, we shall defer for the task of our ripe old age "The effects of love at first sight; with instances drawn from the earliest times, and improving on 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' with portraits of the victims."

For the present we must attend to Henry Snow and Patty Larkspur, just alighted at the inn at Hastings.

It was half-past nine o'clock when our travellers entered their hotel. Patty Larkspur, with a low curtsy and one of her slaying smiles, wished Snow good evening, with the additional comfort of a night's sound rest after his journey, and was shown to her room. Snow took possession of his apartment, and ate his supper in all the solitude of celibacy. However, his loneliness seemed to sit as easily upon him as his dressing-gown; and at eleven o'clock, being nearly a whole fowl, a pint of wine, and a glass of brandy-and-water the better man, he had serious thoughts of going to bed. To be brief, it wanted twenty minutes to twelve when Henry Snow stretched himself between the sheets and rendered himself up to sleep. Morpheus was slowly descending upon him, when he was startled hence by a sharp knocking at the door. Snow sat up in the bed, and did precisely what nineteen out of twenty men would have done in his situation: he asked, "Who's there?" Could he have divined the consequences of that question, we doubt not he would have rolled his ears up in the blankets, and have exhibited no signs of waking "with that knocking." Poor short-sighted man! blind to fate, Henry Snow sat up in his bed, and with a loud voice repeated,—

"Who's there?"

"The lady—the lady, who came down with you," answered a voice outside.

"I'm—I'm in bed," said Henry Snow, expecting the intelligence to frighten the visitor, like a partridge, from his door. The knock was repeated. "I'm in bed," again said Henry Snow, in a tone that should have successfully appealed to the compassion of the disturber. Another knock. A slight blush overspread the face of Henry Snow at the pertinacity of his visitor, and then his rising fears were somewhat soothed by the recollection that the door had a bolt and a lock, of the protecting influence of which he had happily availed himself. Snow pulled off his nightcap, and, in the perplexity of the moment, scratched his head. Another knock, applied with new emphasis, brought Snow out of bed upon the carpet. He approached the door, and putting his mouth to the key-hole, said, quite unconscious of the falsehood he uttered—

"I tell you, Ma'am, I'm in bed."

"So I thought; but, Sir, if you'll only open the door——"

"Good heavens!" thought Snow, and his knees smote one another.

"But I—I have no light," said Snow.

"I have brought one," was the reply.

Henry Snow rose, turned round, and fell against the door in silent horror. "There was no escape—how to give the alarm?" was his thought.—"Was there a rattle in the room?"

"I will not detain you a minute, Sir," said the voice outside.

"But"—and Snow felt the blood under his very nails tingle as he put the question—"but what do you want?"

"I am sent by the lady——"

"Sent!" exclaimed Snow, relieved from a mountain of dread—"sent! and who *are* you?"

"The waiter, Sir;" and almost as the man spoke the words the lock flew back and the bolt was drawn. Thomas, with a lighted candle in one hand and Patty Larkspur's watch in the other, advanced into the middle of the room, Henry Snow shaking in his shirt with cold and apprehension.

"What *do* you want?" asked Snow, we confess a little pettishly.

The waiter smirked, and, careless of the condition of Snow, slowly delivered himself as follows, the face of the disturbed man lengthening with the communication of Thomas—

"The lady, Sir—she's in forty-one——"

"At least," said Henry Snow; for he could not repress the malice of the insinuation.

"The lady, Sir—she's in forty-one—was about to go to bed, when she rang her bell, and desired the chambermaid to ask me to request you, as she wished to be very particular in the time to-morrow morning, to request you, Sir, to have the politeness to regulate her watch by yours."

Saying which, the man held out the chronometer of Patty Larkspur to the stony fingers of Henry Snow; who now, with glazed eyes looked at the face of the watch, and now at the face of the waiter.

"Oh!" at last sighed Henry Snow, and he took the watch as he would have taken a serpent by the tail, and moved towards the bed for his own repeater, followed by Thomas with the lighted candle. The door had remained open, and, unfortunately, a gust of air rushing up the staircase, extinguished the light at the very moment Snow had laid his hand upon his own watch-pocket.

"Get another light, directly, Sir," said the placid waiter, doubtless inured to such accidents; for he remarked that the house was an old house, the staircases very wide, and the wind would blow. After which he quitted the room to relight the taper.

The wind cut across the legs of Snow as he stood, with Patty Larkspur's watch in his hand, ticking away with perfect indifference. Oh, Henry Snow! had thy better genius been at thine ear, it would thus have whispered thee—"Thou hast thy mortal enemy in thy hand—a living demon shut up in gilt metal; dash it to the earth, or feel thy way to the window, and fling it into the street!" But Snow's good genius, being particularly wanted, was, of course, absent; and the undone man still stood, growing colder and colder—the watch, as he thought, ticking louder and louder. At length Thomas returned with a light, and Snow compared Patty Larkspur's watch—and we must own that it was a most capricious question of the time—with his own; corrected it, and, tamed by the cold, returned it to the waiter without a syllable. Thomas bowed, and left the room; Snow locked and bolted the door, and, shuddering, returned to bed. His feet were quite gone, and his legs were clay. However, he was once more becoming human flesh, was again falling into the sweetest slumber; yes, another minute, and he would have been fast in the lap of sleep, when another knock at his chamber-door struck him wide awake.

"Who's there?" asked Henry Snow, in an angry tone.

"Thomas, Sir," said the waiter, without.

"Well?" asked Snow, helplessly. "Well?"

"If you please, Sir, Miss Larkspur has desired me to ask if her watch wanted regulating, or if it was quite right?"

Now, Snow, as we have before remarked, was one of the most polite men on earth to the fair; but there did seem to him a want of consideration on the part of Miss Larkspur, in the untimeliness of her message, and, a little piqued, he resolved to give no answer. For one minute Henry Snow was silent, when Thomas, with renewed vigour, knocked at the door.

"Was it right, Sir?" bawled the invincible waiter.

"No!" exclaimed Snow, and he flung himself round in the bed, determined not to hear another syllable, and resolved that very moment to plunge into the profoundest sleep.

Thomas retired, and Snow buried his head in the pillow, doggedly fixed upon oblivion. He had advanced so far in his purpose as to close his eyes, and had nearly begun to hope for slumber, when—another knock at the door! Henry started up on his right elbow, and gasped—then he again flung himself desperately upon the bed, swathed himself like a mummy in the clothes, and resolved to lie as a man deprived of hearing. Another knock, and Snow felt stronger in his purpose—another, and a louder knock, and Snow tried to persuade himself that he was fast asleep—another knock, and he leapt up in his bed, and brayed forth—"Who's there?"

"Thomas, Sir," said the waiter, as before.

"Well?" groaned Henry Snow, "what can you want now?"

"Miss Larkspur, Sir, has sent me about her watch. You said, Sir, it wasn't right: now, Sir, she sends her compliments, and wishes to be informed if she's too fast or too slow?"

The waiter delivered his message glibly enough, but Henry Snow, astonished by the pertinacity of the spinster, sat upright in bed, deprived of speech. Who could answer such a woman? Thomas, however, was true to his trust, and having, as he thought, given Snow full time to satisfy the query, knocked again, and again asked—

"Sir, is Miss Larkspur too fast or too slow?"

"Too fast!" cried Henry Snow, and fell back upon his bed, incapable of another word.

Thomas quitted the door, and left Snow to sleep. The mercy, however, came too late. The poor bachelor lay listening to the ticking of his own watch, and thinking that it ticked very like the watch of Miss Larkspur, until the gray dawn glimmered through his window curtains. He then fell into a sleep only to be haunted by terrible visions. He dreamt, among other things, that he was married to a witch with all the hours marked in her visage, who insisted that they should spend their honeymoon in an eight-day clock. To this arrangement he offered so vigorous a remonstrance, that he awoke, and saw "the light of common day." He offered a short thanksgiving that there was no witch for his wife, with all the hours in her face. Had Henry Snow so soon forgotten Patty Larkspur?

It was nearly ten o'clock, when Snow sat down to breakfast.

"Does *that* lady stay here?" asked Snow of Thomas, with a slight tremor.

"I don't know, Sir; she is now at breakfast in the next room." And the waiter departed.

Snow took refuge from the thoughts of the past night in tea and toast, and was proceeding slowly yet surely in a most ample meal, when Thomas entered, and in his hand was the inconstant watch of Miss Larkspur. Snow looked at the instrument with a sullen eye, silently awaiting the consequences.

"The lady, Sir," said Thomas, "cannot think what has happened to her watch; she bids me say that she is in the highest degree ashamed to trouble you, but fearing that——"

It was unnecessary for the man to say more; Snow took the watch, set it by his own, and returned it without a word to the waiter. He then proceeded with his breakfast. "Never again will I boast of my chronometer," thought Henry Snow; and, having finished his meal, he rose to go out. He met Thomas at the door.

"The lady, Sir, is much obliged to you; is she too fast still, Sir?"

"Much too fast," said Henry Snow, with more bitterness in his expression than in all his life he had manifested. "Tell her, Thomas, that I say she is very, very much too fast." And, with the air of a man who feels satisfied that he has, by extraordinary firmness, put an end to an annoying connexion, Henry Snow took his hat, and, whistling airily, walked from the house.

We know not how it happened—let fate take the blame of it!—but Henry Snow wandered to the beach, and there he stood, thinking unutterable thoughts about the sea.—Whether his thoughts were of mermaids, or muscles, or of both, we know not; but sure we are that he was five fathom deep in meditation, when a fellow-traveller in the Hastings coach leapt upon him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Pie, Bounce, fie!" said a lady; and it was no other than Miss Patty Larkspur, who, in the blandest accents, reproved her brown pointer, that, dripping from the sea, had jumped upon Henry Snow, who on that day wore linen trowsers, the whiteness of which successfully rivalled the name of the wearer. "I'm afraid he's rather wet," said Miss Larkspur, with a conquering smile.

"A little," answered Mr. Snow, feeling the sea-water penetrate to his skin.

"That is *not* a nautilus?" said the lady, desirous of a new subject, and pointing to a dead star-fish cast upon the beach.

"I think not, Ma'am," replied Snow.

"I have seen a Cupid sailing in one," observed Miss Larkspur.

"I had rather see him than go passenger with him," said the bachelor, with a passing sternness of countenance.

"Not fond of the sea, Sir?" asked Miss Larkspur, with a smile.

"That, Ma'am, quite depends upon the way in which it is administered," answered Snow, looking ferociously at the brown pointer.

"Well, you really must forgive poor Bounce," said the lady; and then, as if pardon had been instantly awarded, she pointed to some far-off vessels, and asked with new vivacity, and another smile, "What are those beautiful little ships, no bigger than swans, in the distance? They look lovely."

"Look! mustn't trust to the looks of anything at Hastings," said Snow.

"La, Sir!" cried Miss Larkspur, in momentary astonishment; and

then her eyes fell upon the region of Snow's third coat-button, and her mouth broke into a new smile, and she sighed, rather than said—"La, Sir!"

"Great deal of contraband work here. Can't be sure of anybody: here, there's no knowing the smuggler from the fair trader." And Snow, intending to look through Miss Larkspur, bent his eyes upon her; they were, however, met and defeated by the large blue orbs of the spinster. Snow felt himself vanquished: never in his life had he been guilty of such rudeness to any specimen of the fair sex; and a sense of shame, of self-reproach rose within him, as Miss Larkspur, with a melancholy smile upon her face, turned up the beach. He felt strangely tempted to follow and apologize—he positively made one step in pursuit of the maiden, when he felt anew the coldness of the seawater through his trowsers, and stopped as if suddenly frozen. "Never mind! the chances are, we mayn't meet again," thought Snow, and thus meanly satisfying himself, he walked along the beach, and wooed the sun. It was four o'clock when he returned to his inn.

"Thomas, I dine out to-day—at my friend Whistleton's—but as I had no sleep last night, I shall be home for bed by nine."

Thus spoke our bachelor, and having equipped himself for dinner, he betook himself to the house of his friend, where his pattern propriety, his urbanity, his tempered conviviality, made him a special favourite. Mrs. Whistleton had, for ten years at least, given it as her fixed opinion that there was but one Henry Snow in the universe. There was not, there never had been, there never could be, so correct a gentleman! Such was the enviable reputation of our bachelor up to the hour of seven in the evening, when, so malignant was fortune, Henry Snow was made to descend from his pedestal, and to range himself with, we fear, that numerous class of people, strongly suspected to be no better than they should be. The clock had struck seven, and Snow was glowing with the first bottle of wine, when a servant entered, and whispered our bachelor.

"A man wants me!" said Snow—"what man?"

"That is, Sir, not a man, but——"

"But what?" asked Snow, with a perplexed look.

"I was told to whisper to you," said the servant, "but since——"

"Whisper! Pooh! Speak out," said Snow.

"Then, Sir," said the footman, "it's a lady!"

"A lady!" exclaimed Snow, and he blushed with a prophetic sense of his danger.

"Hem!" cried Mr. Whistleton; and after a low chuckle and a steadfast look at Snow, he said, "John, show the lady in."

"No, no," said Snow; and then he resolutely added, "if you please, show her in." John quitted the room, and our bachelor was proceeding to inform his host of his suspicions respecting the visitor, when the servant returned.

"The lady, Sir, won't come in; she's in a hired chaise, Sir, taken by the hour, Sir—but as the man disputes the time, and as, she says, she knows she can depend upon your watch, will you tell her if she's too slow or too fast?" Saying which, John put Patty Larkspur's well-known time-piece in the palsied hand of our astonished bachelor.

"Too fast,—much too fast," said Snow, and he returned the corrected watch. The servant having left the room, Snow, amidst the smothered laughter of Whistleton and half-a-dozen bosom friends,

began to narrate the history of his first meeting with Miss Larkspur, of his boasting in an evil moment of the unerring qualities of his own watch, and of the events of the preceding night.

"I couldn't have thought it of you," cried Whistleton, purple in the face with laughter. Another elderly gentleman chirped and crowed at "Harry being found out at last." A third tried to look solemn, and advised Snow "to be more careful in such matters for the future;" whilst one and all were stout in their belief that "the lady wouldn't have come there for nothing,—there must be something in it."

In his walk from Whistleton's house to his tavern, Snow had formed his resolution,—he would, the very next morning, retreat from Hastings. Finding the enemy too strong for him, he was determined to go off without beat of drum. "Thomas, which is the first couch?" asked Snow of the waiter.

"Six o'clock, Sir," said Thomas.

"What places, Thomas?" demanded Snow.

"Only two inside," answered Thomas.

"I'll take them both," said Snow.

"Both!" cried Thomas.

"Both," replied Snow, with vehemence; and thus depriving Patty Larkspur of a seat in the same vehicle with himself, he felt secure of future quiet. "A glass of wine-and-water, and then I'll go to bed," said Snow, with a lightened heart. Thomas returned with the beverage, and having placed it on the table, with a smirk at his master, lingered. "What now?" asked Snow.

"The watch, Sir," said Thomas. "The lady wants to——"

"Give it me," cried Snow, and with the manner of a man who feels that he is performing an annoying office for the last time, he seemingly adjusted Miss Larkspur's watch by his own, and, with a smile that she herself might have envied, returned it to the man, saying, "Tell her, a little too fast." Snow retired to his room, and, ere he slept, wrote a letter, to be delivered to his friend Whistleton the next day, apologizing for his unceremonious departure from Hastings. At half-past five in the morning Snow was up and arrayed for his journey. The coach drove to the door, Snow mounted the steps, and took his seat.

"All right?" said the coachman.

"Lady to come," said the porter, and to the horror of Snow, the brown pointer came gambolling along the passage of the hotel, followed by its ever-smiling mistress, Patty Larkspur. "Mr. Stanmore sent at eleven last night to say we might let his place if we could, as he didn't want to go before to-morrow," said the porter.

"All right!" repeated the coachman, to the agony of our bachelor.

"Bless me!" said Miss Larkspur, smiling very energetically through her surprise as she stared at Henry Snow. "What! and are you returning to London? How very singular! Pray, Sir, by your watch,—your excellent watch,—what is the precise hour?"

"Seven minutes past six," replied Snow, who, could he have quitted the coach unseen by his persecutress, would have gladly forfeited his luggage.

"How very singular," exclaimed Miss Larkspur, looking and smiling at her watch, "my time to a second."

Now we must inform the reader that such unanimity between the
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watches was the more astonishing from an event of the past night; our bachelor having, doubtless with the best intentions, put Patty Larkspur's watch at least fifty minutes behind his own.

"Well, it is strange," repeated Patty Larkspur. "I always thought my watch was an excellent one, if properly regulated; it never went so well: but then," and, oh! the smile discharged at our hero, "but then, it was never in such punctual company!"

"Your departure is somewhat sudden, Ma'am?" asked Snow, after half-an-hour's pause.

"Very," replied Patty Larkspur; "I had thought to be happy at Hastings for a month, but a letter followed me here, and a family affair of some delicacy has imperatively called me to London."

"Do you stay long in town, Ma'am?" asked our bachelor.

"Very uncertain," answered our spinster; and the answer destroyed the hopes of Snow, who had secretly determined on returning to Hastings in a couple of days, if assured of Miss Larkspur's detention in the metropolis. The time passed, and at the appointed hour, the coach arrived in London.

"What's o'clock, Sir?" asked Patty Larkspur, with an ill-suppressed sigh.

"Permit me, Madam;" and Snow, resolving to be polite for the last time, corrected Miss Larkspur's watch by his own, and returning it to her, vanished like a flash of light.

"Thank you, Sir," said Miss Larkspur; but there was no one to receive her gratitude; our bachelor running at the time towards his lodgings, the which he purposely arrived at through many winding passages. He had upon the road desired the guard to keep his luggage at the office until sent for.

Henry Snow had been a week from Hastings, and sitting one morning at his breakfast, his thoughts wandered to Patty Larkspur. "What a woman!" he mentally exclaimed; "well, thank my stars! it was a narrow escape; but I am at last well rid of her."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said our bachelor's landlady, "but I forgot to give you this little parcel; it came after you were in bed last night." Saying which, she placed a small packet in the hand of Snow, and quitted the apartment. Snow paused ere he broke the seal; it was black: he expected two or three legacies, and was, therefore, greatly shocked at the funereal colour of the wax. As he sat, holding the unopened packet, the friends whom he had for the last five years expected to die, passed one by one before him. Was it his dear aunt Bridget, or that best of uncles, Jeremiah? Having nerved himself for the worst, Snow, with reverent fingers, broke the seal, and casting away three or four envelopes, drew forth a letter; something still remained: he pursued his task, and who shall tell his feelings, who shall paint his face, when Henry Snow laid his thumb and finger upon Patty Larkspur's watch! Had the woman given it to him? Was she a witch, and had she by her "so potent art," shut up some devil in the works to worry and destroy him? But there was a letter! With desperate hand he broke the seal, and, as if staring at a sheeted ghost, he looked at the contents; they were as follows—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I know you will pardon the step I have taken. Yes, that considerate delicacy you possess for the wants and wishes of your fellow-creatures will, I am sure, forgive this seeming liberty. I

can never forget, I can never repay, your kind attentions. Deprived of the benefit of communion with you, my watch has been three times down. I cannot tell the hour; I wake and think it must be broad daylight, and I hear the watchman cry 'past two.' I have been told—a thousand times been told—that the watch was an excellent watch. In the vanity of my heart, I have thought so; but you, Sir, have proved how little it is worth, how meanly I ought to value it, if deprived of your guidance,—if wanting your regulation. I fear the watch is now become wholly useless; however, if you will deign to accept it,—if, for a short month or so, you will condescend to wear it, to correct it by your own chronometer,—to check its haste, and to urge its speed, as its wants may require, the watch may yet—by the very force of sympathy—recover its wonted fidelity, and again faithfully mark the time to her, who feels that to her, time is every day becoming more irksome. I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

"MARTHA LARKSPUR."

"P.S. If, in a month, I should not send for the watch, may I ask you still to wear it, as the legacy of one who has done with time and begun—but my pen falters!"

The first determination of Snow was to send back the watch, and to leave his country under a false name. That he should ever have been the fool to vaunt the virtues of his own watch,—to attempt to correct the wanderings of a spinster's! And now, to be asked to wear the fiend in his pocket! No; he would instantly return it to Miss Larkspur, and with it a letter that should,—but where to find her? she had given no address, and no intelligence could Snow obtain from his landlady, whereby he might discover the melancholy owner. And then the black seal! Poor woman! she had doubtless suffered some domestic affliction: yes, that was made too plain by the postscript. She was evidently a woman of education; and—for the watch was surrounded by brilliants—of some property. These thoughts passed rapidly through the perplexed brain of our bachelor, who, in his forty-third year, was seriously perplexed for the first time. At length, he ceased to think, resigning the matter to the hands of destiny.

Henry Snow was constant in his attendance at the — Institution. It was about three weeks after the receipt of Miss Larkspur's letter, that, having listened attentively to a lecture on chemistry, he was about to leave the theatre, considerably edified on the subject of acids, when a tall young man who had sat behind him during the discourse, requested the favour of his ear at a neighbouring tavern. The stranger was not a man to be refused, for he had very large moustachios, with beard and hair disposed after Eastlake's best bandit; he was, moreover, dressed in a half-military style, which left it a matter of doubt, with waiters at least, whether he was a lieutenant-colonel or a major. "I believe, Sir," said the hairy young gentleman to Snow, "I believe, Sir, you have a watch in your pocket?" Now, the stranger and our bachelor were alone in a room, and Snow, in his ignorance, thought it possible that a pickpocket *might* wear moustachios, and therefore he merely stepped back, and returned an anxious look at the question. "Your name, Sir?" said the stranger.

"Snow, Sir, Henry Snow," said our bachelor, getting near the bell.

"I have seen the watch, Sir; and now, Sir, upon your honour, is it not the property of a lady?" thundered forth the stranger.

"Certainly, Sir," said Snow; "and if you can tell me where the

lady is to be found"—and saying no more, Snow took Patty Larkspur's watch from his waistcoat-pocket; when the stranger approached him, and bending towards the chronometer, and, after surveying it through an eye-glass, he rose to his full height, and thus addressed our hero,—“Sir, you are a villain!”

“Sir!” exclaimed Snow, and he wanted breath for another syllable.

“My cousin, Sir, my cousin! You are aware, Sir,” and the stranger twisted his moustache round his forefinger, “that some things can only be washed out with blood! You will not deny, Sir, that you know a lady named Larkspur?”

“I met her, Sir, at”——

“Met her!” vociferated the young gentleman; “what! a woman is to be robbed of”——

“Robbed, Sir!” cried Snow; “mind what you are about,—this watch, I can prove, was”——

“I spoke not of the watch, Sir, but of my cousin's heart. Poor dear girl! but chance has discovered to me her betrayer,—she, patient saint, would have died with the secret,—as she *will* die, but not, I thank Heaven!”—and he flung up his right arm—“but not alone!”

“Is Miss Larkspur ill?” asked Snow, not knowing what to say.

The stranger smiled bitterly upon Snow, and, almost bursting into tears, exclaimed, shaking his head, “That you could see the ruin you have made! But you shall hear from me, Sir; to-morrow, Sir.” And with this threat Patty Larkspur's cousin left the tavern; and Henry Snow returned to his uncomfortable home, though not before he had promised a handsome reward to the waiter if he could discover for him the abode of the lady, which intelligence the man was enabled soon after to communicate, having been informed of it, though with strict injunctions to be secret, by the cousin himself.

At nine o'clock the next morning, Henry Snow stood at the door of Miss Larkspur. “Could he see her?” for he was resolved to return the watch into her own hands. “Could he see Miss Larkspur?”

The servant shook her head, and laconically replied, “Sir, she's dying.” Snow started, when the servant considerably added, “but if you'll give your name”—Snow complied with the suggestion, and having waited some minutes, was requested to walk “very softly” upstairs. He entered the room, and saw Miss Larkspur very pale, indeed, seated in an easy chair.

“I am sorry, madam,” said Henry Snow, and he was proceeding into his grief, when he was interrupted by “a short, shrill shriek” from the lady, and a shower of tears.

“I am afraid, Sir, I have been very troublesome to you?” said Patty Larkspur.

“Not at all, ma'am,” replied Snow, softened by the appearance of the spinster into a benevolent falsehood; “not at all; my purpose in calling upon you is to”——

“Your cousin, ma'am,” proclaimed the servant, with a look of horror.

“That rash boy! If he sees you here, Mr. Snow,—for the sake of your precious life,—I care not for myself,—but hide! hide!”

“Hide, ma'am,” exclaimed our old bachelor, quite bewildered at the proposal.

“If not,” said Miss Larkspur, and she spoke with a deep, solemn voice; “if not—I know his temper—there'll be murder.”

"He's coming up-stairs, ma'am," cried the girl.

"Hide! hide! for the love of mercy—to save blood—hide! hide!" And Patty Larkspur—what cannot woman do for him she loves?—moved by her fears for the life of Snow, rose above sickness, and vigorously seconded by her maid, almost ere our bachelor was aware of it, twirled him into an empty closet, and buttoned the door; at the same instant, the "armed heels" of Patty's cousin were heard by Snow upon the stairs, and in another instant his terrible voice sounded in the apartment.

"William," said Miss Larkspur, weakly; she had again fallen into the chair, quite exhausted by her late exertion.

"Gracious powers! Patty, you are worse; yes, it is in vain to cheat you with hope; poor blighted flower, you are dying."

"I know it," said Patty Larkspur, "and am content to die."

"Oh, villain! villain!" cried cousin William, and he strode up and down the room; "but by this time he has my message, and in an hour hence"——

"What mean you, William?" said Patty; "why do you frown so—why roll your eyes—what horrible thoughts possess you?"

"I have found him," cried William, in a sepulchral note.

"Him!" said Patty Larkspur.

"Snow!" and William roared out the name, to the terror of its owner in the closet.

"Well!" cried Patty, trembling at the word.

"He dies," said William, in thorough bass.

"No, no, no, William! if it be my last effort—upon my knees I ask it—he is innocent—'tis I who"——

"Innocent! What, have I not seen you waste, day by day, since that accursed day you went to Hastings?—do I not know that—(there is none but Susan here, and she is faithful)—that he took two places back to London—that you are no longer the same blithe, happy being that"—and here cousin William became very impressive,—and will not the ancestors of our house pursue me if I suffer—what is that?" And cousin William glared at Patty Larkspur's watch laid by Snow upon the table.

"The watch, Sir, the watch!" said Susan.

"And has he had the meanness—has he further insulted you by sending"——

"No, Sir, he didn't send it," said Susan,

"Not send! Why, then—he—ha!—that closet door!—what moves it?" The closet was small, and the door shutting close upon Snow, and Snow, with the threats of cousin William, beginning to tremble, proclaimed the culprit in his hiding-place.

"William!" shrieked Patty Larkspur, and fell upon her knees, when the closet-button being turned by the indignant thumb and finger of the young gentleman, Henry Snow stood in all his dark iniquity revealed.

Cousin William, after a great effort, said, with apparent composure, "Very well, Sir; follow me," and quitted the house, Patty Larkspur, however, preventing Snow from obeying the orders of her murderous cousin.

Snow was much affected by the devotion shown to him by Patty Larkspur; like Benedick, he had "never thought to marry;" but we will not hold the reader by a long narration of the causes which pre-

vailed upon our old bachelor: ere two hours had elapsed from the exit of the fiery William, Henry Snow had made a formal offer of his hand to Patty Larkspur, who consented to accept it, with this condition, if her life were spared.

About a twelvemonth after their marriage—for the life of Patty *was* spared—Mrs. Snow fell into a serious fit of illness. We know little of the domestic felicity of the pair up to that period; we only know that the husband would look at his wife's face, glance at her watch, and say, with a sigh—"Too slow, much too slow." For the watch itself, great deception—as Mrs. Snow averred—had been practised on her: that which she had bought for pure gold, was only metal gilt; and the brilliants were, to her confusion, discovered to be only tolerable crystals. Cousin William having, as Mrs. Snow lamented, lost his patrimony at hazard, condescended to shave, and, Mr. Snow having advanced the money, to re-enter life as a linen-draper.

Mr. Snow died at sixty, having survived his wife about nine months. He had a favourite nephew, to whom he left the bulk of his property, enhanced, as he said, by this golden advice,—“George, my dear George, if you live to be an old bachelor, never—never attempt to regulate the watch of a middle-aged maid.”

HIGH CONNEXIONS.

“—magno patre nata puella.”

Hor. Ser. Lib. i.^o Sat. 2.

‘—of the noble blood of the Mac Tabs.”

Poor Gentleman, Act II. Scene 2.

ALTHOUGH the honeymoon has pass'd,
My heart is still in raptures,
For I have made, methinks, the best
Of matrimonial captures;—
My wife's not young, but then she boasts
The sweetest of complexions;
And though she's somewhat short herself,
She has such high connexions!
Of that provision people call
In worldly parlance “dower,”
To say that I got much with her,
It is not in my power;
Oh, no! from fortune-hunting free,
That vilest of infections,
I'm happy—as a man can be
Whose wife has high connexions.

We're rather poor, for I must state
In this my frank confession,
She has no lands, and I profess
That I have no profession—
But what of that, since I have got
The wife of my affections—
And such a wife, for has she not
Such very high connexions?

Now summer's come, she wants, sweet soul !
To trim anew her bonnet ;
It cannot be, although she sets
Her heart so much upon it ;—
“ My dear,” says she, “ our purse is low,
The notes make sad defections ; ”—
“ My love,” says I, “ perhaps—but oh !
You've got such high connexions. ”
And yet at times she talks so big,
It seems a sort of phrenzy,
Because my name is simply Twig,
And hers was Montmorency ;
Her temper, too, in anger shrinks
From gentlest of corrections ;
Yet who can wonder, when one thinks
Of all her high connexions ?
An invitation came to-day,
To dine with Mr. Verney,
A most delightful man, although
A Common Pleas attorney :
“ I fear,” my wife said, “ I must make
To this a few objections ;—
There, venison, true,—at home, a steak—
But then—my high connexions. ”
There's Lady Flash, the Earl of Trumps,
And old Sir Abel Addle,—
Lord Tidley Winks, and Viscount Frumps,—
And Lady Fiddlefaddle ;—
Some others I could mention, too,
And give you their directions :
Why, bless your soul, these are but few
Of all her high connexions.
With one of them we lately staid
As long as we were able,
Though I at dinner daily get
Each drumstick on the table ;
Nor would our attic chamber bear
The closest of inspections :—
But still, what honour to be there
Among her high connexions !
When I come home (I'm often sent
To call on Lady Bridget)
I'm sure to find some beau up-stairs,
Which puts me in a fidget ;
But then she begs that I'll respect
Her harmless predilections :
Of course such things are “ quite correct ”
In one with high connexions.
Alas ! we often have a scene
About her dressing smarter :
Her milk of human kindness then
Becomes quite cream of tartar :
Yet who'll deny I've made for life
The wisest of elections ?—
Oh ! what it is to have a wife
Who has such high connexions !

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INCONSOLABLE SOCIETY.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."—ROGERS.

SOCIETIES are commonly established either for political, scientific, or social purposes. The purpose of the society, of which, through the kindness of a broken-hearted friend, we are about to afflict the world with an account, embraces all these. Its great maxim is, that "man was made to mourn." It professes to include all mankind within its circle, and to have no limit but the cradle on the one hand, and the coffin on the other. It is based upon what may justly be designated the Greatest Wretchedness Principle; and it would endeavour to extend the bond of union among men, by convincing them that every living thing has something in common with every other living thing. That something is—Sorrow. How desirable it is, then, that this one thing in common should be clearly and thoroughly understood by all—that its principles should be comprehended, its properties analyzed and demonstrated.

The objects that call other societies together are, as we have said, various; but they appertain only to the interests of individuals or classes, anxious to discover plausible answers to the every-day questions—"What is knowledge?" "What is wit?" "What is power?" &c. But all the world (as well as his wife) is interested in answering the one grand question, "What is sorrow?" which some people take to be a paraphrase of the popular question, "What is taxes?" There is the point at which universal inquiry should begin. But such is human ignorance, that while all feel it, few know anything about it. As a science it is utterly uncultivated. We assume the shadow of it now and then—at a funeral—and forego the reality. People are stupid enough in too many cases to content themselves with sham griefs. How many persons are we acquainted with who have had abundant distresses in this world, without really relishing any! How many might be numbered who have been upon occasions completely miserable without knowing it! How many more might be counted up who have dribbled away their tears, frittered away their wretchedness, wasted all the woes they had, without doing themselves the least service, and in a manner no man knows how! In the one case, we have the miser, who does not enjoy his wealth, because he will not use it; and in the other, we have the spendthrift, to whom riches give no pleasure, because he makes them take to their wings. If people will not reduce their sorrows to a regular system, they can never experience the real luxury of woe. If they would know what sorrow is, they must qualify themselves for a seat in the society to which we are about to introduce them.

The Inconsolable Society is composed of a body of English gentlemen whose social principles are expressed in the motto at the head of this paper,—they would not, if they could, be gay. They are practical expounders of the Rogersian philosophy. They are thoroughly in earnest in their griefs. Their tears are rivers, and their sighs hurri-

canes. They have no enjoyment in life, if not truly miserable; and are never content but when they are beyond the reach of consolation. As Sorrow holds the key that unlocks the gate of Wisdom, it will be inferred that this society is a club of sages,—duly impressed with the conviction that ignorance is bliss, that the idiot is a happy fellow, that the half-knowing are tolerably comfortable, but that the wise only have the distinction of being supremely wretched, as it is the man who knows everything who alone knows that he knows nothing. Each fellow, therefore, holds rank and obtains estimation among the rest as a man of virtue and genius according to the depth of his despair and misery; in other words, his intellect is not judged of by the breadth of his forehead, but by the length of his face.

We have used the term "fellow;" those who compose this society are not, however, called Fellows, but Wretches. Thus, while it is usual in other societies to refer to an individual as the gallant member, or the honourable and learned gentleman, it is the custom in this to say, "I rise to second the motion of the unfortunate wretch," or, "in reply to the miserable wretch who has just fainted," &c. The speaker is frequently received with deep sighs and long-continued sobbing, but these are the only interruptions he is likely to experience. No laughter was ever heard in the assembly, save that which claims "severest woe" as its parent.

It is implied in the title of the association that every wretch, upon his entrance, undertakes to leave hope behind. It is considered to be a point of honour not to listen to any story, to view any spectacle, or to contract any habit that might have a tendency to raise the spirits, or insensibly to weaken the charm of that melancholy which forbids the wish to be gay even where the power exists. The sorrower must be inconsolable, or he is not strictly and in spirit a member of the society. His rueful countenance must not, therefore, betray a sly and peeping spirit of humour at the corner of the mouth or in a twinkle of the eye—between the tears, "as it were;" his mourning suit must not be lined with flame-coloured taffety.

Nevertheless, it must be especially noted that these necessary provisions for the due melancholy and deep-seated despair of the club, by no means preclude the entertainment by its members, collectively or individually, of many of the ordinary topics that engage the conversational powers of other societies and of the community in general. It must not be supposed that, because the mourner is pledged to preserve his sorrows in all their original sacredness, he is not to discourse on subjects which are by courtesy termed entertaining, to visit what are jocosely designated places of amusement, or to herd with dogs called droll and fellows styled jolly. Perhaps the very reverse of an abandonment of what are usually described as recreations, may be essential to the efficient cultivation of the required despondency. Of comfort, certainly, no regularly admitted Inconsolable must speak; but, on the other hand, there is no occasion for him

"To talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;"

for, with precisely the same effect upon his feelings, he may talk of bards, of songs, and theatres. The rules that govern the Inconsolables by no means, for example, preclude a visit to Drury-lane on any night when what is called a legitimate comedy may be represented; there

will not be the least danger of the member's forfeiting caste in the society, or of losing for a single instant any portion of the weight upon his spirits, or the intense gravity of his look. To select a night, however, when a tragedy is played might be deemed injudicious and culpable, as some risk must be incurred of a liveliness incompatible with perfect solemnity of mind. Should any of the more inexperienced adopt this perilous course, it is possible that they take care to weep piteously before the tragedy begins; remembering the plan adopted by Richelieu's listeners, who laughed before he opened his mouth. "And very right," said Walpole; "if they had waited, they would not have laughed at all."

Nor do the rules deny to any body the privilege of dining with Lord — on a state occasion, or with Mr. — when he insists upon your taking a family dinner with him. In fact, there are a hundred well-known dinner-tables about town, at which you may be seated three hours per diem per annum, and be sure to meet with neither dish nor drollery at all calculated to excite either stomach or spirit beyond the point of a total suspension of enjoyment. To these you may go, not merely with impunity, but with advantage; for as "true no-meaning puzzles more than wit," so dulness is more afflicting to him who comes in contact with it than "comfortless despair;" and hence the diner-out may derive an additional shade to his misery, especially if, as we have already hinted, he should drop into a theatre on his way home.

Another exemplary mode of working out the principles of the society, and of acquiring a character for confirmed and unaffected wretchedness, consists in spending a long evening with a family in which the daughters have a passion for poetry and the sons for punning; or where there is a little girl who is not only spiteful enough to sing, but barbarous enough to sing in Italian; or a little boy, who is not only so wicked as to say his name is Norval, but so diabolical as to way-lay Eliza on the wood-crowned height. Or a dinner once a month with a host who keeps a lion to exhibit periodically,—the said lion delivering himself of the identical roar on each occasion, and that roar being the mere squeak of a most magnanimous mouse;—this is an unexceptionable mode of keeping up your melancholy, and the practice is doubtless a favourite one in the society of Inconsolables. There are, moreover, fancy balls, evening parties, and musical *soirées* in abundance, most of which may be made to minister to a mind diseased in the very way in which physicians are sometimes thought to minister to the diseased body. Of course, the conversaziones of science and literature afford unfailing resources for those members of the Disconsolate Club who are liable to occasional misgivings as to their misery, and to fears lest society should contain a charm for their affliction. Such temptations may always be yielded to by the timid with a perfect reliance upon their power to extend the influence of ennui, and to insure a practical obedience to the mandate to "increase and multiply" in the family of the blue-devils.

Of the thousand remaining expedients another yet may be mentioned. A gentleman who feels uncomfortable, and desires to be inconsolable, should never fail to accept an invitation to dine in snugness with a particular friend, or with a particular friend and his particular wife. The effect in either case is likely to be the addition of a deep shade to his previous gloom. If alone with his friend, he will be pretty sure to quarrel, soon after the commencement of the third bottle, either about

the bottle itself, or a mutual acquaintance, or about Lord Melbourne, or the Homeric unity. Or if a lady should be in the case, then the host and hostess will most likely take advantage of the presence of a dear friend, and esteem themselves singularly fortunate in the opportunity of getting up a quarrel between themselves, and of appealing to an affectionate but impartial judgment upon the merits of the "scene." Everybody must have observed that man and wife are seldom so apt—should we not rather say so anxious—to dispute, as when seated by the fireside in snug security with the early and intimate friend of the husband—that friend who, the lady cannot help thinking, led her lord into every species of dissipation before she knew either of them, who still keeps him out, as often as may be, very late at night,—who is acquainted with secrets which she scorns to pry into, because she is utterly at a loss to discover them, and about whom she always thought there was something rather mysterious and vastly disagreeable.

It may be thought, and the probability is suggested to our minds by this very allusion to circumstances of friendly intercourse, that the Inconsolable Society has made a fatal mistake in seeking to form a club for the purpose of a general communication and confession of grievances. Every objector will bring his own experience against the project, and insist that to disclose our sorrows is to lighten them—to pour a part of our griefs into a friend's bosom is partially to get rid of them—to tell people that we are wretched is to be far less miserable than we declare ourselves to be. This is an error, and a very vulgar one. Push the doctrine to a test, or, in modern phraseology, carry out the principle, and where does it leave you? Here:—that the man who was bowed down by sorrow when he took his morning walk, having bored with the heart-rending tale of his distresses every acquaintance whom he encountered, is perfectly upright when he sits down to dinner. Such is the wisdom of old maxims—such the charity of worldly notions of morality—that we may chatter away our griefs by chattering them into other people, relieve ourselves by racking all we meet. The society with whose philosophy our heart-broken friend has made us slightly acquainted, is not composed of such unconscionable complainants. Their doctrine is, that if you are in possession of a solid and steadfast woe, you are bound to cherish it. Get grief and keep it. Lavish not your troubles on any man whose heart will not ache to the core as it receives them. Sorrow is sacred; and what the moral philosopher of Fielding (Jonathan Wild the Great) said of mischief, may with not less truth be said of misery—it is too precious a thing to be wasted.

Another class of sceptics may urge what they would deem a fatal objection; that, in an assembly of friends, all wretched, no man could be wretched long—because, each one seeing so many shareholders of his affection completely disconsolate, must necessarily find (in accordance with the philosophy of friendship) his own affliction decrease in proportion to the extent of his survey. According to these, nothing checks one's tears like seeing the eyes of one's friends filling with water. This, also, is an error. The truth is to be found in the very depth of the sentiment entertained by the Inconsolables; the companion-sentiment to the popular one, "the more the merrier." "The more the miserabler" is the maxim, less grammatical than grievous, of the society for the dissemination of wretchedness. We believe, of course, with the philoso-

pher, that there *is* something in the distresses of even our dearest friends that is far from being displeasing to us ; but this can only be when we ourselves are not under the influence of a consuming sorrow. In moments of ease or of languor, it may be an agreeable excitement to hear of a banker's failure, by which one dear friend loses half a fortune—or of a footman's flight, by which another loses a daughter, or perhaps a wife ; but such pleasures cannot reach us in the season of our utter wretchedness. As, in the language of Lord Bacon, a little philosophy carries us away from religion, while a greater brings us round to it ; so it may be said that a small trouble or vexation carries us to a point of sympathy, while a greater brings us round again to self. The language of another illustrious ornament of our literature, the celebrated Mr. William Lackaday, may be cited in support of our doctrine—"My own distresses touches me more nearer than anybody helse's." One pang of our own is a sort of Aaron's serpent that swallows up those of our friends. The *bonâ fide* proprietor of those popular commodities called afflictions sore, well knows that there are times when the worst that can happen to others brings no particle of comfort to the heart. While the gout is gnawing, the sufferer is quite insensible to pleasing emotions, though you were to tell him that his wife's brother was in the gazette, or his own uncle going to be hanged.

The principle of the society is, therefore, a sound one. When we are in trouble, the trouble even of a friend is a bore. The Inconsolables are in no danger of consolation while they assemble together. Every long visage is a full-length likeness of all the rest ; and each mourner sees his own calamity staring him in the face, in a hundred directions—which is sufficiently unpleasant. Every man hears, in the multitudinous moan of the assembly, the voice of his own dolour, and his grief deepens with the groan. Nature has done much on behalf of misery, but it is the glorious province of art to double the natural poignancy of it, and add a more refined venom to the sting.

The qualification for admission into this rapidly rising society is only defined in the general provision that the candidate must be past consolation. It will not do to look merely melancholy and gentlemanlike ; the society admits of no mock-miseries. No vague misanthropy or lugubrious morbidity of disposition, is sufficient to ensure election. Neither will an actual calamity, however tragic to the party, at all times prevail. We can relate an instance. An acquaintance of the miserable wretch to whom we owe these particulars of the institution, offered himself lately as a candidate—on the ground of having unexpectedly become a widower the week before. The loss of a wife was not held to be a sufficient qualification, and the gentleman was white-balled—for the black-balls in this society are the certificates, not of rejection, but of election. It appearing afterwards, however, that a considerable annuity, which he had enjoyed in right of his wife, had ceased with her, his claim was readily reconsidered, and unanimously allowed. Among other cases our inconsolable friend mentioned that of a highly popular author, who was recently labouring under a grievous attack of *tædium vitæ*, and wished to join the Inconsolables, in consequence of the remorselessness of a literary reviewer, who had infamously proved him to be a blockhead. The plea was not satisfactory ; and the highly popular author would have been rejected, as not thoroughly undone and broken-

hearted, had not the scale been suddenly turned in his favour by the fact, that his most particular and intimate friend had resolved to write a defence of him in another literary journal. This at once decided the point of qualification.

In other instances the society may seem to act with less caution, though such is not in reality the case. A young gentleman claimed to be admitted as a miserable wretch, on the score of having, in a moment of warm-hearted enthusiasm, lent a much-esteemed college chum his acceptance for an amount nearly equal to all he was worth in the world. The bill had not become due, but the gentleman was at once elected—the misery being taken for granted, and the ruin voted inevitable.

The Inconsolables have a club-room, open at all hours, the walls of which would present to the view, were there a little more light, sketches of the most celebrated prisons, hospitals, churchyards, and lunatic asylums of the country—all executed by the Messrs. Grieve.

“More doleful sight did never eye survey.”

Were you to follow two gentlemen in, after a summer-morning saunter through this melancholy metropolis, you would probably find them sinking upon a seat in a snug, silent, dreary nook, resting their wretched elbows upon the unfeeling table, and their care-worn cheeks upon their uncomfortable hands—and ordering, for purposes of refreshment, clean cambric handkerchiefs for two. You would find in the opposite corner a woe-begone personage retailing to a companion, with many sighs, all the jokes out of the new farce, with the view of throwing a fresh damp upon his spirits. Others would be reading newspapers for the same purpose, and, judging from the countenance, with considerable success; the parliamentary reports especially would appear to be taken with inestimable advantage to the objects of the reader. (The publications adopted by the Club as encouragers, directly or indirectly, of its purposes are numerous; but the “N. M. M. and H.” is of course excluded as eminently mischievous.)

It is a noticeable fact, that the majority of the miserales who form the society were in other days more or less famous upon town as desperate punsters, jovial blades, practical jokers, and inveterate wags. The burthen of their morning and evening song was

“Oh, there’s nothing in life can sadden us!”

The transition from the incorrigible to the inconsolable, from the sublimely droll to the ridiculously dreary, is but a step—and it is often taken. Then, seven days were too few for the week’s holiday; now, the only objection they have to the measure for making dark and doleful the seventh day is, that its beneficent provisions do not extend to the other six. But the change suits them, and they would no more be gay now than they would have been grave of old. Each lays claim to a supremacy of sorrow, and to each the pleasing couplet applies—

“If ever man to misery was born,

’Tis *mine* to suffer, and ’tis *mine* to mourn.”

Their misery is the keener, because, like treason, it has done its worst; the cup can but overflow, and this conviction doubles the bitterness of their draught. So may they sing still, in a different sense, but with an infinitely deeper assurance of a faithful fulfilment than they had before—so may they sing still,

“Oh, there’s nothing in life can sadden us!”

A SPECIAL EVENING

IN THE LIFE OF A MUSICAL AMATEUR.

"Oh, that record is lively in my soul!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"You don't make it speak!" was the provoking exclamation of my dry old German music-master, after I had scraped on my fiddle for a long half-hour, producing enough of noise, at least, to have frightened from their comfortable propriety the *lares* and *pénates* of my private apartment. "You don't make it speak!" had been objected by the caustic German, with his cager whine, after each pause in the unsuccessful efforts of my bow-arm.

Now, of the mortifying fact thus insisted on, no one could be more conscious than myself, since vanity was never my forte, nor, had it been such, was there here any decent pretence for its exercise. To be candid; if my bowing was *unparalleled*, it was only so by reason of its not fulfilling the required condition of running *even with the bridge*; and, in short, it would have needed Malvolio himself to construe into anything like a speaking excellence the degree of power that I had as yet acquired over "the instrument of adagios." I felt, indeed, that I could *make it cry*, and this in tones hardly to be outdone by the most determined infant, when angry with a long day's *angor ventris*; but beyond this I did not flatter myself to have attained, nor did I expect to do so, save by a very tardy rate of advancement. Thus the dictum of my German, in its recurring iterations, seemed wholly unnecessary. Again I screwed up my pegs and my courage, however, and made pretty hard work of a prelude in some easy key. "You don't make it speak!" was the only sequel from the lips of my preceptor. What could he mean? Why this never-changing phrase, which, at each repetition, with all its identity, opened a fresh jar of annoyance for my feelings? Was it enthusiasm, or was it dulness, that occasioned the use of this peculiar expression? Was it, by any possibility, some deep, pervading, and poetic sense of what the violin, made vocal in the hand of genius, could achieve,—a sense of its power to

"Speak, without words, such words as none can tell"—

or was it the reverse quality of sheer dulness—the positive incapacity to bring forward any other idea, upon the matter in hand, save what was involved in this much-tormented phrase? As I drew, with wearied arm, towards the end of my profitless lesson, I arrived at a conclusion in favour of the latter of these two conjectures. My German, like the Frenchman once in England, who imagined a certain brief form of oath to constitute *le fond de la langue*, seemed to rest for everything upon the one phrase, and to make it stand (along with a few expletive shrugs, hum's and ha's, and pinches of snuff) for his alpha and omega—his whole code of instruction. He was a member of a military band, who had been somehow recommended to me as a competent fiddler, although his proper instrument was of the wind. Like certain sauces, known to those who read advertisements, he had assumed an applicability to "general purposes;" and, as I afterwards learned, was ready at any

time to teach anything (in the musical world) for which anybody would pay him. The compendious remark which he had multiplied so many times upon me, was doubtless a kind of cover for the baldness of his knowledge. In his fiddling capacity, he was a musical Morison, who had but one prescription.

It was my first lesson from this artist ; and, as all succeeding ones promised to be merely a *succession of firsts*, I determined that it should be likewise my last. Accordingly, after transferring a crown to him, I dismissed him, snuffbox and all, to play Sir Oracle with his five words to any other student he might find ; and, as I felt not a little worried at the changeless inculcation of a so painful truth, as well as fatigued with the labour performed under its depressing influence, I threw myself with abandonment into my arm-chair, and sought the meditative composure so often to be attained in that situation.

The words of my departed preceptor continued here to haunt me. "You don't make it speak !" tingled yet in my ears, vibrated in my memory, and presently usurped the direction of my thoughts. The coy nature of those exquisite charms which belong to the violin—the long assiduities exacted as the preface to their surrender, even where the solicitant has the finest natural gifts to recommend him—the patience and catgut to be worn out,—the finger-aches and mind-aches to be endured, ere the "leading instrument" can be made to discourse its *most eloquent* music,—these considerations were vividly present to me. How few, how very few (thought I) have ever been able to *make it speak* ! But then, what raptures consunnnate have lived in that voice, when once its utterance could be called forth ! Oh, how transcendant are the best powers of the violin !

The room was quiet—the more so for the kettle's lulling hum, and the gentle purr of the sleek and somnolent cat ; the fire shed a genial warmth ; and the brandy-and-water, which I had somehow mixed with my meditations, presented in its fumes the clouds for my imagination to luxuriate in. Amid the train of my reflections, I glided off insensibly into slumber.

* * * * *

Methought I stood upon a mossy bank, of emerald brightness—a broad stream floating majestically by, amid a landscape sweetly and temperately lighted by a setting sun. The distance on either side the river was crowned by daisied hills, and made the place wherein I stood the loveliest of valleys. The scene around was deeply still, as if in expectation of a coming wonder—of some great impending presence. The most delicious perfumes, such as fascinate the senses, and give play to the fancy, diffused their fragrance ; and there floated forward an azure cloud, which, staying its progress near the part of the bank where I was stationed, suddenly expaused, and made manifest to my enchanted view a figure full of combined beauty and majesty, glorious after the manner of the ancients. Of drapery it had little—and well, indeed, might such a form be disdainful of apparel—but golden sandals clasped the feet, and a wreath of laurel, intensely virid, inclosed in a tributary parenthesis the auburn splendours of the head. I was conscious that it was the Cynthian Apollo who beamed before me ! But what eccentric attribute did either hand hold in display ? | Could it be an arrow, in the right ? On the contrary, it was a bow ; not, however, the bow that

sent death to the Pythian serpent, and made Niobe all tears; not the bow of one string, but the bow of a hundred, the bow of newer ages,—the bow of the violin. And there, grasped in the other hand of the “*præsens divus*,” was its kindred creation, its fond, inseparable companion and better half, the fiddle itself.

The apparition altogether was so singular, that I could not omit to notice even the minutest of its accessories. I observed that the violin was of the Amati pattern; but that the silver string, which, as usual, formed the fourth parallel of longitude upon it, had for its associates no mere bits of catgut, but a substance brighter and clearer, which seemed like threads of crystal endued with pliancy. The pegs were of gold; a topaz gleamed from each side of the scroll; and, by way of button for the attachment of the tail-piece, there flamed a carbuncle.

Apollo looked benignly on this memorable instrument—turned it over several times curiously—and then pacing slowly and thoughtfully up and down the green sward, seemed as if meditating music for its employment.

But, ah! what shapes are these—an airy nymph, and the semblance of a strange old man—that suddenly enter upon the scene? The one glides forward from the brown depths of a wood in the opposite distance, while the other has emerged from the bed of the river. The first is Echo,—in describing whom I shall not be more particular than to signify at once that she was a very pale young person, with a most reflective cast of countenance; the prettiest of imaginable double chins; a striped, or *reverberated* dress of transparent texture; a tippet of parrot’s feathers; a hoop petticoat, and a hollow voice. As she approached, she waved in her hand a sunflower, probably in compliment to the deity of day. As for the masculine figure, his appearance, as he came *floundering* out of the water, was equally grotesque and significant. Old and full of days, he was distinguished by a remarkably wide mouth, funny eyes, a pointed beard, shaped something like the half of a wherry, wooden shoes, made like boats, and a certain general look of craft. Moreover, his coating was of thick mud, of the richest description; green osiery encased his legs; and silver eels, voluminous, played at scratch-cradle around his head, the hair of which looked amazingly like a bundle of rushes, and glistened with a dripping ooze, of a lubricity beyond all pomatum. I was convinced, by intuition, that this individual could be no other than the *genius loci*, Father Thames. The very air was informed of his presence, for, in his immediate vicinity, it had “an ancient and fish-like smell.”

But list! what sounds are those, so sweet, and so unearthly? They seem the emotions of some celestial heart, made audible, articulate! Is it music—is it speech? ’Tis more thrilling than the tones that gush from woman’s lips in passion’s wildest hour. Whence—whence? Is it Apollo enunciating his oracles? No; his mouth makes no utterance; his features are as serene and composed in the glow of their *lumen purpureum*, as the glassy surface of a lake o’er which a rainbow smiles. But there—there—the *violin*;—he draws the breath of life from its strings; its soul is summoned forth at his touch; it is eloquent, it is vocal, beneath the pressure of that hand divine! Apollo *makes it speak!*

As soon as the astonishment became less tumultuous within me, I was made sensible that a kind of prelude of interjections, and of brief but lofty rhapsodies, of which I could not exactly catch the purport, was

what constituted the first part of the fiddle's utterings in the hands of Phœbus. A short pause succeeded, during which a sneeze from Father Thames (who appeared to be labouring under a recently caught cold) lowered in a slight degree the tone of my emotions, but did not abate the intensity of my purpose to drink in at the ear all that might follow from the same superlative source. Echo in the mean while had made various signs of delight. Through some preternatural extension of the optic powers, I found myself capable of discerning the whole play of her features, though the width of the river divided us. She now advanced more closely to the verge of the opposite bank, and stood collected, as if prepared to do something in her vocation. She seemed evidently on the watch to be a repeater. Apollo, now less abstracted, gave her, for the first time, a nod of gracious recognition, and directed also a smile towards Father Thames, who was at the moment shaking his head and eels in another sneeze, but appeared, in spite of his inconvenience, to be much interested in what was going forward. Again the radiant Phœbus raised his bow. Awhile he coquetted with the favoured fiddle right gracefully, and then, planting it on his chest, he soliloquized aloud upon it in the peculiar manner about to be related—the nymph Echo occasionally superadding her voice to that of the violin, and for the most part *calling names*, in the most extraordinary way, yet with an appropriateness that could not be too much admired. The strain now discoursed was less of the passionate order than what had preceded, but more coherent. It was a mixture of the sentimental and the familiar (including a dash of the didactic), in a kind of declamation upon the merits and glories of the “leading instrument ;” and I was fortunately enabled to catch its terms distinctly, such as I am somehow to pen them down at the bidding of a full-charged memory. Thus, then, spoke Apollo, through the means and expressive agency of the violin, which, with all the charms of tone pertaining to its own class, was somehow combining, in mystic union, those which are diffused from the most delicious human voice :—

Deeply as I've loved the lyre,
Now its tones my senses tire,
And, to banish olden tedium,
I have found another medium.
Oh ! 'tis not the light guitar,
But a thing more potent far.
'Tis not the Arcadian lute ;
No—nor yet the German flute ;
Nor the tones of clangorous trumpet,
Which not soothe the ear, but thump it.
Press'd by hand, caress'd by chin,
'Tis a thing all ears to win :
'Tis what Music's choicest kin,
Greatest players, vie all in !

(ECHO) *Violin !*

Of the world, from ends to middle,
'Tis the glory, jest, and riddle !

(ECHO) *Fiddle !*

Though it changes to the real
All that was but *beau-ideal*—

(ECHO) *Bow ideal !*

Still bath Fancy empire full
In its magic tones—a school
Wider than was once the rule
Of Pope's pretended "holy bull!"

(ЕCHO) *Olé Bull!*

Oh! what names untransitory
Constellate to form its glory!
Fame, the bright scroll thou beginnest
With an *Angel-Violinist* *!
Thou canst tell how deep a toll owes
To *him* the "instrument of solos,"
Thou canst truly say how well he
Loved it at his heart's core really.

(ЕCHO) *Corelli!*

In its annals there lives one
With a soul all full of sun.
More than modern Marsyas,
Far above that man of brass,
Almost, in his greatness haughty,
With *me*, Phœbus, to vie ought he!

(ЕCHO) *Viotti!*

Names in which true merit's home is
Shall not die, and honour *so* miss!

(ЕCHO) *Som's.*

Names that are a proud memento,
History shall point her pen to!

(ЕCHO) *Pinto!*

One still treadeth the green earth
Of unconquerable worth;
Mighty wielder of the bow,
Hero, demigod below;
Slander's fictile tales belying,
Enemies in hosts defying.
'Gainst high names whate'er their spleen is,
They can't injure Paganini's!

(ЕCHO) *Pack o'ninnies!*

Hail to this consummate art,
Where a hand brings out a heart!
'Tis, though not possess'd by many,
A virtue in all, a gem in any!

(ЕCHO) *Geminiani!*

It lends feeling to the shallow man,
And a glow unto the sallow man!

(ЕCHO) *Salomon!*

Where man's neck his body joins,
There the fiddle best reclines:
Grateful for each close embrace
In that consecrated place,
Lest its notes be dull or dinny,
It affects a wearer *chinny!*

(ЕCHO) *Veracini!*

* *Arcangelo*—angel of the bow—the name belonging, most characteristically, to Corelli.

Few its genius wild may tame ;
But, for those within whose frame
Soul enduring, holds abode,
There's a way—there *is* a road !

(ECHO) *Rode !*

Yet not safe *Pretension's* flights are ;
Balanced when their claims and rights are
Few—how few !—are worth one kreutzer !

(ECHO) *Kreutzer !*

Nature won't at once surrender,
But with study you may bend her !

(ECHO) *Benda !*

Here the theme assumed a measure somewhat more stately and serene,
and thus proceeded ere it relapsed into the familiar—

Honour to him who in that city wide
Through which thou, Thames, dost roll thy changeful tide,
And in that temple there to *me* upraised,
Erst waked the strain, while Wonder mutely gazed !
Sweet were the tones that trembled from his bow,
And sweet the sympathies they taught to flow :
Lovers, not yours emotions half so pretty,
When with embracing arm you span your Letty !

(ECHO) *Spagnoletti !*

Change than sameness still is better—
Always a new key's a *whetter* !

(ECHO) *Kiesewetter !*

Destined for a future star,
Breathes, yet breathes a mortal play'r,
Whose notes, in silvery showers fair,
More fresh, more brightly salient are
Than bubbling spring of German Spa !

(ECHO) *Spohr !*

Lo ! another name of merit !
Ere ye find a choicer spirit,
Ye may mountain scale, and roam berg.

(ECHO) *Romberg !*

* * * * *

The succeeding notes, less “audible and full of vent,” melted away in gradual indistinctness, and the singular effusion ceased ; while Echo, as if overcome by her exertions, fainted away, yet with a smile lingering about her pallid lips, and was caught in the arms of a small dingy-looking sprite, “got up” in bluish-grey mixture, whom I surmised to be Distance, and who proceeded to the vanishing point with her immediately. Thames opened his capacious mouth into a grin, ducked his head with reverential awkwardness towards Apollo, and then soused, eels over heels, into the water, on the way to his bed. Glorious Apollo, in an attitude of easy grace, and holding in extension the instrument which had been the eloquent minister to his thoughts, was received again into the cloud, which gradually receded from my view.

Just at that seasonable instant, the rattle of a large cinder, which fell within the fender, brought me back with opened eyes to the narrow scene of my own private apartment, and terminated a dream as circumstantial, I will venture to affirm, as the experience of any living slumberer can furnish.

"Well, Mr. Amateur, it was *but* a dream!"

Yes! my too literal friend and reader—but is there nothing to be gained of real purpose from a dream? Is it *all* visionary that comes to us through a vision? I would suggest the contrary. If to consider as a compliment to England the language and the *locale* through which this my dream presented itself, were to consider too curiously, at least there is one general hint of good honest value to be derived from it; I mean as regards the great importance of *expression*, the highest of all musical attributes. Let my worthy countrymen look to it. Postponing lesser things to greater—holding "execution" in strict subservience to meaning—let them ever study, in their cultivation of that subtle and marvellous exponent of mind and fancy, the violin, to do that which is at once most difficult and most delightful—to "*make it speak!*"

G. D.

MR. CABOOZE AND JAMES BEVAN.

"A *leetle* ANECDOTE" OF TWO ENGLISHMEN IN NASSAU.

A MORE terrible drinker than Mr. Cabooze
 Ne'er walk'd out at elbows, nor died in his shoes,—
 He began in a morning, at half after ten,
 To ring for his big drop of brandy, and then
 To gasp at a small cup of coffee at most,
 And coquette with the ghost
 Of a thin piece of toast,—
 And top that with brandy—a strong *paulo-post!*
 Rather faint at eleven,
 He rang for James Bevan,
 (For he kept a man-servant, and none of the dames.)
 And he said to him very despondingly,—“James!
 Whip an egg up—in sherry,
 For I'm very low—very!
 My eyes see all objects in specks, James, and curves,
 And the devil is playing a fugue on my nerves.”
 Now James, who seem'd suffering his master's complaint,
 For his eyelids were red and his figure was faint,—
 Bow'd,—and then in a saunter
 Search'd out the decanter,
 And down in a very dim room—nothing loath,
 Though with something of nausea, and something of sloth—
 Whipp'd *two* eggs in *two* sherries,—and comforted both.
 At two a slight luncheon
 And a pull from the puncheon
 Of antique Jamaica (to refuse which a sin is)
 Just to keep down the cream-be-crown'd goblet of Guinness.
 At half after four,
 Or a pinch of time more,
 By way of refresher, stomachic, or so,
 Cold soda, sublimed by the indolent flow
 Of the sweet-bitter, glutinous, rich Curaçoa.

And later, he'd take,
 Just for mere drinkee-sake,
 And this couldn't hurt, it was something so thin,
 A tumbler of table made bumptious by gin!
 Then dinner—quite slight,
 Happy light appetite!
 Barsac (some Champagne), very curious Moselle,
 Rudisheisnur, Johannisberge—cold as a well!
 A smart touch of these —
 And *one* port with *one* cheese,—
 And claret as radiant, and long as you please!
 * * * * *

At night, lunch the second,
 A reason is reckon'd
 For brandy (just haunted by water) in heaps,
 Till the deluge subdues the Cabooze till he sleeps
 As still as a mouse and as sound as a Turk,
 Quite fitted next day for the same sort of work!
 You'd say all this drinking could never go on—
 Could never be borne
 From evening till morn,
 From the morn to the noon—
 From noon, I believe,
 To what's call'd "dewy eve :"
 You'd say this in England could ne'er be the tune;
 Well, it was not in England—at Schwalbach 'twas done;
 Längen Schwalbach, whose rills
 Bathe the fair Taunus hills—
 That place where (see Head) the hot springs, like pea-soup,
 Receive sallow souls in a carroty group;
 Where the German in silence the nastiness swills,
 And the pigs go in parties to dine on the hills;
 Where a tin crooked horn
 Is blown every morn,
 And the cows all troop forth to the Schwalbach wood
 To enjoy much air and a libel on food!
 That place where the victims of vapours and gout
 Are bathing eternally inside and out.
 One sad severe day,
 Nearly cold as our May,
 After soaking, and soaking, and soaking the clay,
 With a friend at a hof,
 Up the street, not far off,
 Poor Mr. Cabooze—quite be-bottled, bamboozled,
 Teetotaciously turn'd out, entirely cafoozled;
 And his crony, James Bevan,
 Who fetched him at seven,
 And was waiting at table from then till eleven,
 Sat, respectfully drunk,
 On an old German trunk,
 Advising his master, through hiccups, to fly
 (i. e. Stagger) from brandy and water, to try
 The effect of a bed
 On a fat, foggy head;
 And he beckon'd, and ask'd him intensely to "come!"
 And, in Schlängenead fashion, to *serpent* it home!
 Now no one could say that Cabooze was the man
 To gorge good advice, or to shrink from his can;

So he sat in a maze,
 With his feet on the baize,
 And his hand on the glass, and his head in a haze;
 And he very imperfectly wish'd his James Bevan
 In a totally opposite quarter from Heaven.
 And something he said, 'twixt the lip and the cup,
 That by waiting a little, the moon would be up!
 So they waited as still as two cherubs at church,
 Till with sipping and filling,
 And sweet'ning and swilling,
 The friend at the hof mutely dropp'd off his perch;
 And missing him—not knowing whither he'd wander'd,
 Cabooze, at his absence, prodigiously pondered,
 And mutter'd, " 'Twas anything else but polite
 To have slunk off to bed without wishing good night."
 And James never saw
 The fall'n spirit repose,
 In the bloom of a doze,
 With his nose very close to the pillar and claw.
 Up stagger'd Cabooze;
 And he startled the snooze
 From the *goose-gogs* of Bevan, and broke from the booze;
 And James blunder'd up in an uneven hurry,
 And, half in a slumber, and half in a flurry,
 The two fell together against one another.
Sans cap, and *sans* castor,
 Deunhen, Pastor, and Master;
 The two held together like brother and brother,
 And out from the door—an uncertain event—
 These mutual supporters, meandering went,
 And four very weak feet
 Shuffled—stutter'd—and beat
 In every direction, in Schwalbach's street.
 A rushlight sat up, like a very thin friend,
 Blinking and winking as night near'd its end;
 The Bath devotees were in slumbers deep,
 The long thin pigs were in hungry sleep,—
 Not a star was seen,—the expected moon
 Came to the sky neither late nor soon;
 Not a sound through the pitch-dark street did break,
 The iron waters alone were awake:
 The Brunneus were bubbling—
 Bubbling, and troubling—
 When Cabooze contrived, with a fumbling fin,
 To get at the lock, and to let himself in—
 And *in* the two blunder'd:—the air from the door
 Puff'd out the light,—
 And in helpless plight,
 And the jet of the night,
 James and Cabooze stagger'd up to their floor!
 Now it here should be told—and truth *will* be told—
 As it ever has been since the times of old—
 Truth will not be check'd by chains or strings—
 Ah! "Facts," says George Robins, "are stubborn things;"—
 It here should be told, that Cabooze's ways
 Of damping his nights, and of wetting his days,
 Made it a matter of prudence that James

On a neat iron four-post bedstead should snore,
In the very same room, on the very same floor,
With Mr. Cabooze;
That a hazardless snooze
Might be snatch'd from fit, and frenzy, and flames;
Yet for Bevan to watch—and I say it with grief—
Was like setting a thief to catch a thief!

Into the room,
All in gloom,
As though 'twere a tomb,—
Cabooze and Bevan stumbled and sprawl'd,—
Sever'd in silence—and staggeringly crawl'd
To a chair or a box,
And, 'mid heavings and knocks,
Tore and tugg'd off their clothes,—till undrest
(And already half gone to the realms of rest),
They felt the bed
From the heel to the head,
And, stupid and sleepy, they lay them along,
Ripe for old Slumber's nasal song:—
Not a word being said,
As though both were dead!

“Hollo! why, James!
Why, fury and flames!
There's a man in my bed—it's as true as I he!
Why, James—Lord bless me!—why, James—why—why—”
James shuffled,
And snuffled,
And stretch'd, and writhed,
And gruntingly breathed,
And snufflingly said:—
“La! Mr. Cabooze, there's a man in *my* bed!”
“James!” said Cabooze—
He seem'd fired by a muse!—
“James! did you ever know anything ruder?
Let's kick out of bed—do you hear—each intruder!”
James replied with a snore,
He “desired nothing more,”
And both set to work—and the contest was sore!

“Sir! Sir!” soon exclaims
The awake, panting James,
“I've kick'd out *my* man,” and he chuckled with glee—
“I must say it's fun:—
Pray, what have *you* done?”
(They both had got soberer after the bout,)
And Cabooze, from the floor, rather plainly call'd out,
“Why, James!—who'd believe it?—*my* man's kick'd out *ME*!”

OF RAGAMUFFINS, NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

It is an easier thing to figure to one's mind's eye the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, and the generation produced by the sowing, than their intervening transition. The dragon's teeth sprouting into men must have afforded a curious spectacle. In like wise, one knows more of the ingenuous youth conning his horn-book, or eating his Christmas-pie, and of the hulking sinner doomed by the justices to the treadmill, than of the intervening ragamuffin. Yet the transformation of a tadpole into a frog is not a more curious operation than that of the whippable-for-stealing boy into the transportable-for-burglary adult.

The study, like many other branches of natural history, is unquestionably a repulsive one. The juvenile depredators of our metropolis are a hardened, heavy, and most loathsome tribe. Frequenters of the ale-house, and the gin-palace, they become brutalized out of all that buoyant, enterprising spirit of youthful vagabondage, which Falstaff reproved in his varlet page with, "Out on thee, hempseed!" Our ragamuffins want the redeeming touch of drollery which throws a grace over the ragged garments of the spalpcens of Dublin, and the ragged locks of the *gamins* of Paris.

The *gamin*, be it observed, is a species of ragamuffin, unique in its kind. Since it became the fashion in France to erect altars, and burn incense to the seven deadly sins, and panegyrisé all crimes and enormities, sufficiently picturesque to prove effective in the catastrophe of a melodrama, the *gamin*-kind has not wanted its eulogists. We have seen plays, and read novels, in which the *gamin* in his *blouse*, (a blue smock-frock, buckled round with a black leather belt,) and his *casquette*, or foraging-cap, tossed jauntily on one side, plays a most distinguished part, rendered pathetic by the clever acting of Bouffé, or pungent, by the pithy pen of Ricard. But the *gamin* will never be characteristically described by a natural-born Frenchman; for, with reverence to Louis Philippe be it spoken, the whole nation, from the throne to the *potence*, partakes, in a larger or less degree, of *gamin* nature.

But with all his roguceries, what a humorous and sprightly varlet! With what a knowing dare-devil air does he issue forth, every morning, into the sunshine—his pockets full of copper, for the purpose of playing pitch and toss, but not a stiver for the day's subsistence. Born to swallow his daily bread at the expense of the public, he is prepared to beg, borrow, or steal, as occasion serves; and the ten-sous piece, for which he has either gone your errand, or picked your pocket, is devoted to his morning *canon* of white wine, or *petit verre* of black currant brandy, with "only one (half) pennyworth of bread, to all this monstrous quantity of 'liquor!'"

The *gamin* tribe expressly represents the dragon's tooth as it exists between ten and fifteen years of age; for then the faculties of the genuine French ragamuffin are in their prime: a year later, and brandy has over-stimulated his energies; a year younger, and his flowers of street-rhetoric have scarcely expanded: from whence the mysterious species is severally and collectively derived, is still a problem to naturalists. It is more difficult to guess whence they come, than whither they are going. We all know that their destination is the House of Correction at Bicêtre, the Penitentiary at St. Denis, the Hulks at Brest, or

Toulon; they are fated to pass through all vicissitudes of prison discipline, ending as *galériens* at last. But as regards their origin, fathers and mothers have they none who care to avow such offspring; and it has even been conjectured that the *gamins* of Paris emanate from its mud, as *fungi* from decayed wood, or the frogs and flies which annoyed the hosts of Pharaoh, from the slime of the Nile.

Still, ere the taint of original sin deepens into utter corruption, the *gamin* is the most amusing of ragamuffins; and to set him in proper person before the untravelled reader, let us transcribe a scene that occurred the other day before one of the tribunals of the French metropolis.

Three *gamins*, it seems, set forth, upon thievish thoughts intent, amusing themselves, while waiting their opportunity, with a game of *écarté*, and a pack of ragged cards, upon a wheelbarrow turned upside down. After a game or two, the attention of the honourable gentlemen was suddenly diverted by seeing a piece of paper fall from the pocket of a gentleman passing by.

"*Sacredi!*" cries Jean Pierre, the elder of the three; " 'tis a bank note!"

"As likely to be a washerwoman's bill, and without a receipt to it," cries Jacquot, a knowing little whelp, eleven years of age.

"*Cornichons!*" sneers the third, who piqued himself on his claim to benefit of clergy; "how should you know a washerwoman's bill when you see it, who can't distinguish 'twixt a pot-hook and a hanger? 'Tis more likely a bill of exchange. We'll negociate it; or—(for a *faux de commerce* is a pillory affair,) supposing we advertise it at the Bourse, and pocket a smacking recompense.—But no! a thousand thunders! as I live, the villanous rag of paper is only the prescription of some dirty blackguard of a doctor!"

On such an overthrow of his expectations, the London miscreant, or the Dublin spalpeen would have tossed the paper into the kennel, or torn it to bits. The Parisian *gamins* set their wits to work, to know how it might be turned to account.

"'Tis a pity it should be lost; we'll take it to a chemist's," said Jean Pierre.

"Take it? not I, by the rod of Moses!" exclaimed Jacquot, fancying he alluded to the physic: "a *maelotte*, and a measure of Maçon, is a better cure for all the disorders under the sun, than the best dose that ever was manufactured in a doctor's shop."

"And, when we have taken it to a chemist's, what next?" inquired the scholar, who shrewdly suspected that *gamin* I. might have ulterior views.

"You shall see," replied Jean Pierre, brushing himself up, and assuming the air of a decent errand boy; and away he posted to one of the chemist's shops on the boulevards.

"You are requested, Sir, to make up this immediately," said he, addressing the master, "and to send it to my lady, with five bottles of Seltzer water."

The chemist examined the prescription, which was an *ordonnance* for a sleeping-draught, composed of lettuce and laurel-berry water, combined with other ingredients.

"But, my little friend," said he, "this infusion will take at least an hour to make up."

"An hour! *Sacrebleu!* in that case, I had better take it elsewhere. I had better take it to the shop where the countess usually deals."

"You won't get it done a bit sooner"——

"Perhaps not; but the countess will be better satisfied. And she is in a desperate hurry for her Seltzer water. Good morning."

"Stay a moment," interposed the chemist's wife, who was stitching in a corner of the shop, "*you* can take the Seltzer water with you, you know; and we will send the potion the moment it is ready."

"Why, really I"——

"Nay, I'm sure you can't do better. There, take a handful of those orange-lozenges for your pains, and carry back the five bottles of Seltzer water as quick as you can to *Madame la Comtesse*. Where does she live? What is her name?"

"The Comtesse de Vas-y-voir. Don't you recollect her? I know she sometimes buys her drugs of you. She lives at No. 5, Rue de Cléry."

"By-the-bye, I think I *do* remember her. A tall lady, with dark hair?"

"Exactly."

"Tell Madame la Comtesse she shall have her draught in half an hour, and make the best of your way home, child. I will shut the door after you. Good-day."

Away goes Jean Pierre to his companions on the barrow. The day is sultry, and the Seltzer water acceptable. The three *gamins* drink to the health of the amiable lady of Dr. Slop.

"'Tis better than nothing," says Jacquot, after finishing his second bottle; "but I'd rather have had a *petit verre*, or a bottle of chablis."

"We'll have 'em still!" cries Jean Pierre.

"But not out of the doctor's shop, I fancy?"

"Out of the doctor's shop!"

"Bah!" quoth the learned *gamin*.

"Bah!" quoth the *unlearned*; "he's gammoning us."

"You, Jacquot, must carry back these empty bottles to the chemist's (his name and direction are on them, you see), and claim five sous a piece for them—the customary price of returned bottles. Say you bought half-a-dozen of him last July for an English gentleman (the English drink Seltzer water like fish in the dog-days), and that you have broken the sixth bottle."

Jacquot did his spiriting gently; and with the five-and-twenty sous thus barbarously extracted from old Pestle-and-Mortar, the three *gamins* hastened to regale themselves at the wine-shop. It was not till a month afterwards that the chemist, happening to notice Jean Pierre on the Pont Neuf (where he was earning a penny by holding down a poodle dog during the process of shaving), gave the *gamin* into custody.

"It is not, *Monsieur le Juge*, so much for the value of my Seltzer water," said the venerable man, rising to address the court; "it is not even for the loss of my five-and-twenty sous that I feel myself called on to bring these juvenile offenders to justice, but my wife, Sir, my virtuous partner"——and the old gentleman began to shed tears.

The court looked surprised—but so did not the three *gamins*, who stood listening with an unconcerned air to the proceedings.

"When the sleeping-draught, as ordered by the prescription, was ready," resumed the chemist, "my excellent wife, unwilling that

Madame la Comtesse de Vas-y-voir should be kept waiting, put on her bonnet, and in the absence of our errand-boy, hastened to deliver the medicine according to the address given by yonder audacious little villain. Sir, I tremble while I relate it, the spot pointed out as the residence of the Comtesse, proved to be a disreputable resort. My innocent and unoffending partner was insulted; and in compensation for the stigma she may have incurred, I demand retribution on the offenders."

"*Monsieur le Juge*," said Jean Pierre, interposing, with the utmost gravity, "I throw myself on the justice of the court. The character of the lady can have undergone no imputation; she is as old as my grandmother, and as ugly as the witch of Endor."

The delinquents were acquitted, amid peals of merriment at the expense of the apothecary and his wife. But the Jean Pierre, whose tricks and sallies at twelve years old provoke our laughter, at sixteen, affords no matter for a jest. Half the feats, *all* the atrocities of the revolution of 1830 were performed by the *gamins* of Paris. Let us cite a single, but not an uneventful example.

Late in the day of the 28th of July a regiment of the line, stationed in the Champs Elysées, was observed to show symptoms of disaffection. One company, in particular, posted for the repulse of the populace of the Faubourg du Roule, pouring forth from the Rue Matignon, gave indications of an intention to fraternise with the citizens. It was in vain that the young officer by whom it was commanded, a fine, manly-looking fellow of about five-and-twenty, attempted to rally their waning loyalty by appeals to their honour, gratitude, and sensibility, as French soldiers and French *men*. The troops laid down their arms, and refused to fire upon the insurgents.

"In that case," said the young man, "*one* only duty remains for me. I fought with you in Spain, my friends; you have seen my blood flow on the field of battle; it shall never be said that I sanctioned your rebellion against your king." And having drawn up his men, he surrendered his sword to the nearest non-commissioned officer.—"Bear witness for me," said he, "that I did my duty as long as the subordination of my men enabled me; and that I refused to disgrace my sword by turning it against my king."

The men were startled. The serjeant hesitated to receive the sword. They loved their young captain; they could not bear to hear him pronounce the word farewell. The fiercest *liberal* of them all would not have wagged his finger against the captain; and when *again* he offered to give up his sword, they recognised his authority by three hearty cheers, and *Vive le Roi*!

At that moment the young officer staggered, and fell dead on the ground. A *gamin*, fourteen years of age, had crept stealthily up, and plunged a sharp knife into his side. The soldiers would have torn the urchin to pieces, could they have laid hands on him; but the little varlet had stolen back into the thick of the mob. This story was related to us by an eye-witness; we were not told whether the *gamin* was rewarded with the *croix de Juillet*.

Such are the ragamuffins whom Victor Hugo, and other eulogists of the revolution, designate as "*les enfans sublimes*." Such are *les gamins de Paris*!

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF
ROTHA QUILLINAN.

AN album, this ! why, 'tis, for aught I see,
Sheer wit, and verse, and downright poetry ;
A priceless book incipient ; a young treasure
Of growing pearl ; a hoard for pride and pleasure :
A golden begging-box, which pretty Miss
Goes round with, like a gipsy as she is,
From bard to bard, to stock her father's shelf,
Perhaps for cunning dowry to herself.

Albums are records kept by gentle dames,
To show us that their friends can write their names ;
That Miss can draw ; or brother John can write
" Sweet lines," or that they know a Mr. White.
The lady comes—with lowly grace upon her—
" 'Twill be *so* kind," and do her book "*such* honour ;"
We bow, smile, deprecate, protest, read o'er
The names, to see what has been done before,
Wish to say something wonderful, but can't,
And write, with modest greatness, " William Grant."

Johnson succeeds, and Thomson, Jones, and Clarke,
And Cox, with an original remark,
Out of the Speaker ; then come John's " sweet lines,"
Fanny's " sweet airs," and Jenny's " sweet designs ;"
Then Hobbs, Cobbs, Dobbs, Lord Strut, and Lady Bustle,
And, with a flourish underneath him, Russell.

Alas ! why sit I here, committing jokes
On social pleasures, and good-humoured folks,
Who see far better with their trusting eyes
Than all the blinkings of the would-be wise ?
Albums are, after all, pleasant inventions,
Make friends more friendly, grace one's good intentions,
Brighten dull names, give great ones kinder looks,
Nay, here and there, produce right curious books ;
And make the scoffer (as it now does me)
Blush to look round on deathless company*.

LEIGH HUNT.

* The Album in question has to boast of some of the first literary names in the country.

A CASE OF FURIOUS DRIVING.

" Le sort de Phaëton se découvre à mes yeux.
 Dieux ! je frémis ! que vois-je ? ô dieux !
 Tremblez pour votre fils, ambitieuse mère !
 Où vas-tu, jeune téméraire ?
 Tu dois trouver la mort dans la gloire où tu cours.
 En vain le dieu qui nous éclaire,
 En palissant pour toi, se déclare ton père
 Il doit servir à terminer tes jours."

QUINAULT.

EARLY one morning, in a light and airy attic, sat the son of Latona, nibbling the end of a goose-quill, and puzzling his brains for a rhyme ; for, besides being driver to the splendid four-horse light-coach, called the Sun, of which his father Jupiter was sole proprietor, he had acquired a taste for the lighter literature of the day ; and had obtained so much celebrity, that he even attracted the notice of the " Day and Martin " of the period, and was actually employed in writing a puff. This intellectual pursuit was not only productive of praise but profit, and added considerably to his perquisites. His employers were delighted with his effusions, and, in fact, *the Day* went so far as to avow that he should have remained completely in the shade, had it not been for Apollo's brilliant aid and assistance.

Apollo was so absorbed in his poetical reverie, that he completely lost sight of the imperative duty which demanded his punctual attendance in the inn-yard from whence the " Sun " started every morning at day-break. Some fault may, perhaps, be attributed to the parental indiscretion of Jupiter, in electing him to a situation so discordant to his natural temperament and inclination ; for it was obvious to the most disinterested observer that his literary talents more fitted him for the " stage " than a four-horse coach.

Now his son Phaëton, of whom he " could make nothing," had a great ambition to mount the box and handle the ribbons ; and being, moreover, a bold and rather good-looking youth, would certainly, with training, have proved an adept, and no doubt have become a great favourite on the road.

Naturally presuming, it was his favourite boast among the cads, ostlers, and helpers, with whom he consorted, that he would be " bound " to do the distance in six hours instead of twelve ; in the practicability of which they all agreed to a man.

It happened, on the very morning that Apollo was so busily occupied with the engrossing theme of his lucubrations, that Phaëton was partaking of a pint of purl (won at a game of heads and tails by the cunning ostler) in the dingy tap-room of the inn.

In an adjoining settle lolled an old man, indulging in a glass of " cold without." His head was bald and wrinkled—his nose flat and broad, and his ears almost as large and flapping as those of an elephant—his eyes were red and " horny," and no man, even ignorant of physiognomy, would have set him down as a member of the Temperance Society.

"I say, you whelp!" cried he, stretching out his neck towards the door, "leave that 'ere donkey alone, will you? By gog! if he lifts his leg, and fetches you a kick, he'll send you a pretty considerable way into next week, I can tell you. Come, be off!"

"It's a speritted hanimal that, Master Silenus," observed the ostler.

"I b'lieve you."

"Thof I shouldn't think there warn't much go in him neither, for there an't more nor a hand's-breadth of daylight under him."

"What's that you say?"

"Why, that he's liker a sow than a greyhound, I take it."

"That's a good proof he's like you," said Silenus.

"Like me?"

"Ay, for he's better fed than taught, knave."

This insulting comparison upon the ostler aroused his indignation; he jumped up and approached old Silenus in a menacing attitude.

"I'll fetch you a punch!" cried he.

"No, you won't!" said Bacchus, interposing; "shan't lick my foster-father!"

"Come, come," said Eolus, who was blowing a cloud in the chimney-corner, "let's have no blustering. If the chap's fightable, I'm his man. Egad! he'll find me as ready at a blow as any one!"

"I don't fear his punch!" exclaimed Silenus, waxing courage on the strength of his allies, and trying to stand upon his legs.

"Provided the same be served in a bowl!" said Phaëton, with a wink, for he inherited a portion of the wit and fire of his father; whereat the company laughing, the scales were turned, and the choler of the ostler evaporated.

"Toss you for another pint, Master Phaëton," said the ostler, turning to his chum and finishing the potation before them at a draught.

"Done," cried Phaëton.

"How shall it be?"

"Best two and three, and none of your tricks upon travellers," replied the son of Apollo, pulling out his coin and narrowly watching the actions of the knowing ostler.

"Sky the coppers," said the ostler.

The toss was made. "Ooman!" continued he.

"It's head," said Phaëton.

The ostler now twirled his penny scientifically, caught it, and placed it under his hand upon the table.

"Now keep your hand still,—no shuffling," said Phaëton.

"Do you think, now?" cried the ostler, in a tone of remonstrance, laying his palm flat upon the beer-washed mahogany.

"Head! and head it is, by Jingo!" exclaimed Phaëton, as delighted as a hungry man over a small steak. "Come, fetch the stuff in a twinkling."

While the ostler was gone to the bar for the sweet beverage the sound of a fiddle in the yard attracted the attention of the loungers in the tap-room.

"Why, that's Thingumec, I vow," muttered Silenus, his eyes half-closed in that dreamy state of semi-intoxication in which his senses were usually clouded.

"And who's Thingumec, dad?" inquired Bacchus.

"Why, What's-his-name," continued the explicit old drunkard; "bless me! why him whose wife bit a serpent in the heel, you know, and went to——"

"Oh! old Orpheus!" interrupted Bacchus, smiling. "Poor fellow! he never recovered his loss, although he went farther than most men would have done in the endeavour. Boy, fetch him in, and let's have a scrape. I'll find the old beau in rosin!"

Orpheus, bending beneath the weight of care and age, entered the smoky apartment with his bow and fiddle grasped in his bony hand.

It was evident that he had once been eminently handsome, but Affliction had ruled broad lines and written her characters in "large hand" upon his expansive brow. Orpheus was, in truth, a picturesque ruin of a gentleman of the old school, and there was still a sweetness of tone and a certain suavity of manner and address that won rather than commanded respect from all.

"Orphy, my boy," said the good-natured Bacchus, after the other had taken a seat, "what's it to be?"

"I'll take a little half-and-half with the chill off, if you please," replied Orpheus with humility.

"And so you shall," answered Bacchus; "and while you are wetting your whistle with that, cookey shall toast you a rabbit."

"You are very kind," said the old man, bowing.

The half-and-half was ordered and "paid for upon delivery," according to the law chalked upon the black board over the chimney-place.

"Have you anything new to sing us?" asked Bacchus.

"Nothing," replied Orpheus; "for I suppose you have heard my last composition upon Ixion *?"

"What, the fellow at the riding-school, he that Squire Jupiter sentenced to the treadmill for calumniating the immaculate Mrs. Juno?" said Bacchus. "No, indeed I have not: let's have the canticle, old boy; but first take a little rosin," and he politely handed him the "pewter."

After a characteristic "preludio," Orpheus sang the following:—

Song.

Beware, my lads, ye never put
Great Jupiter your tricks on,
Lest he should send you to the wheel,
As he did Master Ix'on.
Turn about, Ix'on,
Wheel about, Ix'on,
Turn about, wheel about, turn about, Ix'on.

Chorus.

Turn about, Ix'on,
Wheel about, Ix'on,
Turn about, wheel about, turn about, Ix'on.

At this part of his song, Orpheus sprang up from his seat, and, while fiddling and singing, pirouetted and whirled about the room in such an

* Ixion was one of the most celebrated riding-masters of the day, and brought his art to such consummate perfection, and made his pupils sit their saddles so admirably, that he used to boast that they were like a part of the animal they rode; from which expression those voracious gentlemen, the poets, feigned that he was the father of the Centaurs.

extraordinary and exciting manner, that, his music and motion combined, inspired the whole company, who imitated his circumgiratory movements with all the vigour and velocity of dancing dervishes.

Juno, while sitting on a cloud,

His eyes he chanced to fix on,

No doubt her brightness dazzled him,

For wink did Master Ix'on.

Turn about, Ix'on,

Wheel about, Ix'on,

Turn about, wheel about, turn about, Ix'on.

Chorus.

Turn about, &c.

"My dear!" cried Juno, to her "bud,"

"That fellow's eyes, by Styx! on

Me thy lawful spouse are cast,

That stable-boy, young Ix'on."

Turn about, Ix'on,

Wheel about, Ix'on,

Turn about, wheel about, turn about, Ix'on.

Chorus.

Turn about, &c.

"Are they by Gosh!" cried Jupiter,

"Why then, like burning bricks, on

The fellow's head my rage shall fall,

And crush the saucy Ix'on."

Turn about, Ix'on,

Wheel about, Ix'on,

Turn about, wheel about, turn about, Ix'on.

Chorus.

Turn about, &c.

Condemn'd for life, poor fellow, he,

By hands and feet now sticks on

The rolling wheel that never stops,

And up and down goes Ix'on.

Turn about, Ix'on,

Wheel about, Ix'on,

Turn about, wheel about, turn about, Ix'on.

Chorus.

Turn about, &c.

The weary culprit, mocking fiends

Bestow their hardest kicks on,

Whene'er he lags, and fiercely shout

This chorus at poor Ix'on.

Turn about, Ix'on,

Wheel about, Ix'on,

Turn about, wheel about, turn about, Ix'on.

Chorus.

Turn about, Ix'on,

Wheel about, Ix'on,

Turn about, wheel about, turn about, Ix'on.

Just as Orpheus had concluded his classic carol, the mirth of the company was disturbed by Silenus, who, in a ludicrous attempt at "cutting six," fell sprawling on the floor of the tap-room, while the clumsy toe of the rough-shod ostler coming in stunning contact with his

muddled head, tripped him up, and extended him at full length across the old man's unwieldy body. The imprecation he would have uttered was, fortunately for the ears of the company, emitted unformed from his lips by the violence of the concussion.

"Per Jovem!" exclaimed Bacchus; "you clumsy son of a sea-cook, if you have not bumped out the breath of my honoured foster-father! Fetch a dram, and be quick, will ye!"

Every hand was extended to raise the old gentleman; and the first intimation he gave of returning animation after he had swallowed the reviving cordial he loved so well, was a pertinacious call for his Arabian.

"I'm really extremely sorry," said the commiserating Orpheus.

"My donkey!" replied Silenus.

"Where are you hurt, daddy?" asked Bacchus.

"My donkey!" persisted Silenus.

"Take a summat hot, Master Silenus," advised the ostler, who had fallen upon him like a pavior's rammer.

"My donkey!" repeated Silenus; whereat their united sympathy was transformed to a general laugh, and finding they could do nothing else to please the grey-headed toper, they succeeded with some difficulty in laying him, like a sack of sand, across his tottering beast—which was led away by one of the hangers-on of the inn-yard.

"Here's a precious go!" exclaimed another of the ostlers, rushing into the room.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Phaëton.

"Why the four horses are to!" replied the ostler; "and Mr. Apollo's not nowhere to be found. The time's up, and the Sun stands still. Won't there be a rumpus, that's all!"

"I'll settle that business in the turning of a straw," said Phaëton.

"How, Master Phaëton?"

"Why the son of Apollo shall drive the Sun of Jupiter, to be sure," answered Phaëton.

"Think you can, my boy?" said Bacchus.

"Ay, as easily as I could a tenpenny nail through a deal plank," replied the self-sufficient youth. Just hand over the togs and castor, Dickey Strawlegs, and I'll rig and mount the box in a jiffy. See how I'll trundle the tits along."

Phaëton was delighted with this opportunity of displaying his coachmanship; and Strawlegs, who was no less anxious to see him put his oft-repeated boast in execution, quickly produced the drab hat and box-coat of Apollo, in which the presumptuous tyro invested himself without delay; and mounting the box, and taking the long-desired ribbons in hand, drove out of the yard, 'tooling' the prancing cattle in an admirable style, to the wonder and delight of a group of grinning stable-boys, collected to witness his starting.

Away he rattled, cracking his whip, and cheered by the loud applause of his vulgar associates. Juno, ox-eyed Juno, was feeding her favourite peacock before the door of her summer residence, situated on the summit of a stupendous hill which overlooked the country for miles. Being one of those who could see through a milestone—as far as most people of the age—she distinguished in a moment, through the cloud of dust which enveloped the vehicle, her husband's favourite 'four-horse' coming down the road at a most furious gallop. The fact is, Master Phaëton

handled the whip much better than he did the reins, and consequently the thorough-bred steeds soon became unmanageable, and galloped off at a steam-engine rate that defied all his skill to check. Recognising Phaëton, and reasonably alarmed, she rushed into the dining-room, where Jupiter was regaling himself with a morning-cup which his foot-boy Ganymede had just supplied.

"O, my love!" cried Juno.

"Well, my duck!" said Jupiter—for they were one of the most affectionate couples in the world, notwithstanding some little domestic tiffs, occasioned by the gallantry of Jupiter—"What mare's nest have you found now?"

"Mare's nest, indeed!" cried Juno. "If there is not that cub Phaëton driving the Sun down the road like a flash of lightning."

"Phaëton!" exclaimed Jupiter. "I'll Phaëton him. Where's Apollo?"

"Singing a duet with a tea-kettle, for aught I know," replied the indignant Juno: "this comes of trusting your concerns to such ill-begotten whelps!"

"Peace, woman!" said Jupiter, his brow darkening with that imposing frown which never failed to frighten both men and dogs. "I dare say they'll stop him at the pike."

"He has passed that already, quick as a darning needle through the heel of a worsted stocking!" poetically observed Juno. "But come out, or there will certainly be an awful spill, if it has not come to that already."

Jupiter hastily accompanied her to the door, and beheld with amazement and alarm the velocity with which the four horses, with flowing manes and smoking nostrils, flew towards them.

"They've bolted, depend on it, my dear," said Juno.

"I'll bolt 'em!" replied the enraged proprietor; and, suiting the action to the word, he watched his opportunity, and, as Phaëton approached, hurled a bolt at the unfortunate youth, which knocked him clean into the Po, a muddy stream which ran beside the road, and had moreover the desired effect of arresting the headlong course of the frightened horses, for the coach was completely turned over by the shock.

"There go the pannels!" exclaimed Juno; "and I suppose we shall have to pay the piper!"

"Hold your foolish tongue, do," said Jupiter, impetuously, "and summon me some of the varlets to take care of the plunging beasts, or they'll kick themselves to cat's meat!"

His behests were promptly obeyed; and while they were employed in securing the cattle, the discomfited Phaëton made shift to crawl unperceived out of the stream, ludicrously disguised in a coat of mud.

Perfectly ashamed of showing his face in his old haunts, he penetrated far into the country, where he was unknown, and obtained a situation as pot-boy in an obscure alehouse—his wit and vivacity rendering him a great favourite among all the frequenters of the tap-room and skittle-ground!

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE CONVERSAZIONE,

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Rector. "Babbage's Ninth Bridgewater Treatise." Perhaps no bequest for the purposes of human knowledge was ever more fortunately made than that of the late Earl of Bridgewater. The foundations of lectureships in our colleges all have their importance, and in general this is the form in which liberality may be best bestowed. So small a sum as a hundred, or even fifty, pounds a year, may found a lectureship, which, whether in theology or science, may go on for hundreds, or perhaps thousands of years, *annually* producing new truths of the most essential order, recovering the old, explaining the intricate, adapting the knowledge of the past generation to the necessities of the new, and constantly fixing the minds of learned and intelligent men in those especial seats of literature on the great subjects which they were intended to sustain perpetually before the world.

But a crisis had arrived, when some effort more direct, strenuous, and immediate was required. The German geologists, who are the most perplexed of mankind, and the French physiologists, who are the most presumptuous, had first filled Europe with crude researches, and then begun to fill the European brain with still more crude conceptions. Every spruce gatherer of pebbles and fish-bones asserted his claim to settle the laws of Nature; and while Chance and Fate, Fortune and Time, were proclaimed the great fabricators of the universe, Creation was pronounced an old wife's tale, and the belief in a Creator a superstition borrowed from an exploded book called the Bible, and unworthy of the enlightened understanding of our prodigiously enlightened age.

The Doctor. Undoubtedly it had become highly necessary to recall the common sense of the country to the evidence that the production of the world as it is, incalculably furnished with animate and inanimate existence, exhibiting in both the deepest wisdom, the most inexhaustible resources, and the most unbounded beneficence, was a work which required an infinite understanding. The Bridgewater Treatises in general have pursued this view with sincerity and vigour. Professor Whewell's Treatise is a manly work. Some of the others exhibit skill and knowledge in their peculiar sciences. Even Chalmers's volumes, though deplorably full of the verbiage which that writer has so long mistaken for eloquence—florid where it should be forcible, and vague where it should be direct—diffuse beyond all bearing, and finally enveloping the subject in a fog in which the writer and the reader equally lose their way—were yet sincere.

The Barrister. I suppose we must say as much for the Treatise by that most dashing of all *philosophists*, the Canon of Christ Church. I happened to be at the Bristol meeting where Doctor Buckland had the satisfaction of hearing himself huzzaed by the literary rabble of the provinces, for his happy announcement that the Mosaic account of the creation was quite contrary to the opinion of several diggers in lime pits, collectors of cockle-shells, and a variety of the oldest investigators of the integuments of dead elephants, the teeth of house cats, and the parings of antediluvian cheese.

The Rector. Mr. Babbage's book is clever. His declared object is to state that mathematical researches do not narrow the mind; but his more useful object is to give his testimony to the wisdom and benevolence displayed in the formation of the world. This he pursues through some dissertations on miracles, and some on geology. Of his latter speculations I shall say nothing. They are totally opposite to the infallible record; and their reasons for dissenting from that record are totally trivial. But when time and study shall have taught him better things, we shall revert to his authority in mathematics, which he understands, and thank him for his tribute to truth, even in the shape of diagrams of vanishing curves, and logarithmic miracles.

The Colonel. Lockhart's third volume of his *Life of Sir Walter Scott* adds strikingly to the details of that vivid career. It has for me a peculiar interest, as embracing the most important, vigorous, and martial period of modern history. Scott, from the beginning, was what every great poet should be, a patriot; what every honest man must be, a lover of royalty; and what every rational man to all future generations will be, a rejoicer over the fall of Napoleon. He felt the wonder due to the genius of that extraordinary man, yet his wonder did not blind him, as it did our blockheads here, to the infinite baseness, selfishness, and malignity of the Corsican. In one of his animated letters to his friend Morritt, in 1814, on the first downfall of Napoleon, he thus forcibly expresses the feelings of a Briton and a philosopher. "Joy, joy, in London, for never did you or I see, and never again shall we see, a consummation so truly glorious as now bids fair to conclude this long and eventful war. It is startling to think that but for the preternatural presumption and hardness of heart displayed by the arch-enemy of mankind, we should have had a hollow and ominous truce with him, instead of a glorious and stable peace."

Sir Walter seems also to have taken a very fair measure of the French mind. So ardent is the passion for military glory, so utter the contempt of all distinction besides, and so desperate the recklessness of all the miseries by which a new feather in the French cap may be purchased, that France, though torn to pieces by war, disembowelled by perpetual conscriptions, and reduced to beggary by the extinction of all intercourse with mankind, clung to Napoleon until the last hour, when Fortune deserted him. So long as he could give her fame for bread, and the power of disturbing all other nations, in place of comfort for her own, she was content to be the most miserable nation on the face of the globe. But from the moment when he could no longer exhibit victories, and the French eagle came home with a Russian arrow in his wing, the people discovered the fruitlessness of war, the folly of shedding their blood all round the horizon of Europe, and the wisdom of extinguishing an usurper, who, they were proud to say, was, after all, but a Corsican. "But," says Sir Walter, "Providence had its own wise purpose to answer, and such was the deference of France to the ruling power, so devoutly did they worship the Devil for his burning throne; that, it may be, nothing short of his rejection of every fair offer of peace could have driven them to those acts of resistance, which the remembrance of former convulsions had rendered so fearful to them. Thank God, it is done at last; yet I question whether the moral lesson would have been com-

pleted, either by his perishing in battle, or being torn to pieces like the De Witts, by an infuriated crowd of conscripts and their parents. Good Heaven, with what strange feelings must that man retire from the most unbounded authority ever vested in the hands of one man, to the seclusion of privacy and restraint ! We have never heard of one good action which he did, at least for which there was not some selfish or political reason, and the train of slaughter and pestilence, famine, and fire, which his ambition has occasioned, would have outweighed five hundred-fold the private virtues of a Titus. These are comfortable reflections to carry with one into privacy."

The Barrister. Scott, when he became known as an author, associated a good deal with persons of rank, and some of his recollections of them were amusing and characteristic. Among the rest, he used to mention his having met the late Marquis of Abercorn on a kind of periodical tour to the north. His lordship was remarkable for the peculiar stateliness of his manner and for an extraordinary fondness for pomp, which, when the reality failed, he sustained by the imitation. Scott once met him on the road with his household, in half a dozen carriages in solemn procession, the rear being brought up by his lordship himself, with the riband and star of the garter over his riding-dress ! Scott followed the procession to the little village of Longtown, where the Marquis had dispatched his major-domo and cook some hours before, to make preparation worthy of the noble lord. The dinner, though liable to all the scanty equipment of a village inn, was ludicrously exact to the forms of a noble table. A regular bill of fare was laid beside the Marquis's cover. All the towels in the house, rough as they were, performed the office of napkins. The Marquis was forced to dine without plate, but the landlady had at least pewter spoons, and they were forced to do duty on a shelf behind, to represent a side-board worthy of nobility. The Marquis and his household probably dined with as good an appetite off the crockery of the little inn as if it had been porcelain ; the sideboard of pewter perhaps did not sparkle so much as the brilliant plate of Stanmore Priory, but it was a sideboard after all. The noble peer certainly dined as no one before or since ever dined in the little inn of Longtown, and as vanity is only singularity run mad, harmless oddity, and childish love of distinction, the vanity of the Marquis was probably as full fed as if he had dined with the Sultan.

The Doctor. Apropos of the Sultan. One of the most showy books of the season, by one of its cleverest writers, Miss Pardoe, brings us into all the wonders which now live only in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and on the banks of the Bosphorus. In December, 1835, Miss Pardoe, with her father, arrived in Constantinople. Her introductions led her into the midst of all that was novel, showy, and interesting in the capital. One day she visited the *élite* of Pera, the exquisites of Thrace ; the next she mingled among the handsome, grave, and superbly-dressed Armenians. Next day she smiled on the Greek Patriarch, and his circle of handsome young priests. Next day she dined with the Greeks of the Fanar, entered into all their subtleties, and was enraptured with their enthusiasm, their black eyes, and their fine foreheads. Next day she was introduced into the harems of the Turkish nobles, and in those abodes of seclusion and splendour, where

all is beauty and precious stones, slavery in its pomp, and liberty that laughs at chains; where every hall has its tribes of snowy-skinned Circassians and diamond-eyed Georgians, she gazed, feasted, and was complimented in the most luxurious style. Finally, she saw the great Mahmoud himself, and was honoured by the peculiar attentions of the Brother of the Sun and Moon.

The Rector. Islamism is certainly decaying, and by the surest of all processes, the reforming hand of the tailor. So long as the Turk was the most superb of human dressers, the beau *par excellence*, so long European knowledge was out of the question. The stately savage, wrapped from head to foot in shawls of silk and gold, with a diamond star on his broad forehead, and a scimitar, blazing with emeralds and and rubies, at his side, inevitably looked with scorn on the miserable European, condemned, from his cradle to his grave, to walk in a round hat, a meagre waistcoat, and a coat unadorned with a shilling's worth of embroidery. The man whose brows wore the turban, the finest head-dress ever worn by man, necessarily scoffed at the man who wore the hat, of all head-dresses the most contemptible. The result was, that gold-sprigged muslin and pearl-wrought slippers carried the day; the Turk decided that nothing that was good in doctrine ever came out of brains exhibiting so much that was bad in taste; hugged the Koran with all its absurdities, abjured Christian science and swallow-tailed coats together, and determined to live the brilliant barbarian that he was, in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, rather than strip, shave, and squalidize himself into the Lazarus that had so long sat at his gate, pretending to be a fellow-man.

The Barrister. The sacrifice of all those fine things for the red woollen nightcap which now adorns the imperial brows is a sure omen. Luckily, however, for the turban-makers, the fashion is unpopular, and even reforming sultans cannot last for ever. Even Miss Pardoe's showy description of his Highness going to the mosque is proof that the love of splendour exists among the Moslem still. Her description ought to be hung up in the boudoir of all empresses and the cabinet of all emperors. It would tell them what ought to be done with shawls and shakos, caftans and cosmetics, jewels and Barbary coursers. The first sight she saw on this eventful day was what she might have seen in England on any day of show, but what we scarcely should have expected to see in the formalities of Turkey—two lovely young women getting out of their carriage, and standing on the footboard behind to secure a view of the sultan. They wore their yashmaks, or veils, which, even in Turkey, seem to be very coquettish affairs. On this occasion they were so transparent that they showed the flowers on their foreheads, the jewels in their tresses, the eyes that rivalled those jewels, and the roses on their lips, that set the flowers at defiance. Then came the procession, headed by a party of thirty field-officers, in brown surtouts and gold sword-belts. The costume looked ugly, but the Turks are men of taste, and the field-officers were meant as foils to his Highness and his horses. The horses seem to have peculiarly caught Miss Pardoe's heart. They were led, were ten in number, and wore on their heads plumes of pink and white ostrich feathers mixed with roses, and fastened down with clasps of jewels. Their caparisons were worthy of

Haroun Alraschid ; housings, some silk, some velvet, all embroidered with gold and silver, large pearls, and jewels. This embroidery was singularly tasteful ; the myrtle-coloured velvet of one had the sultan's cipher in brilliants, surrounded by a garland of emeralds, rubies, and topazes. The lilac silk of another was worked with a mass of musical instruments in pearls and diamonds ; the saddles of crimson or green velvet had stirrups of chased gold ; the long bridles flashed with gold and jewels. Then came the Seraskier Pacha on his tall grey horse, all diamonds ; his sword, his rings, the star on his cap, and the orders on his breast, a perfect blaze. Then came the thunders of the imperial band, playing the Sultan's grand march, in sign that the king of kings had issued from the seraglio. The procession now thickened. It was led by twelve running footmen, in rich uniforms, followed by twenty pages, equally rich, and top-heavy with plumes and flowers,—an old contrivance of Asiatic elegance to shade the sultan from the evil eye. However, the present sultan, not caring so much for the eyes of his subjects as for their tongues, sends the pages before him, and rides along with an officer walking at each of his stirrups, ready, like a king of the French, to be shot at out of any garret window. Miss Pardoe looked very attentively at the sultan, as became a young lady and an admirer of whiskered and bearded beauty. At the point-blank distance of fifteen yards, she describes him as a man of noble physiognomy and graceful bearing, sitting his horse well, and altogether a very accomplished cavalier. He was, of course, most magnificently costumed ; his cap was surmounted by an aigrette of diamonds, which was again surmounted by a cluster of peacocks' feathers,—the only rather vulgar ornament which we can perceive in his display. He had a vast blue cloak hanging from his shoulders, with a collar sheathed in jewels, and on a finger of his bridle hand a diamond worth his own ransom.

The Colonel. It must be pleasing to our military exquisites to hear that the sultan's hair is curled in the most scientific manner ; that he paints red and white ; and that, where the obtrusive grey threatens the honour of his mustachios and whiskers, he is master of a dye which restores them to their original raven black, and preserves him in determined beauty. On the whole, those volumes are the best addition to our knowledge of Turkey since the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. They are eloquent, observant, and interesting.

The Barrister. Captain Marryat in the field again. Snarley Yow, the Dog Fiend, is the hero of the sailor's story. He is a remarkably clever dog, and does wonders ; exhibits a praiseworthy morality, and is true to his faith, with a fidelity that shames the fickleness of the arrogant bipeds who call themselves rational. Of course, those who are familiar with Captain Marryat's style (and who now is not ?) will look for vigour, vivacity, sport, and eccentricity of all kinds in these volumes ; and they will not be disappointed. The Captain, whether on sea or on shore, is equally in his element ; for his element is human nature. His dog and his Dutchmen are amiable counterparts of each other—the dog being a Dutchman on four legs, the Dutchman a dog on two. They roam the world in all directions ; steady in storm, and convivial in calm ; daring in danger, glorious in grog ; and thus running a round of alliterative ardour and heavy-sterned happiness to the end of three volumes, of the

pleasantest kind that can solace a man under the heat of a summer's sun. Snarley Yow is an antagonist for the dog-days. But Captain Marryat in these volumes exhibits a new faculty: he writes capital sea-songs.

The Rector. England will hail him with delight if he can fill up the place so long left vacant by Dibdin. The loss of her naval poet was almost equal to the loss of a battle; yet Dibdin was but an imperfect bard of the ocean. Scarcely knowing the stem from the stern of a ship, he was making continual blunders between the stem and the stern. Knowing as much about the manœuvring of a ship as about the philosopher's stone, and able to speak the language of sailors as much as the language of a mandarin of the Celestial Empire, his tactics and his tales were the laugh of the crew. But he was a poet, had strong feeling, and had the boldness that belongs only to a man of genius—that of bringing his feelings along with him where they had never spoken before, and awakening new sensibilities in the rough heart of the son of the ocean.

The Colonel. Well, then, let me give you one of Marryat's songs, in rather a different style. It certainly has no finery about it, and his Jack neither sheds tears nor sees cherubs sitting up aloft—a sight which I verily believe few Jacks ever expected to see; yet I think the Captain's song would be sung on every fore-castle, from Portsmouth Point to the Philippines. For example, here is a strain of Jemmy Duck's, to the tune, I should conceive, of the "Jolly Miller that lived on the River Dee:"—

SONG.

"The Captain stood on the carronade—'First Lieutenant,' says he,
Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me:
I hav'n't the gift of the gab, my sons, because I'm bred to the sea—
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
Odds-bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been at sea,
I've fought against every odds, boys, but I've gain'd the victory."

"That ship there is a Frenchman; and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one that *she* will capture *we*:
I hav'n't the gift of the gab, boys, so each man to his gun,
If *she's* not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
Odds-bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been at sea,
I've fought against every odds, boys, and I've gain'd the victory."

"We fought for twenty minutes, and the Frenchman had enough:
'I little thought,' said he, 'that your men were of such stuff.'
The Captain took the Frenchman's sword; a low bow made to he,—
'I hav'n't the gift of the gab, Monsieur, but polite I mean to be.
Odds-bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been at sea,
I've fought against every odds, boys, and I've gain'd the victory."

"The Captain sent for all of us—'My merry men,' said he,
'I hav'n't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be.
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day I'd have flogg'd each mother's son.
Odds-bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea
I'll fight against every odds, boys, and I'll gain the victory."

The Colonel. "Auber's Rise and Progress of the British Power in India," a work by a very intelligent man, the late secretary of the

Court of Directors. Such a work was greatly wanted. We have been so much wearied with declamation for and against India, have heard so much giddy and prejudiced talking on the subject, and yet have so strong an interest in knowing the truth about this greatest of all colonies, that we ought to regard as a sort of national service any work which gave an authentic account of the actual state of things there. The writer of this volume has had the power and the will to give us the facts. His situation as secretary gave him access to all records; the appointment itself made him familiar with details, the discussion relative to the charter in 1833 naturally reduced his information into shape; his retirement from his office gave him leisure, and the result is the volume before us: it is a clear, vigorous, and manly performance.

The Rector. Even when India was most declaimed against, I always felt a strong impression that it was meant to be one of the noblest scenes of future British enterprise. I equally felt that the imputations thrown out on British justice at the commencement of our career, and on British humanity in its later periods, were equally unfounded. We had a *right* to go to India, just as the British merchant has a right to trade with any nation that will trade with him. We had a right to accept from the prince of the country, warehouses to protect our goods, and walls and ditches to protect those warehouses. We had not less a right to defend them when an usurper came to destroy the government which protected us, and to burn our warehouses and throw down our walls. Thus began our share in Indian wars. We helped the prince of the country to beat the invader, and we had a right to receive the additional grant of land which he gave us in token of his gratitude. Thus began our Indian empire. India in the last century was, as it had probably been in every century since the Flood, the sport of petty princes, who slaughtered each other in war, assassinated each other in peace, and whether in war or peace, massacred and robbed the people wherever they had the power. During all those convulsions, which constantly shifted the crown from the heads of the neighbouring princes, the English protected the man who protected them, and this they had as much right to do as every man has a right to defend himself from those who would cut his throat, and to receive his reward for his help in time of need. Thus province after province was transferred from the feeble to the bold, from the fickle to the steady, from the invader to the ally, and from the cowardice and knavery of the Indian to the gallantry and honesty of the Englishman. With all conceivable delicacy on the point of justice, I can conceive nothing inconsistent with the purest national justice in the general spirit of those transactions. There may have been minor acts of iniquity, individual corruptions, and individual cruelties, for human beings were the agents, and human actions are not infallible. But regarding it on the great scale, the only scale with which common sense troubles itself, of all the empires ever established by man, the Indian empire of England has been established on the plainest right, carried on with the least offence to honour, and finally wrought into a system the most beneficial to the people.

The Barrister. I fully agree in the opinion that the government of British India has been the greatest blessing ever given to a foreign country. From the days of Alexander all our knowledge of India was;

that it was torn in pieces by perpetual war. About every half century a storm of cavalry came across the mountains from the plains of Tartary, rushed down by the hundred thousand into the rich fields of Hindostan, violated her temples, robbed her palaces, tore the ear-rings out of the ears of her princesses, made bonfires of her Rajahs, filled the land with blood, and then rushed back again under cover of a conflagration which threw up its smoke from every village of the "golden peninsula." In the intervals of those invasions every province was sacked in its turn by petty marauders. But when England came into the field, all this was rapidly put an end to. The Lion was there, and the jackals took to their heels. For the last fifty years an enemy's foot has never been planted on the vast territory of British India. The ambitious chieftains and furious tribes which hovered round its frontier have never attacked it but to be crushed. The interior provinces have enjoyed a tranquillity which must be most astonishing to the Indians themselves. Where the husbandman now sows he reaps; where the manufacturer labours he has the fruit of his labour; where the merchant brings his goods to market, he has the enjoyment of his money; the horrible course of injustice, tyranny, perjury, and plunder, which made India only fit for a dungeon, is hourly curtailed by the vigour of British tribunals; the law is hourly more and more administered with the purity of British justice; the security of property is more and more established as the great principle of society; and another half century may see India offering as splendid a moral scene to the world, as she now offers one of natural beauty.

The Doctor. The charter of 1833 changed the state of the Company. This was one of the branches of our Reform, which some describe as the Upas, and some as the Baubian tree, a matter of which time will be a better judge than any of us. The Company were forbidden to be merchants any longer, but suffered to retain the patronage. And the twenty-four directors have now in their hands the most important and extensive outlet of young talent, erudition, and enterprise in the world. They have exercised this power with the happiest effects; for they have planted in British India the ablest body of public servants belonging to any nation, abroad or at home. The vast concerns which those servants conduct, and which, under the name of writerships and agencies, actually imply the government of provinces as large as European kingdoms, demand the exercise of extensive abilities urged to their utmost extent. Every great question belonging to human government comes perpetually before them. Finance, negotiation, law, public order, and that most important portion of war, its preparation. Another more mysterious employment exercises another quality. The treachery of the native character is constantly employed in plottings at home, or combinations with the adjoining states. England, as the sovereign of India, is of course the great antagonist of disturbance, and the great object of fear, hatred, and knavery, to the disturbers. The British residents at the various native courts are thus, in fact, licensed sentinels for the British government; and every quality of vigilance, activity, and determination is required to watch, counteract, and punish the restless conspiracies of the Rajahs and Nabobs. This is a school for powerful abilities, and they are produced accordingly.

The Colonel. But another, of very singular and high importance, in a national point of view, is connected with the existence of the Company. By the patronage of the Directors, a great number of the sons of the gentry are sent out annually to acquire that knowledge which increases the general fund of national intellect, and to collect that opulence which perpetually swells the stream of national power. As those are in general well-educated, intelligent, and high-spirited youths, they form by experience a body of military men equal to any service under the sun. I remember a curious letter written some years since to the Directors as a petition for their patronage. It was actually in these words:—

TO THE HONOURABLE COURT OF DIRECTORS,

Gentlemen—I am a clergyman of Ely, in the county of Cambridge. I have a parcel of fine boys, but not cash to provide for them. My eldest son I intended for a pillar of the Church; and with this view, I gave him a suitable education at school, and afterwards entered him at Cambridge, where he has resided the usual time, and last Christmas took his degrees with some reputation to himself. But I must, at the same time, add, that he is more likely to kick a church down, than to support one; he is a very eccentric genius. He has no notion of restraint to chapel gates, lectures, &c. &c.: and when rebuked by his masters and tutors, for want of obedience to their rules, &c., he treated them in the most contemptuous light, as if not being gentlemen, and seemed to intimate that he could call them to account as an affair of honour, &c. This soon disconcerted all my plans for him; and on talking with him the other day, and asking him what road his honour would choose to pursue in future life, he told me his plan was to go into the India service. Upon being interrogated whether he had any reasonable expectation of a provision from that quarter, he looked small, and said no. Now, gentlemen, I know no more of you than you do of me, and therefore it is not unlikely you will look upon me as chimerical a man as my son, in making this application to you; but you will remember that he is my son, and that reflection I hope will be deemed a sufficient apology. I want your advice, now; therefore, not knowing any individual amongst you, I apply to you as a body. If he will suit your service, and you can help me, do. He is now about twenty, near six feet high, well made, stout, and very active, and as bold and intrepid as a lion. He is of Welsh extraction, for many generations; and I think, as my first-born, he is not degenerated. If you like to look at him, you shall see him, and judge for yourselves; you may leave word with your clerk; I shall call again shortly, to hear what you say, and am, in the mean time, Gentlemen,

Yours, in haste,

THOMAS JONES.

Bishopsgate-street.

The Directors gave the young clerical lion a cadetship.

The Rector. “The Schoolboy,” a poem, by the Rev. Thomas Maude, M.A. It has always struck me as singular, that there was not a larger muster-roll of poets among my brother parsons. With the exception of a few buoyant names, the church has produced everything but poetry. We have geologists in cassocks delving to the centre of every sandhill for five miles round the churchyard; entomologists nearly as numerous as the bees and butterflies themselves; botanists in every square foot of mignonette and daffodils; and yet the Muse has had no more reluctant worshippers. However, there are still some “deacons of the craft,” and I shall expect from the continued labours of this graceful and feeling writer to see, at least, a portion of the stigma swept away that involves the literary fame of the parsonage.

The Barrister. It has struck me, too, as not less remarkable, that clerical poetry should, in general, have been of a gloomy cast. From Young, who certainly wrote with a scull and crossbones for his companions, down to Crabbe, who evidently would have chosen the rope and the dissecting knife for the stimulants of his pen, I know scarcely of any who have not been stern satirists of general life, reinforced by particular severity against local offences. Something of this may, perhaps, be attributed to the tone of habitual moralists; and something, also, to the keenness with which men of virtue must regard the glaring guilt of society. Still I find it difficult to reconcile the simplicity of their lives with the severity of their censures; their love of nature with their contempt of man; or their dwelling, like Adam, in gardens, with no other task "but to keep and dress them," with the solemnity of their lucubrations on the dungeon.

The Doctor. Mr. Maude's volume is of another school. He contemplates rustic life, as capable of much virtue, which it undoubtedly is; as allowing room for much comfort, which my own experience among the peasantry pronounces to be the case; and as being even a natural *nidus* for many of the higher feelings of the human mind, in which every man who has known the genuine peasantry of the British empire will cordially join. Distinguishing between poverty and pauperism, one of the broadest of all distinctions, he remarks, that the purest and most glowing of all our affections may be sheltered under the thatched roof; that love, of a simplicity and a steadiness which put the factitious and fluttering passion of higher life to shame, may be found where no elegance of language exists to substitute phrase for feeling; that the manliest courage is the natural denizen of the British cottage; and that a sacred adherence to the truths of loyalty and religion has exhibited some of their noblest evidences among the "rude unhonoured fathers of the village." "Let me say," adds this intelligent writer, "that the smoke arising from the chimney of an humble cottage presents to my fancy something more than a mere pleasing rural image. I can bear witness to the moral worth, the peaceful happiness, which brighten many a hearth that sends its curling smoke through the lowliest chimneys of the land." The poem chiefly refers to those scenes, but there is cleverness and even humour in the following lines. They are on one of Lord Durham's elections:—

But hark! what means that shout, and wherefore meet
Such busy groups in every crowded street?
All sense in clamour, as in spirits drown'd,
While "blue and orange" shine, and echo round;
Shine on the riband, echo from the tongue,
The badge alike, at once, of old and young.

He comes! the chaplet and the squib prepare,
The county feast, and the triumphal chair:
He comes! the people's hope, the Church's thorn,
To plague the premier, and the prelate, born.
He comes! of Durham's hopeful youth the pearl,
Her representative, and embryo Earl!
Now let each maid, and youthful matron trim,
Call up her smiles, nor grudge her lips to him—
Health to his friends, confusion to his foes!
Crack'd crowns to these, and brimming cups to those!

The Colonel. A remarkable and very honourable change has taken place, of late years, in the habits of the army and navy. In my youth, authorship was always spoken of among our young fellows with utter contempt. Some of them were highly educated, and had gone through the round of schools and colleges, yet to talk of books was voted pedantry—to use the pen for any other purpose than that of signing a return, was pronounced a bore; and as to authorship, no one in the regiment ever thought of making a book except the quarter-master. Now, however, the case is different. Authorship has become popular and praiseworthy among both the red coats and the blue. The consequence is, that a great number of very pleasant writers have been added to our literary strength; a great many very interesting books have been added to our libraries; and a large mass of the most valuable information has been contributed to our colonial knowledge. Captain Alexander is well known as an active investigator, and an animated writer. A few years ago he was appointed to undertake an expedition to explore the coast of East Africa. After some delays, and a visit to Portugal, which was the occasion of a clever work, entitled “Sketches of Portugal during the Civil War,” the Captain sailed on board the *Thalia* frigate, the flagship of Admiral Campbell, Commander-in-Chief on the African station. His arrival at the Cape was at a period as unfortunate for the colony, as it was fortunate for an officer so bent upon adventures, and so capable of describing them. The Caffres had burst into the Eastern Cape Colony, and were robbing and burning everywhere. Sir Benjamin d’Urban, the Commander-in-Chief, had just left Cape Town for the frontier. Captain Alexander followed him, was placed on the Commander-in-Chief’s personal staff, and was immediately plunged in all the wildness and wonders of a barbarian war.

The Doctor. But, on the way out the voyage might be made a succession of remarkably interesting incidents, provided the voyager touched at the stations and islands which lie so thickly along the western side. The Canaries, the Cape de Verd islands, Sierra Leone, and the other settlements along the Gold Coast, all afford remarkable scenery, and equally remarkable diversities of character. Captain Alexander happily availed himself of those opportunities, and has given us many graphic descriptions. He landed at Teneriffe, where the famous peak, of course, attracted his observation. This is probably the most striking monument of nature in the world; for though the Chimborazo soars to the height of 22,000 feet, and the Himalayan Dewalgi to the astonishing height of 27,000, while Teneriffe is but 12,123, yet the latter, by its arising directly from the level of the sea, is seen more conspicuously, and stands at a more magnificent elevation. The view from the summit, which it requires a whole day to ascend, is unspeakably grand. On the top of this vast pyramid of basalt is a crater forty yards deep, from which vapor continually ascends, and specimens of finely-crystallized sulphur are gathered round its lips. From this summit, when the sky is unobscured, the whole island is seen like a model. Rising round it, at a distance, are seen the Canaries, glittering on the horizon, their peaks and pinacles coloured by every change of day. At favourable times, Madeira and the African coast are visible. The view contains at least 6000 square leagues. Captain Alexander’s opinion attaches a new importance to St. Helena. This little island has been within these few

years rising into a distinction, which it could never have expected but for the battle of Waterloo. Wellington ought to have a statue on the highest of its pinnacles, for it was to his sword that St. Helena owed its first glimpse of European fame. Napoleon at St. Helena began a new era in the history of the island; made it fashionable among the wanderers of the deep, and instead of a little beggarly half-way house between England and the Cape, where the worst wine on the face of the earth was sold at the highest price, and the extortions and the manners of Portsmouth Point went hand-in-hand, it became a speculation for the sentimentalist.

The Barrister. It has now become a speculation of another order, a receptacle for shipping to an extent entirely unknown before; in 1834 no less than 600 ships touched and victualled at St. Helena. Its position in the centre of the ocean seems to have marked it for the benefit of all the dependencies of England to the eastward. Those were formerly all Indian, but a new empire is now shaping in Africa itself. Commerce is swelling hour by hour; the island can always be reached by ships homeward bound, and it has been shrewdly observed that, showy as our possession of Gibraltar and Malta may be, both of them are mere pride and vanity compared with the solid usefulness of St. Helena. It should be the business of our government to give it a better port, which might be easily done, to make it a great depôt of stores, and to urge the inhabitants to cover every square inch of it with vegetation. The premium for industry at present is enormous; there are single acres of garden ground that yield 500*l.* a-year; yet a great part of the white population are in debt, and if the coloured people get their pound of bread and meat and pint of wine a-day they seldom trouble themselves further.

The Colonel. Africa is a country of such inexhaustible opulence in every product of nature that no wiser employment of British money or British talent could be adopted, than to form settlements and send exploring expeditions up every considerable river of the whole continent. But they should be *river expeditions*, for they alone are safe—they alone can be finally productive of commerce—they alone lead through the most fertile regions of the country—they alone conduct through the most civilized nations—and, what is of peculiar importance, they alone exhibit the Englishman as the Englishman ought to be seen everywhere. All our attempts by land, either in caravans or by solitary travellers, have failed, and deserved to fail. The blacks saw before them only two or three unlucky fellows worn out with the march, perplexed with the way, puzzled with the language, and forced to buy or beg every step of their journey: of course they laughed at them, robbed them, and dungeoned them till they died of bile and vexation, or, if they found them slow in going off, sent a bullet through their brains. But the Englishman, in his Majesty's ship or his own steamer, is a grand fellow, who sees the foreheads of thousands of those inky-visaged knaves bowed down to him like a divinity as he sweeps along, smoking and flaming through the bosom of their forest-girded rivers. He carries with him goods for his friends and grape-shot for his enemies; establishes a market, or knocks down a capital; and instead of being led like a beggar, or dragged like a prisoner, before some barbarian, sitting on a pile of skulls, of which he expects his own to make one, on the first nod from the lion-hided

barbarian, he summons the king of the Foulahs or Jolaffs on board the "Ætna" or the "Earthquake," marches the trembling savage between rows of guns that would thunder the half of Africa out of its senses; receives him in a cabin hung round with London mirrors, the miracles of telescopes, pictures, arms, and those most marvellous things of all—shelves of slowly-bound books; pronounces his will like an emperor, and sends the shrinking son of the forest back to his hut, mystified and mastered through every fibre of his ebony configuration. To Africa, then, I say, let every energy of our government be turned; but, not to the establishment of colonies. In that we have failed, and shall always fail. English flesh and blood melts under North African sun and air like a wax-light in a furnace. The South will give us room enough for an empire; the North will give us nothing but a rapid clearing of the half-pay list, drafts on the Treasury, and a grave for the superfluous offspring of John Bull.

The Rector. Sierra Leone is a case in point. Since 1825, it has killed Turner, Denham, Sir Neil Campbell, Lumley, and Temple—all clever men as Governors, and all at an age when they might have rendered good service to their country. Something of this, however, was due to the obstinacy of those gallant fellows themselves. Sir Neil Campbell began his address to the colonial surgeon thus:—"Doctor, there are two things that I wish you to do: one is, tell me when I am really in danger; the other is, give me no calomel." About two months after, he was seized with fever. The surgeon gave him twenty grains of calomel (disguised), and desired him to keep the house. Next day he saw him dressed and walking out. That night Sir Neil concluded his governorship, and was laid in the burying-ground. When Major Temple, the late Governor, arrived, he laughed at the climate. "It is all nonsense," said this gallant fellow, "to talk of the unhealthiness of Sierra Leone. I have been in much worse places in the Greek Islands. The reason why the climate is so deadly to Englishmen is all owing to their indolent habits and dissipation." Accordingly he was extremely temperate, though formerly he had been a free liver, was of a gross habit, and was fifty years of age. But, whatever good his temperance might do, his other notions soon disposed of him. Let the weather be what it might, he took exercise in the middle of the day. In the rains he has been known to ride forty or fifty miles a-day; and the day before he was taken ill, in the fatal month of August, contrary to all advice, he set out to ride in a tornado, and got drenched to the skin! Sierra Leone costs about forty-five thousand a-year. Since the Europeans have been chiefly removed from it, it has of course ceased to thin our population; but the soil is fertile, the Africans are capable of cultivation, and time, care, and commerce will do much everywhere.

The Doctor. There are few things more difficult than to make Englishmen take care of themselves in any climate. The worse the climate, the more reckless they are. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the motto of nine-tenths of them, and they eat and drink, and die accordingly. Captain Alexander naturally expresses his surprise that the sailors on board the *Thalia* kept their health so well. Out of a crew of three hundred and twelve, there were but thirteen sick on leaving Sierra Leone. Of all careless Englishmen, the most careless are sailors.

They require as much looking after as children. They will sit on the fore-castle with their hats off in an African sun with the thermometer at ninety in the shade. At night they will sleep about the decks between the guns with their faces exposed to the baneful influence of the moon, though the natives wrap themselves up. The chief care of the Captain is, that they shall wear warm clothes at night. The blanket dress for dewes and chills after rain is a capital contrivance. A standing order on the coast is, that no officer of a man-of-war, or king's ship, shall sleep on shore.

The Barrister. Captain Alexander's system of spending the day on board deserves to be published for the good of all voyagers. He tells us, that his usual routine was to rise at half-past six, shave and dress, and turn out to walk the quarter-deck, which was dry at a quarter past seven. At eight he breakfasted on coffee and bread; from nine till half-past twelve he read, wrote and drew. The Captain occupied his time well with works on natural history, classics, and books of reference, besides practising with the sextant and visiting the patients in the hospital, as a preparative for his travels, where astronomy and surgery are equally important. From half-past twelve till two he walked the deck again; then dined, and returned at half-past three to the deck, where he remained till half-past five; then took tea and walked half an hour. From half-past six to half-past nine he read, wrote, and conversed, or went for an hour to see what might be going on among the "sky-larkers" on the fore-castle. Finally, from half-past nine to eleven he walked the deck, thus having four hours daily exercise, or a walk of twelve miles. With this system, and by eating very little animal food, avoiding strong liquors, but indulging in half a bottle of porter or pale ale at dinner, and daily ablutions of salt or fresh water, he perfectly preserved his health and spirits without any medicine. On fine nights he slept in blue jacket and trowsers with a veil over his head and face, on a mat between two stern chasers on the upper deck, or in the hammock nettings. On wet nights he "caulked" under the table in the gun-room. The captain very justly offers the above as a good receipt for health and happiness during a long voyage, a matter proverbial for its weariness. The whole work is remarkably lively and intelligent, abounding, as it advances, in scenes of deep interest connected with war and colonization, and forming at once a capital manual for the African traveller, and a striking monument of the activity and ability of the author.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE QUEEN.

WE have this month the pleasure of placing before our readers a portrait of Her MAJESTY, the QUEEN. It is of course entirely superfluous to say more of Her Majesty biographically, than that Her Majesty, the daughter of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, was born May 24th, 1819.

From the education which Her Majesty has received under the direction of the Duchess of Northumberland and the Dean of Chester—from which, according to the testimony of three of our most eminent prelates, who were appointed some time since to report upon the progress which Her Royal Highness had made, Her Majesty has derived the greatest possible advantage—the people may confidently hope to find their young Sovereign successfully emulating the qualities of Her female predecessors on the throne of these realms.

It would be equally foolish and presumptuous to speak of the public character of a youthful monarch within a fortnight of Her accession, and still more foolish, although not presumptuous, to judge Her personal feelings on opinions by acts which are entirely those of the Ministers by whom She found Herself surrounded on the death of Her illustrious uncle. In private life we have heard that Her Majesty's benevolence is remarkable, and that frankness and sincerity are the leading features of

Her character. It is devoutly to be hoped that these qualities will equally distinguish Her public conduct. The destinies of a vast empire are placed in Her hands, at a period when the greatest difficulties surround, and the greatest dangers threaten them.

Several anecdotes have been circulated tending to illustrate the firmness of Her Majesty's youthful mind, which are highly characteristic of that integrity of purpose which was so conspicuous in the conduct of Her Majesty's good and pious ancestor King George the Third; and the people look to Her Majesty's future career with a hope and confidence naturally warmed and strengthened by the reports to which we allude.

During the short period which has elapsed since Her accession, the young Queen has excited universal admiration by the manner in which, under the most trying circumstances, She has gone through the various ceremonies connected with Her exalted station. Her Majesty's manner at the council-table—a Queen then but of one day old—and Her delivery of the Ministerial Speech in the House of Lords, are spoken of in the highest terms. Certain it is that no Monarch ever came to the throne who was more popular than Her Majesty. Long may She continue justly so!—the Pride of Her own country and the envy of others.

It is one of the many remarkable facts connected with the reigning family in Great Britain, that Her Majesty attained Her majority—fixed by the Regency Bill of 1830 at eighteen—a few days only before the death of our late gracious Sovereign.

THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. VIII.

THE astonishment which for a moment overwhelmed me at the sight of Daly, vanished in the next, when I recollected who the performer was, and what his character; indeed, it only served to assure me that his original and genuine spirit of enterprise, tolerably well exemplified by his public buffoonery of the preceding evening, had been in no degree weakened or debased by his "foreign travel," but had rather come, from the purification of African heat, even stronger and brighter than it was when first submitted to that test.

"Capital player, Mr. Delaville," said Sniggs, who had put on his glasses to execute the delicate touches in which he excelled.

"I need not introduce you to my son-in-law," said Wells to Daly.

"I flatter myself not," said Daly, continuing his play with an earnestness which convinced me he was not playing for love, which, in a sporting phraseology, means, *nothing*. "A caunon and red hazard—five—score me five, Domine—how much is that—nineteen to eleven—and a hard game—what are the odds? Chalk, Domine, if you please—I am going to give you the regular Phillimore screw."

"Domine!" said I to myself; "has he already got upon such familiar terms with my reverend and revered Soccer as to call him Domine?"

"There's a stroke, Mr. Sniggs," exclaimed Daly, after having, by dint of chalk and confidence, twisted the ball half round the table; "take your change out of *that*—now for the caunon, just so—two and three are five, and five and nineteen are twenty-four—at least in *my* country—game—thirteen and sixpence, Sniggry."

I stood amazed, wondering whether the "Domine" would order my facetious friend out of the house, or "Sniggry" knock him down with the cue; but neither of these by *me* expected events occurred. Sniggs, who was certainly out of play, and seemed to me equally out of spirits, surrendered the implement of his art to Wells, who was to take up the conqueror.

"I am extremely glad you are come," said Sniggs to me; "I am beginning to get rather fidgetty about Tom. He has contrived not only to shirk taking any of the medicine which I made up for him, but has managed to make himself master of two bottles of cherry-bounce of Mrs. S.'s own manufacture, which were inadvertently left in a cupboard in his bed-room. The contents of one of these, and more than half of those of the other, he has swallowed. The result has been a terrible accession of fever, and occasional delirium, and his appearance is, I assure you, extremely alarming. I should have been at Ashmead now, if I had not heard that you were expected here at dinner."

"And is there any eventual danger to be anticipated?" asked I.

"It is impossible to say," replied Sniggs; "I have left him in the care of my young man, and I hope he may get a little rest; but there's no knowing what may happen if we are not able to overcome the inflammation."

"If anything fatal were to occur," said I, "it would kill my poor brother; and then his being left here—and——"

"No blame can attach to *you*," said Sniggs: "you are strictly prohibited from visiting him."

Yes, thought I, that's very true; but blame attaches somewhere, and it is not very difficult to say where—the idea of leaving such a tempting potation within reach of the hopeful lad, whose love of anything "black, sweet, and intoxicating" was remarkable, combined with his hatred of physic, and a determination to do all the mischief he could at the apothecary's house (his removal to which he considered a barbarous and degrading banishment) seemed to me preposterous. If his death should result from such negligence, it could scarcely be considered accidental, or natural; and from the peculiar twist of Sniggs's countenance, I felt assured that however much he might try to conceal his real opinion of the case, it was in fact ominously unfavourable.

"I shall step home immediately after dinner," said Sniggs, "and see how he is going on. I told Mr. Tibbs to send the instant he fancied him growing worse; but by the evening we shall be better able to judge."

The intelligence of the worthy leech, and the tone in which it was conveyed, filled my mind with serious apprehensions, and hindered me from making immediate enquiries as to the cause and manner of Daly's introduction and presence at the Rectory. Wells was one of those liberal-minded men of the Church who was ever ready to patronize merit in whatever profession he found it, and having known that I had gone behind the scenes to speak to Daly—or rather Delaville, for although he had breakfasted with *me* as Daly, he was at the Rectory under his *nomme de guerre*—the invitation was probably the act of the Rector himself. By whatever means it had been achieved, it was to me a most embarrassing circumstance, and I now regretted that I had not pressed him to stop and dine with me, which the willingness with which he had subsequently postponed his departure to dine with Wells, showed me that it was quite clear he would have done. I felt that I could have managed him so much better in my own house, and that Wells at Ashmead would have had fewer opportunities of making enquiries into his earlier life, and of giving him the opportunity of dilating upon our former intimacy, and the numerous curious circumstances and occurrences therewith connected. I had, in fact, outwitted myself: however, I do not think the most imaginative anticipator would ever have foretold the probability or even possibility of my finding my friend and foe, my "bane and antidote," domesticated in my father-in-law's house, in less than four-and-twenty hours after his arrival in Blissfold, and addressing him and his companion by the affectionate epithets of Domine and Sniggy.

This event, which at any other time would have of itself sadly discomposed me, and made me wretchedly nervous, became, however, of secondary importance when I revolved in my mind the probable consequences of what I began to think would be the probable result of Tom's illness. From a false pride I had omitted writing to Cuthbert to give him an account of his health; and Cuthbert, in his love of ease, availing himself of the future opportunity of justifying his silence by a declaration that he had been waiting to hear from *me*, had pursued a precisely similar line of conduct.

Before I left home I had, as I have already recorded, resolved that,

whatever my feelings about Mrs. Brandyball and her influence might be, all delicacy upon that point was to be overcome; and I had accordingly determined to write by to-morrow's post. What Sniggs had communicated rendered this duty doubly imperative; and the best thing I could do, under existing circumstances, would be to delay till the last moment permitted by the post-office to forward my account of Tom, perfectly satisfied in my own mind, that let the consequences of the carelessness of Mr. or Mrs. Sniggs, or both of them, as the case might be, be what they might, they would be visited upon *me* to the fullest extent of Cuthbert's vengeance.

And to what might this not reach? It was true Cuthbert had made me, to a certain degree, independent, and I occupied a place in society which many men, greatly my superiors in rank and fortune, might reasonably envy, and which, at all events, enabled me to envy nobody; but all this comfort and enjoyment was—at least to a very considerable extent—derivable from, and dependent upon, the will and pleasure of my brother; at least, without meaning a pun, my present possession of it, was the result of his pleasure, and its permanency would entirely depend upon his will.

I was satisfied that if Tom should unfortunately die, that very circumstance would consummate Mrs. Brandyball's triumph. She would, of course, irritate Cuthbert, enlarge upon our inhumanity, and, in short, carry her great point of securing the entire guardianship and control of the girls; in order to do which, with the greater show of propriety and independence, she would unquestionably become the second Mrs. Cuthbert Gurney. That event would, with equal certainty, more especially considering the unfortunate incident which brought it about, divert the current of my poor brother's bounty and liberality into new channels, and I might suddenly find myself left with Ashmead on my hands, without the means of living in it, or keeping it up.

It may easily be imagined that with all these prospects for the future in my mind's eye, and the dread that Daly would indulge the company, in the course of the day, with details of the past, my position and feelings were anything but agreeable.

"Tom," said Wells, "is, I hear, worse to-day?"

"Yes," said I, "I am deucedly sorry he is."

"Are you?" said Daly; "that won't do,—no, my dear Gilbert, I have heard the story—happen to know, as Hull says—never tell me that a man can be sorry for a fellow who is likely to stand in his way—nine to six—'still playing on.' I once knew a man, and a capital fellow too, who was in remainder to a title and a fortune, with nobody between, but a consumptive cousin of five years old—eleven to six—and what d'ye think he did, Sniggs?"

"Can't say," said Sniggs.

"Goes to the family apothecary—two more, that's thirteen—and says, what a fine healthy boy that Ferdinand Alphonso is!"

"Healthy!" cries the apothecary; "sickly, you mean?"

"On the contrary," cries the heir-presumptive, "I mean healthy."

The apothecary shook his head.

"Well," said the heir-presumptive, "I tell you what I'll do—you attend him constantly, and ought to know—but I'll bet you a thousand guineas to one he is alive this day twelvemonth."

The doctor jumped at the bet, and before six months were over, the Baron Ferdinand Alphonso was settled all safe and snug in the family vault, and the heir-presumptive in full possession.

"Do you mean to say"—said Sniggs.

"Nothing," replied Daly; "only that the medical man was the best judge, and was quite right in backing his opinion. Now, if Tom,—what d'ye call your invalid connexion?—were to fall in with a medical man, who entertained so bad an opinion of his case, I should say—psha! that's a miss—score one—I should say betting the castor out would be very pretty sport."

Wells looked somewhat surprised, and Sniggs appeared extremely indignant.

"La," said Daly, "medical matters are often brought to bettings. Did you never hear the story of the fit and the bleeding—it's as old as the Hills—not the Hulls—eh—Gilbert?"

"Not to my knowledge," said I.

"Gad, Sir," said Daly, "Will Witley, an old friend of mine, was standing one day at the window at White's, and down he fell in a fit, as flat as a flounder. Sir Harry Liptrap offered three hundred to two that he would die. 'Done,' said Lord Bendamere. 'Done,' cried Liptrap. And done and done it was. The nearest apothecary had been sent for on the instant:—in he came post-haste—looked at Will—and whipped out his lancet in the twinkling of an eye"——

"Mind what you are at, Sir," said Sir Harry to the doctor; "if you bleed *that* gentleman, and he recovers, you'll pay my three hundred to Lord Bendamere. I backed Nature out at three to two; but I did not bet upon Art."

"Whether the apothecary was frightened, or whether he bled the patient, I can't say," said Daly; "but Will Witley is alive and merry at this moment to tell the story, and the Jockey Club had to 'settle the difference.'"

"Your humane suggestion," said I to Daly, "at once so gratifying to me, and so complimentary to Mr. Sniggs, it would scarcely be worth trying. The poor boy of whom we are talking is no heir-presumptive, nor does he stand in my way, except that by his death, if it should unfortunately happen, I am likely to lose whatever my poor brother might otherwise have been disposed to leave me in case of my surviving him. However, let us hope for the best."

A summons to dinner terminated the conversation; but I thought I began to perceive that Wells was not quite delighted with his new visitor, who had, it appeared, made good his landing, by having accosted the Rector in the Blissfold library, and having proclaimed his old friendship for me, and a perfect recollection of my father-in-law's father, whom he said had been an intimate friend of his uncle John's.

To me, perfectly acquainted as I was with my friend's "facilities," this ancient friendship was somewhat problematical; and when Wells was describing the circumstance of Daly's self-introduction to him—encouraged, however, by a good-natured recognition on the part of the Rector—he evidently overheard us; and the twinkle of his eye, and the motion of his mouth, convinced me that Uncle John, if he ever existed, which, (as I never had previously heard of him,) I very much doubted, knew no more of our host's respectable father than I did.

Things, I must confess, all turned out badly upon this particular day. When Wells invited Daly to dine with him, he had not received a very curious letter from Lieutenant Merman, upon which he was desirous of consulting *me*, and which promised, under certain circumstances, very much to alter the position, and, eventually, the state of his daughter Fanny. I saw that his mind was occupied by some subject of importance, and that neither his playing nor marking was done attentively; and although I was not prepared to hear what he subsequently told me respecting the gallant officer's communication, I felt perfectly assured that his thoughts were not on what he was doing.

The consequence of all these "cross purposes" was, that Wells, instead of being cheerful and full of anecdote, "his custom always of the afternoon," was dull and restless, and neither encouraged Daly in his drolleries, nor laughed when he made an effort, and volunteered a joke. Sniggs was fidgetty about Tom, and so was I, and the result was, *that*, which is by no means unfrequent in society, the "merry men all," when brought together, were as dull and gentlemanly as possible.

One anecdote Daly gave us, which made Wells smile, but the rather, I believe, because he knew the hero of the tale, or, at least, the hero as Daly told it, for it did not appear to me quite impossible that my friend might have heard Wells speak of the reverend personage upon whom he fathered it. Sniggs had been describing the various *tracasseries* of poor Tom Falwasser during his confinement at his house, and amongst other things, told us that his restlessness was such that he never could get him to lie still, even when rest would be most advantageous.

"Gad," said Daly, "that only shows the difference of dispositions; perhaps age has something to do with it—an old friend of mine, Doctor Doldrum, of Dorchester—rich—snug—snug incumbent of a fine fat living, and a bachelor, was regularly hunted by the old maids and widows of his neighbourhood. They were sure he would find a wife such a comfort.—His house only wanted a lady to take care of it,—and accordingly he was never left at rest upon this important topic.

"One however of these anxious creatures took the lead of the others; and when he once happened to be seized with a somewhat serious illness, resolved upon nursing him, which she did most assiduously—aye, and kindly too. He began to recover; but the listlessness of fever hung about him; and although his doctors ordered him to get up every day, there he lay, indolent and weak, and so he went on for a week or more, without once leaving his nest.

"Pray try and get up, Doctor," said the attentive Mrs. Mantrap.

"I am too weak, Ma'am," said the Doctor; "I will to-morrow."

"Fine day," said Mrs. Mantrap, "beautiful breeze—let Thomas wheel you into the garden?"

"I can't, Ma'am," said the Doctor; "I'm too weak."

"Do, Doctor?"

"No, Ma'am, no," said Doldrum.

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs. Mantrap, losing patience with her patient, "will nothing make you get out of your bed?"

"No, Ma'am," said the Doctor, with a deep sigh and a look of despair—"nothing—except, indeed, your getting into it."

"This *brusquerie* broke off the acquaintance, and Doldrum died in a state of "single blessedness."

This, however, I regret to say was, if not the first, the last bit of merriment of the day; for just as Daly had finished his anecdote, looking himself as grave as a judge, a message from Sniggs's young gentleman, Mr. Tibbs, took him away before the time at which he had intended to go. We were—at least Wells and I—considerably agitated by the sudden manner in which the message was announced; and I—full to a certain degree of a kind of internal superstition—anticipated the worst.

Wells, who saw what was passing in my mind, and knowing that I was specially prohibited from even entering the apothecary's house, followed Sniggs, promising to bring me an authentic account of poor Tom's state; and thus, in no humour for such a scene, I was left for a short time *tête-à-tête* with Delaville Daly or Daly Delaville, whichever it best suited himself to be. "Sibthorpe Hopkins, or Hopkins Sibthorpe."

"Odd, isn't it?" said he, when Wells was fairly out of hearing—"deuced odd, that 'we should be both here together,' as the new song says? Wells is a capital fellow—liked him the moment I saw him—always have a respect for the cloth—especially when a dinner is in the way. You told me you were coming here; so, thinks I to myself, I'll just pave the way and meet him—did it in my best style."

"You seem to have done so," said I, in a tone and manner which must have practically convinced the yet untamed madcap that I had very materially altered my views of life and society.

"Never see a Domine," said Daly, "but think of the horrid tricks we used to play Carbo Cockletop, the curate of Cranberry, where I was at all the school I ever had—we called him Carbo because he looked like a Wallsend polished—devout but dirty, poor dear fellow! Amiable, confiding, dim-eyed, and dignified, if not in his profession certainly in his manner, he had a fashion of throwing himself with a magisterial air backwards on the seat in the pulpit after his preliminary prayer. Upon that seat did I regularly do hen's work every Sunday."

"Hen's work?" said I, gravely, and really not comprehending him.

"Yes," said Daly—"hen's work." Every Sunday, there and upon that velvet cushion did I lay an egg, and as regularly did poor Carbo Cockletop carry on the process of incubation to a certain degree by sitting on it—falling gracefully upon his seat without looking before, or rather behind him, down he went—squash went the egg; and so absorbed was he in the might of his own majesty, that, like a heroic general in a different field of action, he never heard the bursting of the shell, nor took any notice of the event. But when the sermon was over, and Carbo came down to make the amiable amongst his congregation, the effect of the squash upon the back of his shining canonicals was good—the field sable and the egg proper were beautiful heraldry; and homeward he walked, wholly unconscious of the absurdity of his appearance. And this I did seven consecutive Sundays with undiminished success."

"Ah," said I, "such things I could have laughed at once—but—"

"I perceive," said Daly, "things are altered since I was behind the parson, and you have been before him; however, I am a Benedick too—eh?—thank your lucky stars!"

"I hope," said I, "that your prospects will brighten. I am sure your book ought to secure you money and reputation. I only wonder how

you, with *your* habits, could have undergone the fatigues and privations incidental to such a journey as that which you have so accurately detailed."

"Fatigues!" said Daly; "privations!—why, my dear Gilbert, you don't suppose I ever went to any of the places I describe—not a bit of it! I never was out of the infernal town, which, I wish to my heart, I never had been in, except as I remember my visits to Sir Frank Blaze-away, the commodore, in his frigate. Frank is as fine a fellow as ever stepped—fights like a devil, and drinks and plays as well as he fights."

"My dear Daly," said I, "all these things are very well in their way, but you ought to reflect."

"What, as my looking-glass does when I shave," said Daly, "to warn me how time creeps on—or rather gallops. No, I hate reflection, Gilbert. Sufficient to the day be the evil thereof; and although some great man, I forget his name at the moment—no matter—says, 'He that never looks back, will never gain wisdom enough to look forward,' I go no farther than the present——"

"But, the book," said I; "how do you reconcile the calling it your journey into the interior?"

"'Tis mine, 'twas his," said Daly, "and I hope will 'be slave to thousands.' I talked to a man who *had been* there, or somewhere else, and I read other men's books of travels. I knew *they* had never been where they said they had been; and I consider a matter-of-fact detail made off-hand is a work of infinitely greater ingenuity than the commonplace report of an actual journey. Rely upon it, my Quail will become a fashionable dish before a twelvemonth is over our heads, and I shall be lionised all over London for having caught a glimpse of the Bogieminnicombo Mountains, which never were discovered, and having ascertained the direction in which a river that nobody ever heard of, does not run."

"I hope you may, but——"

"Oh," said Daly, "you are sceptical—you have pulled up and are steady—I must continue dashing at something. True, my creditors are not dead, but they must be pacified. I can't kill myself a second time, and 'take the benefit of the act'—I mean of innocent suicide—the knob on my nose is too well known now. Still, *nil desperandum* is my motto; and I back myself three to two, like the winner at White's, that I fall on my legs—at least as long as I have a plank left to stand upon."

"Exactly so," said I, not forgetting what I had seen some years before at the Old Bailey; "but now," I continued, really anxious about him, and feeling rather glad that I had an opportunity of offering him some assistance which I had not done in the morning, "what do you really and seriously propose?"

His answer was checked by the return of Wells, the expression of whose generally cheerful countenance told me better than words, that matters looked badly with the invalid.

"The boy is dying," said Wells; "he is delirious, and Sniggs is convinced an effusion on the brain will take place. Nothing can be worse."

"Nothing, indeed," said I. "This will be a dreadful blow upon us

all; and, to say truth, I do not think when the case comes to be looked into that Sniggs will get much credit on the score of carefulness, in allowing such a patient access to strong spirits like cherry brandy."

"Especially," said Daly, who would rather lose ten friends than one joke, however good the one and however bad the other—"especially a boy whose addiction to *bounce* was notorious."

"Ah, Mr. Delaville," said Wells, "those who have never suffered an affliction of this sort may jest upon it: for *my* part, I am sure you will forgive me; I had hoped to pass an agreeable day and evening with you and my son-in-law; but this most unexpected calamity presses upon us dreadfully, and I think that Gilbert and I ought to go to Ashmead, where the news, if anything fatal *does* occur, would perhaps abruptly reach his wife, and produce the most serious consequences."

"I agree with you," said I to Wells; "and I am sure, my dear Daly——"

"Daly!" said Wells. "Delaville, I thought."

"Ay," said I, "his travelling name; but——"

"Daly!" repeated the Rector, somewhat emphatically. "Surely you are not *the* Mr. Daly of whom I have heard Gilbert so frequently talk?"

"The same *in propria personâ*," said Daly, making a very theatrical bow, "and very much at your service."

I saw that the Rector was very much surprised, and fancied that he was a little angry. This vexed me; because I feared that I should be implicated as a party to the deception with regard to my *friend's* assumed name. However, as I had neither brought him to the Rectory, nor invited him thither, but, on the contrary, had left my own house in order to avoid him; I felt, also, that I could explain away my share of the business during our walk to Ashmead, upon which Wells seemed more positively resolved, after discovering whom his guest really was, than he was before.

"I shall make no apology, Mr. Daly," said Wells, "for wishing you a good evening: so old a friend of my son-in-law will, I am sure, not require ceremony."

"Assuredly not," said Daly. "I will just top up with one glass of sherry, and betake myself to 'mine inn,' extremely glad to have seen Gilbert happy, and to thank you for your hospitality." Saying which, he rose from the table, Wells rang the bell, and having cordially shaken hands with both of us, the unreformed wag was in a few minutes clear of the house.

"I had no idea," said Wells, "that our entertaining mimic was the redoubtable Daly: if I had—and I wonder almost that you had not told me—I don't think I should have asked him here."

"My motive," said I, "for not saying anything about him was my desire not to betray him under his disguise; and most certainly I did not expect to find him your guest."

"The deuce you did not!" said Wells. "Then he is a sharp hand. He came up to me in the library, told me he had breakfasted with *you*, and that you regretted your engagement to *me*—of which I then knew nothing—because it would keep you from him; and all this he did so plausibly, and so coolly, that he made me understand, without directly

saying it, that you wished to dine here instead of at Ashmead, in order to keep the house quiet, and that, moreover, your plan was that I should ask him to meet you."

"Well," said I, "give him the full credit for his ingenuity, and believe that I was perfectly innocent of any such conspiracy, and never was more surprised in my life than when I found him here."

"Never mind," said Wells; "I wish we had not such good, or rather bad reasons for driving him away. Gilbert, rely upon it, that boy will not get over it."

"I fear not," said I.

"We had better prepare poor Harriet for the possibility of his death," said Wells; "and moreover, I am anxious to see her mother. I have had a very extraordinary communication from the Lieutenant touching his affair with Fanny, of which I do not exactly understand the meaning."

"Come," said I, "let us be going;" and we mechanically proceeded to prepare for our walk to Ashmead, both of us occupied with a variety of feelings of the most unpleasant character.

During the *trajet*, however, Wells imparted to me some particulars of his difficulties, for he was now struggling between an anxiety to promote his daughter's happiness and a determination to support what he called the dignity of her character.

That Lieutenant Merman was really attached to Fanny there could be no doubt,—at least as much attached as an abrupt, iron-nerved man, wholly devoid of delicacy, or that sort of feeling which I hold to be essential to true love, could be; and, although particularly disagreeable to me, there could be as little doubt that Miss Fanny Wells was extremely fond of him. The avowed want of fortune on the part of the young lady exonerated him from any imputation of interested motives in his affection, and his implicit belief that his aunt would make him her heir fully justified his persisting in attentions which he all along proposed to carry to an honourable conclusion.

So far all was well; nobody could find fault, and certainly, least of all, Wells, to whose notions about marriage I have so often referred. The truth was, that when the Lieutenant found that his inheritance was saddled with a condition, he preferred the money with the incumbrance, to subjecting himself to incumbrances without the money.

But the Lieutenant and his aunt had reckoned without their host. Merman, when he had explained the position in which he was placed, by the pertinacious affection of his aunt for Miss Maloney, and had, in fact, broken off the affair with Fanny, proceeded to the old lady, the source of all his future prosperity, and was most cordially received; his prompt appearance in answer to her summons practically evincing his readiness to fall into her arrangement.

"Dear Philip," said his aunt, "you will find Millicent Maloney a very charming young woman. I am extremely sorry that you have seen so little of her, but your being quartered in England, and our living in Ireland, have kept you too long apart. My plan of settling you together is not one of to-day, but I had my reasons for not communicating it to you in direct terms before. The moment you told me your intentions of proposing for another young lady, I felt it necessary to open my heart to you."

"‘I wish,’ said the Lieutenant, ‘it had so happened that I could have been aware of your views before—for really Miss Wells is a sweet girl; and I have got so completely habituated to the ways of her family, that it is most painful to myself and, I cannot help feeling, rather unfair to her, to break off such an engagement. However, as I fairly told her father, it would be madness in me to marry her without adequate means for her support—the wife of a subaltern, with, perhaps, half a dozen children, destined to be stowed away in a bare-walled den in barracks, or cooped up in country quarters in a two-windowed drawing-room over a chandler’s shop, ought not to be taken from the quiet comforts of such a house as Blissfold Rectory. If I had the means——’

"‘Aye, aye,’ said the aunt, ‘but you have not the means, Philip. All I want you to do is to see Millicent—her father was one of the handsomest men that ever stepped; he was, as you know, one of your honourable profession, and Millicent is naturally attached to those who, like yourself, belong to it.’

"‘And her mother?’ said Philip—

"‘Aye, that’s the question?’

"‘Her mother,’ said the aunt, ‘was a young lady of good family—it was a runaway match. I knew her well—intimately—poor girl, she died within a very short time of Millicent’s birth, who, consequently, never knew a mother’s care. Her death happened at a time when I had gone into the country for the benefit of my health; and I had the melancholy satisfaction of being with her when she breathed her last. Her husband had been ordered abroad about two months before the event, which she survived only five weeks. I promised her to be a mother to her child. I brought the baby home to my father’s house when I returned—nursed her—and, when old enough, sent her to school; and, as you know, when my father died and I went to live in Ireland, she accompanied me, and, in fact, has never left me since.’

"‘Your kindness has been remarkable,’ said Philip, making a sort of sniff with his nose, which sounded more significant than genteel.

"‘Is it not natural, then,’ said his aunt, ‘that, meaning to leave everything I have to those most dear to me, I should wish you, who have a natural claim upon me, to unite yourself to her to whom I am so much attached? Thus the amount of what I leave would be jointly yours, and I should see you settled and happy before I quitted this transitory life.’

"‘Nobody would venture to impugn your kind intentions,’ said the Lieutenant; ‘all I venture to complain of is my not having been earlier made acquainted with them—her father——’

"‘Oh,’ said Philip’s aunt, ‘her father never returned to England.—He died in the West Indies in half a year after his departure.’

"‘And is Miss Maloney now here?’ said Philip, who saw lying about the room, harp-strings, and colour-boxes, and work-boxes, and odd volumes of novels, a song or two, some netting, and knotting, and knitting needles, and sundry other similar indications of the presence of a young accomplished female.

"‘To be sure she is,’ said the aunt; ‘I only wanted to put you *au fait* before I introduced you to her—here is her picture, and an excellent likeness too.’

Philip looked at the miniature which she proffered, and beheld a countenance full of animated expression, with a pair of eloquent eyes, and a witching smile upon the lips, which, taken in conjunction with a figure that, as far as it went in the picture, was perfectly symmetrical, instantly superseded the less classical beauties of the deserted Fanny Wells in the mind of the Lieutenant.

"'Gad,' said the Lieutenant, 'this is very lovely, though! But I tell you what, aunt—don't suppose I mean to flatter you—but upon my life there is something in the expression of the mouth that reminds me very much of *you*.'

"'ME!' exclaimed the Aunt: 'what a notion! Compare *me*, at forty-one, with that blooming creature of nineteen! Philip, Philip, Philip, you are dreaming. No, no! I never was so handsome as that. No, she takes after her father more than after her mother.'

"'If Miss Melcent—'

"'Millicent, my dear Philip,' said the aunt.

"'I never know,' said Philip, 'how to pronounce that name.'

"'Why,' said the aunt, who was a wag in *her* way, 'in the present case you may pronounce it either way—'

'You may call her Millicent on account of her money,
Or Melcent, because she's as sweet as honey.

There's for you!'

"'I am delighted to see you in such spirits, Aunt,' said the Lieutenant; 'now tell me when am I to be presented?'

"'As soon as you have dressed for dinner,' said the Aunt. 'First impressions go a great way, and I want her to like you at once.'

As for myself, if I had been there I should speedily have abandoned all hopes of success by a *coup de main*. Merman was decidedly no beauty, and if he were destined to win a heart it must be by the exercise of that most perilous of all man's members, the tongue: however, the Lieutenant did not think so, and, accordingly, acting upon the suggestion of his worthy relation, who had proved herself so much attached to him, and so careful of his interests, bestowed a double share of pains upon the completion of his toilette.

Miss Pennefather—or, as she was beginning to call herself, *Mrs.* Pennefather—dined early—five o'clock—and a drive or a stroll in the cool of the evening was the order of the day. 'It would be moonlight,' she observed to her nephew, while giving him a sort of *programme* of their proceedings, and Millicent would show him the summer-house and the trout stream, and the grotto, and all the little beauties of the place—and she sang sweetly—she would sing to him—and then when they came back she would show him her drawings.' All this was well calculated to eradicate from his memory the less showy qualifications of my poor sister-in-law, and teach him to forget the humbler laurel walks of hospitable Blissfold.

Within a few minutes of five, the Lieutenant paraded himself in the drawing-room of Mrs. Pennefather's perfect Paradise, at the end of which was a large looking-glass, in the which the Lieutenant kept continually gazing at himself, improving all his good points; twisting his hair into curl, settling his neckcloth, arranging his waistcoat, and all the rest of it, until his dear relation made her appearance, looking, it

must be confessed, exceedingly handsome, and evidently not dressed as a foil for her jewel of a niece.

" 'I thought,' said she, 'we should be better without strangers to-day; so we shall be quite alone.'

" 'So much the more agreeable,' said the Lieutenant.

" 'Dinner is on the table,' said the butler.

" 'Good news,' said the Lieutenant.

" 'Does Miss Maloney know we are waiting?' said Miss Pennefather.

" 'I'll enquire, Madam,' said the man, and retired.

" 'Come, Philip,' said the aunt, 'we are at home, and I hope you feel we are; so come. Millicent will join us in the dining-room.'

And, with a coquetish air of gallantry, she extended her arm to her nephew, in order that he might offer his *en cavalier*; and away they went across the hall; and the dinner smelt savourily.

Just as the happy pair were about to seat themselves, the butler returned with news that Miss Maloney was not in her room.

" 'Oh, then,' said Miss Pennefather, 'she has probably gone into the grounds, and we have missed her. Tell Gibson to go and find her.'

" 'Gibson isn't in, Ma'am,' said the butler.

" 'Why, who dressed her, I wonder?' said the aunt. 'She could not have dressed without her maid.'

" 'Miss Gibson hasn't been in since the morning,' said a tall, white-faced footman.

" 'What's the meaning of this?' said Miss Pennefather.

Nobody knew; everybody looked. Some looked wise, some looked foolish.

" 'I'll go to her room myself,' said Miss Pennefather. 'Excuse me, Philip, for a few minutes. This is mighty strange! I can't comprehend it.'

The Lieutenant was in a very awkward position, standing in the middle of the dining-room, exposed to the gaze of the servants, who had heard a week before, from Miss Gibson, the cause of his intended visit.

" 'Thomas, put the covers on again,' said the butler; and the dinner vanished from the longing eyes of the hungry soldier.

A loud scream just at this instant rang through the house. The maid-servants scrambled up the stairs; and when they reached Miss Millicent Maloney's bed-room, they found their amiable mistress, Miss Laura Pennefather, in a violent fit at the foot of the bed.

Wells had just reached this point of his narrative when we arrived at the gate of Ashmead.

LUNACY IN FRANCE.—NO. III.

It is rarely that any excess of feeling about religion brings a single inmate to the asylums of Paris: the Superior smiled at the question, whether any of his cells were peopled by the more devout or fanatic. Neither priest nor nun brood over their lost homes and fallen faith to the loss of reason: even the ladies, often almost the sole worshippers in the churches of the capital, are never so subject to the "thick-coming fancies" of spiritual gloom or reverie as to become sullen, solitary, and at last *alienée*. No one here thus individualizes himself with matters of faith, draws a dark or charmed circle round his peculiar feelings, or feeds so richly on his own illusions that they become a lone and chaotic world of which he is the sole tenant.

The spiritual fervours of Armelle Nicholas often raised her in the air, and suspended her for some time a foot above the floor, as she and her admirers believed: but no sooner did she tread the earth again, than her revelations fled, and she was again the vivid, collected, the interesting Armelle. In the maisons of Ivery, Saltpetrière, &c., the stranger will search in vain for the wild, the dreamy religionist. "I have not known such a thing," said Mons. ———, "during many years, till this last year, when five patients were sent from the High Alps, near the scuc of Neff's labours: they were dwellers in the mountains, in comfortable circumstances, yet whose life was solitary: a fervid pietist minister lately came to their neighbourhood, and the enthusiasm of his addresses disturbed their minds; they had not strength of understanding to bear so new and powerful an excitement. These patients will be very difficult to cure; we have so little practice in this species of insanity, and their thoughts cannot as yet be diverted from the wild and solemn fancies of their fanaticism; sometimes they speak of their mountain-homes and weep at their remembrance, for they had never wandered far from them till brought here." It may be said of Paris, as Lady Stanhope said to Mr. W——, the Jewish Missionary,—“You have left the ancient and splendid faith of your fathers, for that which is only a shadow.” After this shadow no one pursueth: in England, if similarly situated, multitudes would have pursued and grasped after it, like Peter Schlemil after his lost one, till the fancy was darkened and the heart sick with sorrow. But “la jeune France,” as the rising generation affects to call itself, thinks all painful thoughts on its now dim and floating belief, an extreme weakness: the Abbé Menai's wild and powerful pleadings touched many a feeling; their extravagance and originality moved the fancy and even the inquiry of numbers: but their hour is passing away.

Of the many thousands of ruined and broken men, whose sources of ambition, and income, and fame are dried up, and who wander about with a pointless hope and a cankered feeling, the greater part refuse to be comforted, because the excitements on which they fed are not and cannot be again. A very few are found of high and enthusiastic minds who, when their “golden bowl was for ever broken,” have rushed to solitude, self-denial, and estrangement from all they loved, rather than sink from the career which they claimed as their portion, and which the world could no longer award them. One instance there was, in which this

sacrifice, if so it may be called, was made at a time of life when few men can bear to leave the world of gaiety and joy, unless the heart be broken; and whose heart is broken at the age of twenty-one? A few months since the mother of this young Parisian related to me the story of her son; she related it like one who loved to dwell on painful moments, to live over again all feelings that belonged to her youngest and favourite child; he had passed away for ever from her sight; "yet not for ever," she said, "we shall meet again in this world."

His family had conceived great hopes of his career in life, and placed him, at an early age, in one of the best colleges in France: he did not disappoint their hopes; he loved his studies, and made every effort to excel. At this age a diligent application is as useful perhaps as natural genius; but in this student there was both.

His own vaulting ambition of the future went far beyond even that of his friends: it had been the passion of his tender years, and was fanned by powers of acquirement, and a fluency of expression, which were remarkable. After many years passed at college, he came to Paris to reside with his parents, and decide on a profession: on this point he was some time undecided. In addition to his scientific and classical attainments, he had acquainted himself with several modern languages; but his vanity fed not on those things; they were as the daybreak on his way: O, when should he walk in light and glory!

He played with skill on several instruments; sang well. "His conversation," said his mother, "was delightful; his tone of voice peculiarly sweet; he was very handsome, and was not yet eighteen." The disparity between his extreme youth and his acquirements made him the more remarked. He saw that he was often the life of a circle in which most of the company were older than himself. A Frenchman's aspirations do not often lead him into dreaminess, or to a communion "with nature in her lone retreats." His loved communion is with the ever-heaving billows of the world, the gilded, but not golden world of Paris, where his sallies are listened to, his pretensions allowed, his spirit sharpened by collision, but not strengthened by the knowledge of itself. The still small voice, ever heard faintly, and at intervals, in the interior of the soul, is rarely heard in these circles. It would have saved him from much subsequent sorrow; it would have saved him from the prison-like walls, and lone monotony, in which he now lives. He says that he loves them; but in this he still deludes himself. He still lives as he has ever done, on the future, not on the present; and none may continue to do this with impunity, except the few great and grasping spirits who can afford to commit themselves to eternity.

The uncle of Eustache was one of the marshals of France. His father held a high situation under the government of Napoleon. There was now no profession so exciting and ambitious as that of arms, in which the patronage of his family, who besought him to embrace it, was sure to aid him. He entered the cavalry, and rose so rapidly, that he was a captain at eighteen. In one of the German battles he was wounded, and taken prisoner, and carried into Russia. Here his sufferings were intense; he was in rags and wretchedness; an infectious disease, caught from some of his companions, brought him to death's door. On the abdication of the emperor, and the subsequent peace, he returned to his family and relations. He was dearly loved by his

parents : they wept at the sight of his wasted frame, but they knew not that the iron had entered into his soul. His imprisonment had been very hard to bear, less from its pain and misery, its cell, cold as death in the depth of a Russian winter, his badly healed wounds, and hardships, than because it cut him off from all present hopes of promotion. The campaign was fiercely contested, battles won and lost, while years were passing, and years might still pass, ere his prison doors were opened. He said that he became the prey of these thoughts, till at last he felt indifferent to life. But this indifference to life quickly vanished on his return to Paris, to affection and mercy from those he loved, to splendour and luxury. How vivid and rapturous to a Frenchman is the transition from foreign wandering or suffering to his idolized capital ! As the memory of the Nile to the dying Arab in the desert, so is the thought of Paris precious afar off ; and his return to it is like that of the prodigal son to his father's home, where his heart is merry within him continually.

His family had given him up for lost ; no letters had arrived for a long time ; and so great was the fatality of the Russian campaign, that they believed him dead. His father inhabited a large and handsome house in the Faubourg St. Germain : he had lived expensively : and though the change of dynasty took away his official situation held under Napoleon, his private fortune still enabled him to keep a liberal establishment ; he gave frequent and brilliant parties. And he again mingled in these gaieties and circles, as if they borrowed a freshness and glory from long bereavement ; he had dearly loved them once, and now they brought the balm his spirit wanted. When Ambition is broken, and her beautiful wings are crushed in the storm, how delicately and welcome does Vanity steal to her side, and strive to heal her wounds !

He was again the idol in the societies : perhaps he was more admired than before his misfortune. " Never," said his mother, " did he appear to us so interesting as now—never did he seem to enjoy society and pleasure with so much ardour. He was a greater favourite with women than ever, and I feared that dissipation would be dangerous. He spoke with a touching eloquence of his sufferings and captivity—his face was deadly pale, but his eyes had the same wild brilliancy they had in childhood."

Thus passed away another year ; he had been a prisoner nearly two years, and it was resolved to celebrate the age of twenty-one by a brilliant fête, to which a multitude of guests were invited, and no expense of money or taste was spared to render it delightful and flattering to their son. But one passion was unsatisfied—the *same* that dwelt within him when a child, at college, and in prison, where it nearly broke his heart. His family, who saw him on this festival night so seemingly happy, were justified in believing that the past had lost its bitterness, and that he would yet play a distinguished part in life. At this very moment each allurement of the world, each tie of nature, was rent asunder. Is not every man the maker in a measure of his own destiny?—will not almost every man find in the various changes of that destiny that the first character of his soul is still unchanged ? " even in the visions of the night it sleepeth not." And often would that first character surely and beautifully have worked out for itself success, had a patient ambi-

tion, a firm yet calm confidence in the future been its companion. Perhaps this is one of the hardest qualities of the mind, that loves to rush before its time, and will not wait till all is prepared.

He knew that the downfall of Napoleon closed his career of arms ; his uncle the Marshal fell with his master ; all the influence of his family in the army was gone : he might still keep his sword, but with prospects as hopeful as those of the vast number of returned captives and disbanded officers who filled the streets of Paris. His cherished dreams, which his rapid success seemed to warrant, of future rank and glory, were now hushed for ever. His father's lucrative situation was also gone, and the ample income was greatly reduced : the parents regarded the reverse with the unrepining temper, the calmness and cheerfulness often so eminent in the French. But Eustache could look calmly on nothing : he must play for a high stake or not play at all. He might have sought the profession of the law, the church, or some civil office which his family had yet interest enough to obtain. Thus he remained, till the night of the ball, uncertain of the future, of its pursuits or cares. For some weeks previous he had been in the habit of visiting the Abbé Augustin, superior of the Trappists, to whom he had confessed on his return from the Russian campaign : in these conversations and visits, which were unknown even to his mother, he was interested with Augustin, who was an eminent person, and his words often soothed his conflicting feelings. But the Abbé did not read thoroughly the character of his visiter : if a parent was baffled who had watched the wayward thoughts from childhood, how much more a confessor ! The day arrived—the *salons* were filled with company—all congratulated and wished him joy and future happiness : the one he felt not then ; the other, can he feel it now ? He joined in the dance, and took the hand in succession of several fine women, more than one of whom loved him. Love ! was thy empire also broken for ever on this night, by a youth of twenty-one, handsome, of fine genius, of an eloquent tongue—and broken in a Parisian ball-room, amidst its very altars, its incense, its most touching vanities ? From this scene he suddenly withdrew. A splendid supper was to succeed the ball, and it was nearly time to partake of it ; it was midnight, and his family, wondering at his continued absence, sought him in his chamber, but he was not there : in anxiety, and at last in undisguised distress, they still waited till daybreak. “ We tried,” said the mother, “ for some hours to keep the party alive, but the young, by degrees, left off dancing ; suspense came upon most faces, the gaiety died away—the very flowers seemed to droop ! ”

He never came again—whither he went so suddenly on that night is best explained in one of his letters, of which his mother, when I saw her the second time, gave me several to peruse, and allowed me to copy them : there was an interval of two years between his disappearance and the arrival of this his first letter : during this interval they lamented him as numbered among the dead, for all research and inquiry proved in vain.

“ *Monte Giove, near Ancona, 1823.*

“ O MY MOTHER !—It was not without a lively grief that I separated myself from you. How often have I called to mind the tenderness you have showed me ! Never do I forget the kindness and mercies you

heaped on my early life. God converted me whilst you were diverting yourself in the *salon*: you saw me not at that moment; you could not see the blow which struck me; you could not hear the voice which called me. There was no hand-writing, my mother, against the wall, although the lights of the many lamps, and the rejoicing, and the pride, and beautiful women, made that night to me like as it was to the king in his palace—a night of self-glorying and luxury. I am now in my cell, which is very dear to me: hear me tell the events of that night. You gave it in my honour, you and my father, and you gathered all my friends and acquaintance, and spared no expense to make it delightful to me. I can speak of it now, that two years are passed since; but I dreaded to write sooner, lest I had not strength to dwell on these remembrances. The world is never conquered suddenly; but now I have conquered all its love. When it drew near midnight, I had first danced, as you may remember, with the Comtesse —, whom you wished me to think of as a wife, and whom I then preferred to all other women. I will never speak any more of this; even for this speaking of it I shall suffer in my secret thoughts: and it would be culpable, but that in my first letter it was necessary to call these circumstances to your mind. For a few moments I stepped aside from the crowd, and leaning against the wall, I looked on it earnestly, on the faces of so many familiar to me, bright with joy—on the dancers, on the groups so elegantly dressed; and while the music and the many voices filled the room, the thought suddenly darted into my mind—it was irresistible—to devote myself to Heaven; and there sprung up such a contempt for a frail and fleeting world, that I retired to my chamber, to reflect in silence on what seemed to be an impulse from above—it grew stronger every moment—it urged me to fly instantly, to be firm and quick to execute—else all was lost. I would not join the party at supper—I would not trust myself to see you again. I went that night to see the Abbé Augustin, Superior of the Trappists; he was greatly surprised at my resolution, but promised not to reveal it. He gave me a letter to Avignon, to a seminary, where I continued some time: thence I retired some leagues from the city, into one of his monasteries. Is it not said, he that quits the world for the love of God shall receive a hundredfold, and whosoever shall forsake his father or his mother, wife or children, shall receive a hundredfold here, and life eternal? St. Gregory explains this passage. The ravishment I taste in my cell is often very great—in my prison in Russia I despaired. O the anguish of mind I suffered, because my ambition was wrecked! Address me as Irenæo, which is the name I have taken.”

Twenty years have now tried the firmness and constancy of the spirit of Irenée, as his family call him, and found it steadfast as a rock: into his cell of Monte Giové, the Camaldule, or the Corona, he threw talent and feeling, his whole life, without any infirmity of purpose. And yet this gifted and energetic spirit could so deceive itself as to its real motive and hope! When the mother dwelt on the heroism of his resolve, on the fervour of his piety, which could enable him to renounce so much, and to be happy in so great bereavement and self-denial, I did not express my belief that the veil was not yet taken away from his heart. The forsaking the world was one of those sudden and powerful impulses to which, the highly imaginative mind is open, but is

rarely if ever open without a previous preparation of thought or of fancy. In the conversations with the Abbé Augustin, he had no doubt revived the subject of his disappointments, and the former had probably expatiated on a religious life, on the nobleness of contemplating the fascinations of the world. "O, the anguish of mind I suffered because my ambition was wrecked!" This was the subtle and almost unconscious feeling that bade him take so decisive a step,—that he might rise high in a religious order, and be eminent for talent, piety, and self-abandonment. He trusted to his own energy and devotedness to follow this career, this "straight and narrow way," even to perfection,—and he did not trust in vain. As free from hypocrisy as he is from the love of obscurity, fervent in his profession, he is now St. Irenée, a pride and ornament of his order. The second letter is from Monte Giovè.

"Do not think, my mother, that the life of a hermit injures the health; on the contrary, it contributes to make it more firm and robust. We have each a little garden, rather a diversion than a fatigue, which we cultivate with our own hands; we plant there hyacinths, narcissus, tulips, ranunculus, and fine pinks, which I place in vases, and then place on the altars of our church, to offer to the Holy Virgin and her Son as the homage of our hearts. Tell me in confidence, my mother, do you recreate yourself still in those *soirées* where they play at bouillotte, or do you retire? How much happier would you feel not to enter into diversions so frivolous, where you cannot play without offending God! I willingly believe you have long since bid adieu to them."

After a few years he removed to the monastery della Canonica de Lodi, and writes in the year 28,—“I find myself much better in the hermitage of the Canonica; there are not such fogs as on the mountains of Ancona: it is very hot in summer, but the winters are not so cold.” Six years were passed in this retreat, during which the austerities and watchings of his hermit-life seem to have impaired his constitution: could the parent now behold the ascetic, she would scarcely recognise her son; could the friends of both sexes who last saw him in the hall-room, look at the cell of Lodi and its pallid tenant, they would think he had as well have stepped at once into the grave: to the Parisian, solitude, self-denial, not death, is the real king of terrors.

"1834. I have to tell you that I have been ill three weeks, that I have brought up blood, with frequent faintings, that I have fallen helplessly down, with lightness in my head, and have kept my bed with fever. Why will not the body keep pace with the efforts of the mind? I remember when wounds and sickness in Russia made my spirit weak as that of a child, it was crushed like a bruised reed, when I knew that Napoleon was gaining battles, and that I should join his standard, perhaps, no more. And now my body is nearly as weak as then; but my soul, how strong! It has no feebleness, for the future is all bright before me; and the things that are to come have ever been dearer than those that are with me. Much too dear they were once; I worshipped them, and my prayers were never heard: but now—Beautiful future! thou wilt never more deceive me: I contemplate it—I converse with it—I hear its voice every hour, like that of the waves of the sea, which

send their melancholy music when afar off. God called me to retire into a hermitage."

He was induced to remove from the Canonica to the monastery of Camalduli de Monté Corona, a long day's journey from Florence, where the air was more soft and genial, the territory more lively, and shaded with ancient forests. Here his failing health was restored. He was now known in the monastic world as a man of talents and genius; his many years of seclusion had been devoted to divinity, and the severe and often dry studies of the writers and fathers of the church. In the following letter, in which he relates the manner of his life, there is a tone of sincerity and simplicity, fresh from the heart. The hermit had not yet conquered: high imaginations still lurked in his cell, but chastened by a holier influence.

"1st June.—You ask me what is the established order of my hermitage?—The monastery is situated a good distance from the city, on a height amidst forests; the air is very pure; we have each our cell, separated one from the other by a garden 20 feet long, which we cultivate. We are thirty Religious; we live like hermits; on the days of grand fêtes we unite and eat together. We have a handsome church, containing four chapels; we rise an hour and half after midnight, and go to sing matins and psalms, which last two hours and a half; at four o'clock primes; between matins and primes, he who wishes to sleep asks permission of the Superior; after primes we have a half-hour of mental prayer; then say the first mass; manual work succeeds; each hermit, at sound of bell, goes to the place destined for him by the Superior; to dig or till the earth, carry stones, weed the convent paths. We are clad in a shirt, a tunic, a large cloak, a scapulary, a straw hat to keep us from the sun's rays; the colour of our clothes is white, that we may have always before our eyes a model to indicate that we ought to keep our heart pure. Tierce at half-past six; this being said, sexts—nones; at nine, after nones, we retire to dine. We pass six months of the year in fast; from September to Easter we take no meat; on Fridays we eat, on the ground, bread and water, with naked feet. The other part of the year, which we pass without abstinence, they give us fruits on the Fridays when we fast. I have forgotten to tell you that in the midst of our fatigues we enjoy a vivid gaiety, a great peace, and we are more content than the kings and the great men of the age in the midst of their pomps and festivals. When we are working on the earth, if they came to offer us the finest crown and the richest palace in the world to inhabit—we should prefer our shovel and our little plough. Never in the bosom of the world have I been so happy. If I was again present in the *salons* of Paris, and was master of the hearts of the gay and luxurious, how fast would I draw them to charge themselves with the light and gentle yoke of the amiable Jesus and Mary! On the days that we are permitted to speak, the recluses meet together, and converse on the blessedness of the redeemed in heaven, for one hour. I assure you I never felt so much pleasure in the promenades of the *Tuileries*. But in our walks, in our prayers and orisons, we are so full of joy. And you, my parents, how go affairs? According to your wish? I know that you have religion—seek its supports: all that I suffer for the love

of God is welcome, is sweet to bear. My brother—does he think of death? Does he reflect that death comes in the night—that time passes like the lightning? Imagine, my mother, the years we are separated: it is terrible. Are they not fled like a dream? Are not all moments, all years, like *them*? Pardon your child the freedom of his expressions—his thirst for your salvation. O full of majesty, power, and glory is the presence of God! On a throne more brilliant and beautiful than your son's, shall I then behold you?—Say, "my mother! Oh, how I long for the moment! Ireneo, hermite Capalduli de Monté Corona."

He was now tried in his spirit's weakest point. At the desire of the Superior he had lately preached several times in the neighbourhood. Eloquence is a rare gift in a monk or hermit; and that of Irenée was scarcely due to the inspiration of his subject, for he always possessed it. It is no wonder that the man who could charm in the circles of Paris, going forth full of zeal to the hamlet, should fascinate his hearers. His fame as a preacher spread fast through the surrounding country; and he was invited to settle as *curé* in a town, and take the charge of the congregation. Had he complied, he would unquestionably have been now one of the most popular ministers in the Romish church; but he absolutely refused the offer, and said, "That he would not again expose himself to the power of vanity, which had caused him too much suffering." This was a fine instance of self-denial; and at this point we may not withhold esteem, and even admiration, from the man: to his early, his late, and darling passion the gate was thrown wide open; he might drive his chariot wheels through it gloriously—he would not. Perhaps the stern and pitiless judge of human nature may say, that this denial was not inconsistent with his still quenchless thirst of greatness, less as an orator than a saint; that nothing gives a surer claim to this title, than the sacrifice of the heart's best love! But this is probing the heart too deeply; charity and mercy alike forbid it. Was it a light thing to pass twenty years in a cell with such memories, and with no other hope to the end of life? He is now forty; the father is taken; the widow and brother alone survive, both in broken health; when they also are gone, when the "sere and yellow leaf" falls on Irenée, and his thoughts of the living shall be of the dead—how will he then bear loneliness? No home—the home of his youth; none to love him, nor to weep for his presence. Irenée had a warm heart, and was very fond of his mother. Often to men of wild and ungoverned fancy, the broken tie, unfelt at the moment, returns in after life, even to anguish, and the lost features die no more.

[His last letters shall be given in a subsequent paper.]

A FRAGMENT.

"Good luck to your fishing."—*The Monastery.*

IF, as "Thomas Best, Gent., late of his Majesty's Drawing-room in the Tower," saith, "Patience is highly necessary for every one to be endowed with, who angles for carps, on account of their sagacity and cunning,"—that virtue is still more essential as an endowment to the angler who goes after the great Thames trouts. He must be content to spend much time in dropping down from stream to weir, from pool to stream, and from stream to weir again, and to burn all the skin off his face many times before he has even a run: moreover, unless he wears gloves—and no one handles his tools with mittens so well as he does without—he will have to present a pair of hands at the dining-table only to be rivalled in their nut-brown hue by those of the gipsy or the gravel-digger. But when he does get a nine or ten pounder into his well, the look-down upon the fish, after all the hair-breadth hazards of losing him when hooked, is worth the weariness of many blank days, and the production of those unrepresentable hands to boot.

To be sure, it does sometimes happen, even to the best of sportsmen, that, after the struggle is apparently over, and the fish is close to the boat's side, something will give way, leaving the unhappy Piscator with a straight rod and suddenly slackened line, and also with a sensation as if he had been suddenly deprived of his back-bone.

But for a lover of nature, even when fortune smiles not, this kind of fishing has many charms:—the bright river, the continual change of scene, the rich beauty of the highly cultivated and picturesque country through which it flows, and the exhilarating freshness of the air as it comes laden with the perfume of the new-mown hay, or of the honey-suckle blossoms from

"the cottage of thatch,

Where never physician has lifted the latch,"

make mere existence a pleasure.

Then there is always something to be seen by one who has eyes and knows how to use them. There are the wild flowers that enamel the banks, the insects, the fish—it requires a practised eye to see *them*—the birds. Here, a king-fisher shoots by like a meteor—there go the summer-snipes—the swift darts by close to the boat, like

"An arrow from a Tartar's bow"—

That back-water is positively carpeted with the green leaves and snowy star-bloom of the water-lily—and the nightingale hard by, *in shadiest covert hid*, fairly sings down all the host of day-songsters, though the blackbird and thrush make melody loud and clear.

On one of these expeditions not long ago, we observed below Lock, just as a thunder-storm was coming on, a pair of swans with ~~seven~~ young ones. There was evidently something more than usual going on—some *sensation*, as the French say, among them. The young were collected between the parents, and the whole party pushed up

stream. At first we thought they were nearing our punt, as we were dropping down from trying the weir, in the hope of bread : but three of the young ones mounted on the back of the female swan, who elevated her wings to receive them, the brilliant whiteness of her plumage contrasting beautifully with the grey down of the little creatures, and there was a scared appearance about the whole party. The cause was soon manifest.

A magnificent swan, worthy of Leda herself, came ploughing up the water, indignant at a trespass on his domain. The family hurried on ; and in their haste, one of the young slipt off its mother's back. There was distress ! A weakling was left behind in the wake of his father, and whilst he scrambled along, *non passibus æquis*, uttered shrill cries as the enemy advanced. Up came the mighty bird, and then the father, evidently inferior to the attacking swan in age, size, and strength, turned to meet him, while the little family, huddled close to the mother, made haste to escape up the river. Proud as the senior, the young father threw back his neck between his arched wings, and confronted the giant. This was unexpected : they kept sailing backward and forward abreast of each other, across the stream, like two war-ships ; and the watchful turns of their graceful necks and bodies, as each tried to take the other at advantage, was a sight to see. We thought at last that they would do battle ; for each of the rivals elevated himself on the water, and made show of combat to the *outrance*. But, by this time, the family, under the guidance of the affectionate mother, were safe, and the elder swan seemed to think that the better part of valour was discretion, and that he had driven the intruders from his royalty. So they parted. The young one went up to receive his reward from the mother of his family, and the old one rubbed his neck on his wings, and dived, and dropped down stream again, evidently comforting himself that he had given the trespasser a lesson.

There was a dog belonging to the Lock-house. He, from experience, seemed to know that all swans are bullies ; but still the encounter was something for a dog at a lock-house, where anything is an incident. And, indeed, this was so much more earnest in show than the usual conflicts, that he came down towards the brink, though the rain was coming on. At first he sat upon his tail ; but, as the affair gave hope of becoming serious, he couched, and when the birds lifted themselves, as in act to fight, dropped his head on his outstretched fore-legs, with all the ecstasy of an amateur. When, however, he found that it was *no go*, and that the menaces ended as usual—much in the same way as they have done of late among the unfeathered bipeds—according to the new code of chivalry, he shook himself, like a sensible dog, and went back to shelter.

On another occasion, after fishing many miles of water with nothing but a few perch and jack in the well as the results, we dropped down to — Weir.

Wearied with my no-sport, I stretched my listless length on the dry landing that flanked the main weir, and watched with half-shut eyes, through the tremulous aerial medium that often attends a warm summer's day, the osiers on my left. The thundering of the fall had, by degrees, something soothing in it, and I felt that I was sinking fast into a doze, when I was aroused by a sense of something near me. I turned

my head: a tall figure, in rusty black, with a club-foot, swarthy sharp visage, and an eye that positively glowed, was looking down upon me.

"Ah!" said he, "no sport! Well, I, too, am a sportsman—and a very poor sportsman; but I am getting old, and I cannot walk the weirs now."

How he could ever have walked the weirs with that foot of his seemed a mystery; but the love of sport will carry people over anything. Finding I made no reply, the figure continued—

"What would you give to have on your line that fish, whose glittering side you saw but now, as he leaped from the river, till his splash was heard above the noise of the waters? He that was afterwards chasing the bleak on the shallow till his huge shoulders and back-fin were fairly shown."

"Anything," replied I; for I had been watching this fish—a twelve or fourteen-pounder at least, strong on his feed, and making the small fish skip into the air before him—"anything!"

"I do not want anything very substantial," said he, meekly.

I looked up.

"You said awhile you would give anything?"

"I did."

"You will give it, then?"

"Certainly."

"Agreed."

He produced a small but most brilliant fish—such a one as I had never seen, and I had seen many, a kind of miniature *Opah* or *King-fish*—and fixed it on the hooks of the trace most skilfully.

"You don't repent?" said he.

"No; but I am to have that great fish on my line?"

"Yes."

"And land him?"

"The fish shall be landed."

"I shall want to send him to town. Can you meet me at the church with a basket?"

"I don't go much to churches," said he; "people would stare at me so; but if you mean there," (as I pointed with my rod towards the tower) "I will see you in the churchyard."

I examined my splendid bait to see that it was all right. Neither Wilder, Purdy, nor Goddard could have fixed it better. I tried it in the still water, and it spun admirably. When I raised my head to praise the baiter, he was gone.

I was anxious to try my bait; and beckoned to the fisherman, who was sitting on the other end of the long weir-beam by my companion, as the latter was fishing between the two last spurs, near the eddy in the corner. He came.

"Have you had a run?" said I.

"Yes," replied the fisherman; "but not from the big fish, though the one as come at us was a *solaker*—I put him at seven or eight pounds."

"Where was it?"

"There, in the corner; he come out of the foam, and took us in the *wambling*—but the hooks drew."

"Then the fish are on the feed?"

"Yes: the sun has draw'd the baits up close to the weir, and the fish are come up arter 'em. That great fish *druv* the baits right out of the water but now, at the far side there, just by that *shrimple*."

I showed him my bait fish; "Where did you get that?" said he; "and who put it on?"

"Did you not see the man in black who was talking to me?"

"No; I sid no man in black. I sid a great dark-looking heron fly away just beyond them osiers, and I wondered how he come to let you be so nigh him; you must ha' bin werry quiet."

I began to climb to the top of the weir-beam. "Is it any use to try again, think you?"

"It's a werry odd bait as ever I see," responded the fisherman; "but it's werry bright, and you may as well try the weir over with it."

I stood on the weir-beam.

Now, no one who has not walked the Thames weirs can tell what a task it is to walk them, till practice has made it easy. — Weir is one that affords as steady footing as any; but to stand on that narrow beam for the first time, whilst the ear is stunned by the roar of the fall, and the eye reels as it is dazzled with the raging white water of the boiling pool, fifteen feet below, demands good nerves. To fish in such a position requires strong ones.

My bait was, at one time, spinning far down in the pool thirty yards off—and at another, as I shortened my line, which then lay at my feet on the beam or hung down from it, and reversed my rod, it was glittering close beneath me in the foam on the apron. Suddenly I lost sight of it, and, at the same instant, there was a snatch that I felt to my spinal chord. I had him! I raised my rod in the twinkling of an eye, gave him the butt, and up he sprang into the broad sun-light, showing *a side like a sow*.

"Don't check him!" cried the fisherman, in a voice that was heard above the river-thunder. Out ran the line! Who can be collected at such a moment? It coiled round my aule, and down I went headlong into the mad water below.

Strange as it may appear, my principal anxiety, as I struck out into the pool to avoid being sucked back under the apron, was to secure the fish, which I felt was still fast. This embarrassed me, and, notwithstanding my efforts, I was drawn back into the weltering waves under the weir. I looked round,—and there I beheld that dreadful face glaring ghastly at me through the smooth glassy sheet of the falling water; and I felt the long deadly arms dragging me, feet foremost, under the apron. In the delirium of despair I cried out,—“You said I should land the fish.” “I said,” shouted the horror, “that the fish should be landed, and that I would see you in the churchyard;” and he mercilessly pulled me under.

“Lord! Lord! methought what pain it was to drown.” The long, cruel arms kept dragging me deeper and deeper. The brightness became less and less. My agony was inexpressible. Then came darkness,—the blackness of darkness. Suddenly my sensations were even pleasant, and I fancied that I was in a delicious meadow.

A fearful change succeeded. I found myself in a well-known burial-vault,—

“Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since number'd with the dead.”

And there was that grim feature still claiming me, and the long lean arms were stretched out to grapple me, and the grasp entered into my soul. I turned to make one desperate effort at escape, and, opening my eyes, I found myself still stretched on the dry boards. My companion was shaking me by the shoulder, and inquiring, with something like reproach, if I thought that was the way to get the great fish into the well.

VISIT TO THE SALT MINES OF SALZBURG.

THE sun was beginning somewhat to relax the intolerable fervour of its rays, as slowly and languidly we drew near the picturesque city of Salzburg. Our day's journey, although leading through one of the sublimest passes of the Tyrol, had, nevertheless, been productive of but little pleasure; and to those who can at all sympathise in the sweets and bitters of travelling, the circumstance of our having endured no less than five custom-house scrutinies, will give a ready solution to the state of ill-humour and fatigue in which the close of the day found us.

I have, in the course of my life, run the gauntlet of most of the European custom-houses—St. Petersburg and Constantinople not excepted; and although the entrance into these two magnificent arenas of despotism is attended with no little anxiety and difficulty, yet the visible strength and importance of such adversaries, silence impatience and enforce a passive acquiescence to the law of the land. Here, however, no such palliatives awaited us; and to be detained in a trumpery barrier village in the heat of a broiling July day—to be dunned with a hundred impertinent questions from a minion of office, with a surly, mock-important, high-life-below-stairs cut of face—to be alternately lead-sealed, examined, and *visé*—to hear all your dignified growls of remonstrance cut short by the snappish tones of the cur who is worrying your patent locks—and lastly, to have all these grievances multiplied by five in the course of one hot morning, are trials almost beyond the endurance of a neat elderly gentleman, whose temper at length presented somewhat of the same disorder as the contents of his ill-fated *wardrobe* after the fifth inspection. To speak impartially, however, though these observations, and more, are strictly applicable to the Austrians, the Bavarian officers may be fairly acquitted.

But, to return to Salzburg, whose fair domes and lofty spires were now interposing between me and my aggravating recollections, displaying at every bend of the road some fresh and soothing feature; till at length the goodly picture—with its just proportion of river and rock, mountain, city, and castle—rose complete before me. It was the face of an old friend; I had visited it in the grand tour of my youth—how many years back I need not say; and I was fast falling into a reverie upon the ever-blooming front of Nature and the tottering steps of Mortality, when my grosser postilion intruded upon me the question of which inn in Salzburg I preferred. I mentioned the *Hahn*, where I had once fared sumptuously, and thought of the good landlord's three pretty daughters. The man shook his head, evidently thinking me a

sad antique. The *Hahn*, he said, had been knocked up before he could hold the reins, and the museum and ball-room erected on its site. 'Time rolls on,' thought I, "one generation succeeds to another, and our grandchildren dance upon our graves. Well, my good friend, don't tease me, but drive to the best;" and accordingly we entered Salzburg. The streets were crowded and nasty as ever; and the old houses which, half a century back, seemed fast tottering to their fall, still maintained the same reverend position. Among them I recognised an old café, but the Austrian uniforms crowding round its portal reminded me of the late and frequent kingdom-shifting on the great political theatre of Europe.

We took up our abode at the *Sonne* (the *Schiffe*, I believe, is the best, but it was full), where the necessity of climbing to the fifth story was near occasioning a relapse of the morning's fever-fit.

After restoring "tired nature" with a solid meal, I sallied forth to recruit my recollections and show off the lions of Salzburg to a young officer who had joined me at Munich. I disdain the whole brotherhood of guides, and boldly chaperoned my companion to the principal square, two sides of which are formed by a venerable palace, now surmounted with the imperial arms of Austria. It bore much the same aspect as ever, save that its complexion, like my own, had been mellowed by time and weather. In the centre of the square stood my old friend Neptune, with his gigantic sea-horse, magnificently executed in bronze, spouting forth the pure element as lustily as ever from the eternal mountain-reservoirs, while a fresh generation of blooming maidens replenished their tall pitchers from the splendid marble basin below.

Turning our backs on the sea-monarch we groped our way through several intricate streets, till our progress was barred by the vast bulwark of rock which encircles Salzburg on the west, and throws its gigantic shadow over her darkened streets. Here a vaulted passage attracted our curiosity; and, entering it, we commenced a steep ascent, occasionally assisted by steps cut in the rock, one flight succeeding another, till the summit gained, we found ourselves on a broad wall of granite, looking more like an artificial Brobdingnag structure than the undesigned work of nature. One of the city gates is cut through this rock, and affords a noble covered promenade to the Salzburgians, 300 feet in length, 30 in breadth, and 70 in height. This bulwark, on the one side, rises to a height of 300 feet perpendicularly above the city—placing the spectator on a level with the proud citadel which towers in the midst, and looking down on the flat roofs and balconies of crowded Salzburg; a mode of building which has crept over the Alps from the softer sister-country, and seems rather out of character among the keen blasts of the Tyrol. Beyond the city lies a splendid panoramic view of the river and adjacent mountains, interspersed with convents and villas. The other side slopes with an easier descent towards a fertile expanse of plain, where a noble mansion belonging to Prince Schwarzenberg lies embosomed in trees; the horizon abruptly closed by a chain of snow-capt mountains, before whose peaked and rocky forms the soft pink clouds of a summer's evening were gently hovering; the height on which we stood was thickly sown with modern fortifications, while the dismantled ruins of a more barbarous age lay scattered in cumbrous fragments around.

My companion, Major S——, who (from certain symptomatic indi-

cations, easily recognisable by a veteran eye, I had, in my own mind, decided to be nourishing various tender recollections connected with Munich) was looking wistfully towards the bold outline which bounded his view. I hummed the little German air, "*Dort über jenen Bergen,*" and found I had touched the right chord.

"Poor young man," methought, "is your turn arrived now?" and this again led me into a train of reflections, in which I am too apt to indulge. How variously may the same scene strike on the different passions and interests of poor humanity! The lover's imagination, overleaping the smiling valley, exhausts itself in whimsical reproaches on the distant blue mountains which interpose between him and that rare compound of moral and physical perfection to whom he has surrendered his heart. The eye of the artist, revelling in the technical beauties of foreground and distance, embraces at a glance the various points of his embryo picture. The prince's house becomes "a delicious object," and his fancy dwells with gratitude on a tumbling old tower, standing exactly in the right place to balance the composition and break the line of his picture. In the ardent mind of the son of Mars every object in nature is resolvable into a military term; admire you clustering wood, his only thought is an ambuscade; speak of the fruitful valley, and "forage" is upon his lips. Then to the engineer, the Brunel of our present day, what a tempting field does such a scene hold forth! Canals and rail-roads fill up his measure of the picturesque: mountains are bored—valleys levelled—Munich and Salzburg are placed within a morning's call—and the prince's residence embellished with a pyramidal chimney 90 feet high. Yet, after all, it is consoling to think that all these jarring passions and pursuits may find one common centre; that the wildest dreamers of love, art, glory, and emolument—nay, even such an old nondescript as myself may, if the principle be good and the heart be aright, all respond to one feeling, and looking from "nature to nature's God," silently acknowledge in this fair scene a fresh display of Almighty power and goodness. But it is time I should descend from my heights and return to Salzburg.

The chief attractions within a few hours of Salzburg are noted in the guide-books as the *Bartolomean See*, the *Fürsten Brunnen*, the Falls of Golling, and the Mines at Hallein—the two latter comprised in one journey: this was an inducement; and having planned the next day's operations we retired to rest. At five in the morning I disturbed my companion's rosy dreams, and we departed for Golling, a distance of eight *stunden*, or rather better than twenty English miles. The keen morning breezes of a mountainous region are strong incentives to the appetite; and arrived at the little village of that name, we left the waiter no rest to the sole of his foot till breakfast made its appearance. We here found it necessary to abandon our own vehicle, and betaking ourselves to the little *char-à-bancs* of the country, we departed for the Falls, which soon announced their vicinity by a thundering sound, increasing to an almost deafening degree in our ascent of the mountain. This was performed by little winding paths strewed with the gravel or rather sand of the country; for gravel, such as we term it in England, is not a product of the continent. This mountain, by the by, lies in the Bavarian territory; and the neat benches and firm wooden bridges

overhanging the boisterous stream do credit to his Bavarian majesty's liberality.

A description or a picture of a waterfall is alike unsatisfactory; a stream of foaming epithets may be exhausted without much enlightening the reader. Waterfalls are everywhere similar (at least in print); and when we have told the height and breadth, the necessary consequences of noise, foam, and spray may be easily supplied. Across the troubled stream fancy may fearlessly throw the tints of a rainbow; rocks and tall trees may be scattered in its path; and a few supplementary similes on its boisterous career and peaceful end, interspersed at discretion. Suffice it here to say, that these celebrated falls consist of two cascades—the upper one 150, the lower 120 feet high. These are divided by a vast bridge of rock, against which the pent stream spends its utmost fury, threatening vainly to overturn the colossus, through which Nature has decreed it to flow. In the source of this stream there is much to interest both poet and painter. Immediately above the upper fall, in the sides of the mountain, yawns a cavern, dark as night, and deep as Tartarus, vomiting from its subterranean jaws a dense, slow-moving stream, which, flowing levelly on for a few yards, suddenly takes a leap o'er the precipitous ledge, and performs the evolutions I have mentioned.

According to tradition, this stream took its rise from a subterranean lake in the heart of the mountain, where, slumbering on its dark bosom, a hundred little islets lay scattered. On the centre, and larger one, stood the residence of the fairy queen, where she presided in person, and held her twilight court. The only constellation in her firmament, besides her own bright eyes, being a magical carbuncle, which, like its earthly prototype, the weathercock, beamed from the topmost spire of the fairy palace. Here they feasted and revelled; and being of an amphibious race, it mattered little to them whether they beguiled their everlasting day, by sporting in the coral caves of the dark lake, or basking in the soft rays of their carbuncle. It happened, however, sometimes, for ladies require variety, that her majesty grew tired of her subterranean realm, and longed for change of air and scene. This was a happy omen for the court; the vault rang with shrill laughter, and mounting their fairy skiffs, they sailed in grand gala out of the mouth of the cave, which formed the only port to their dominions. Here the Queen tarried an instant, to inhale the fresh breeze, then waving her gossamer scarf, the signal for the leap, she skipped like lightning o'er the roaring ledge, and followed by her merry court, came bounding and dancing on the fragment of white spray, down one torrent after another, stopping neither for rock nor bridge till they reached the valley. Of the manner of their return tradition is silent, but I presume it was performed by some magical counter-attraction the same way. Year after year these pranks continued, till one night, for they usually preferred the pale moonlight, some idle king's son, with more hardihood than prudence, wishing to play the little people a trick, cast a silken net across the stream, and laid himself down to watch. He watched till the moon had mounted her highest chamber, and gleamed softly through the sleeping foliage, checking the torrent with a thousand fragments of silver. At last forth came the laughing procession, the Queen's eyes

sparkling in the moonshine. The gossamer scarf fluttered in the night air; the tiny train plunged gaily down, when, oh! what a fall was there; never had court etiquette suffered such a breach, never in fairy annals had there been such a thorough subversion of all stations. The Prince rushed forward to see the fun; but whether his foot slipped, or whether, for accounts differ, he was compelled by enchantment, he fell into the torrent and perished. The net was found the next morning uninjured, but the fairies were never seen again.

This seems to breathe only the marvellous; but as no shadow can exist without owning a substance for its counter-type, so beneath the flickering coruscations of tradition, some hidden source of light may always be discovered; and in the year 1822, the fairy retreat was invaded, and the homely truth stripped of its legendary ornament.

It was in the month of June of that year, that owing, it is supposed, to a severe drought, the subterranean supplies ceased, and the channel of the torrent lay completely dry. Some of the royal family being in the neighbourhood, curiosity was expressed to explore the source of the stream, and regular engineers were employed for the purpose. They found an aperture in the cave, wide enough to admit two persons, by which they descended to a depth of 300 feet, and ascertained, with the necessary precautions, that a vast reservoir or lake, actually does exist in the mountain, which, when above a certain level, forces the water up a height of 300 feet, and gives birth to this lovely cascade. Our host of Golling had been one of the volunteers in this subterranean aquatic expedition, but he was too superannuated to give a very luminous account, and I could elicit no credible particulars of how they proceeded. The engineers employed were Messrs. Weiler and Schmidt, the one from Munich, the other from Ulm; and I am in hopes that some future period may enable me to make further inquiry. The torrent was now at its fullest; and I could but think of the natural hydraulics which were working in the bosom of mother Earth. I am not of a very romantic nature, but I could not turn away from this bursting stream, with its truth-and-fiction-mingled source without regret. My companion had, as a matter of course, attempted a sketch, but the longer he tried, the wetter, as I had prognosticated, became his paper, and therein alone consisted the likeness.

On leaving the mountain, we met a party ascending—two ladies with a guide. A sudden halt was made, and the liveliest greetings passed between them and my companion. It did not require any extraordinary penetration to discover that "*über jenen Bergen*" was no longer the burden of the song, and that this rencontre was one of those extraordinary coincidences, with which the simple minds of fathers and mothers, uncles, aunts, and guardians, are continually perplexed. These two ladies stood in the respective relations of aunt and niece—the last-named handsome, blooming, and twenty; the other—but "*caparisons are odorous*;" she was doubtless a most respectable gentlewoman, or as much so as one born Irish, and bred French, possibly can be.

I stood by, an awkward accessory, and finding the Major had imbibed a sudden longing to revisit the fairy spring, I left him to all the powers of witchcraft both earthly and supernatural, and went to execute the next commission which stood on my list—namely, to see the *Ofen*, the traveller's usual supplement to the falls. After enduring the jolting of

my little char for upwards of two miles, the horse was tied to a tree, and my driver striking into a side path, led me through bush, and under rocks, till we found ourselves in a wild mountain-glen, steeped in the damp shadow of the surrounding mountains. Huge masses of rock lay hurled almost artificially around, "as if rejoicing o'er a young earthquake's birth," or as if the giants had made this their playground, or, mayhap, their House of Commons, where they met to bandy hard words, and harder blows. Desolation herself seemed here enthroned; yet the scene was solemn and grand; Nature in ruins. Not a leaf or bird was visible, a cold exhalation made me shiver, and think of England and great coats, and in unison with this scene, the dull roar of an invisible torrent was heard lowly chiming. I looked vainly around, to discover the cause, when my guide, after allowing the usual quantum of time for a traveller's curiosity, led me out on to a narrow jutting parapet of rock, where, looking down, I involuntarily recoiled, for a false step would have plunged me into the river Salz, bubbling like a caldron, at a depth of 600 feet below.

The scene was appalling; some awful convulsion of nature seemed to have split the solid mountain, which, leaning in colossal masses over the bed of the stream, and athwart and against each other, had formed by their occasional juncture above, a succession of natural bridges. By what means the river has forced itself this troubled passage, I know not; by the continual lashing of its waters against the sides of the rocky prison, huge caves have been formed, somewhat in the shape of ovens, from which the place receives the name of *Ofen*. Never had I felt my own worm-like insignificance more forcibly; all around me spoke of overpowering strength; for though Time had spread his grey crust over this scene of desolation, yet the power which had turned the river from its course, and hurled the rocks from their stony beds, seemed still slumbering around, awaiting only the divine fiat to energise itself into being, and shake the earth to her centre. "What is man, that thou shouldst be mindful of him?"

My guide had, as a matter of course, a story to match with the scene. This time it was a "*jeune et belle Anglaise*," who had slipped from her footing, and been swallowed in the torrent; but from the manner of the worthy man, I shrewdly suspect that the unfortunate individual lived and died only in his imagination, and was christened man or woman, English, French, German, or Italian, as the sex and nation of his auditors might vary.

So great a variety of scenery was almost too much for one morning; and I experienced the same kind of tired excitement as lately on making the tour of forty-eight rooms of pictures in one long day at Schlessheim, near Munich.

On my return to the inn at Golling, I found the Major and his fair friends already flown towards Hallen, leaving a note to say that, as there was some difficulty in procuring the necessary *Schein*, or ticket for admission to the mine, he had started first. "Tickets, indeed! Well, well, all people must play the fool sooner or later in life, and like the measles or hooping-cough in children, the sooner it is caught and over the better. Happy those on whom it leaves not its uneffaceable scars." Such were the cogitations of an—Old Bachelor.

(To be continued.)

CONFESSIONS AND OPINIONS OF RALPH RESTLESS*.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

Brussels.

AUTHORS, like doctors, are very apt to disagree.

Reading, the other day, a very amusing publication, called the "Diary of a Désennuyée," some passages in it induced me to fall back upon Henry Bulwer's work on France. Among his remarks upon literary influence in that country, he has the following:—

"A literary Frenchman, whom I met not long ago in Paris, said to me, that a good-natured young English nobleman, whom I will not name, had told him that dancers and singers were perfectly well received in English society, but not men of letters.

"Est il possible qu'on soit si barbare chez vous?"

He subsequently adds:—

"To be known as a writer is certainly to your prejudice.

"First, people presume you are not what they call a gentleman, and the grandfather who, if you were a banker or a butcher, or of any other calling or profession, would be left quiet in his tomb, is evoked against you."

Mr. Bulwer then proceeds with a variety of argument to prove that literary men are not *Mæcenased* by either the government or aristocracy of Great Britain. He points out the advantages which the French literati have from their Institute, the ennoblements, the decorations, and pensions which they receive; and certainly makes out a very strong case.

The author of the "Diary" would attempt to deny the statements of Mr. Bulwer; but, in the very denial, she admits all his points but one—to wit, that they are not so well received by the aristocracy in England as they are in France.

She says—

"What does Henry Bulwer mean by the assertion that literary men are more eagerly welcomed in society here than in England?

"They occupy, perhaps, a more independent and honourable position, are less exposed to being lionized by patronising dowagers, and more sure of obtaining public preferment; but, with the exception of Mignet and Mérimée—who are courted for their personal merits and official standing rather than for their literary distinctions—I have scarcely met one of them. To the parties of the ministers of the *Grand Référendaire* and other public functionaries, artists and men of letters are admitted as part of a political system; but they are not to be found—like Moore, Rogers, Chantrey, Newton, and others—in the boudoirs of the *élite*, or the select fêtes of a Devonshire House.

"The calling of '*un homme de lettres*' is here, however, a profession bearing its own rewards and profits, and forming an especial and independent class. In common with the artists they look to ennoblement in the Academy, and under the existing order of things have been richly endowed with places and pensions."

* Continued from page 332, No. cxcix.

It appears then, in France, that to the parties of ministers, &c., they are admitted as a part of the political system; and further, that they have been fostered by the government, by being ennobled and richly endowed with places and pensions. Therefore, upon his opponent's own showing, Henry Bulwer has made out his case. In another part of the same work there is the following amusing passage, in advice given by a lady of fashion to her protégée upon entering into London Society.

"'Pore over their books as much as you please, but do not so much as dip into the authors,' said she, when I proposed an introduction to one of the most popular authors of the day. 'These people expend their spirit on their works—the part that walks through society is a mere lump of clay, like the refuse of the wine-press after the wine has been expressed.' In conversing with a clever author you sometimes see a new idea brighten his eye or create a smile round his lip; but for worlds he would not give it utterance. It belongs to his next work, and is instantly booked in the ledger of his daily thoughts, value 3s. 6d. The man's mind is his mine; he can't afford to work it gratis, or give away the produce."

If we are to draw any inference from this extract, it is that, although some noblemen do extend their patronage to literary men, at all events, the general feeling is against them. I must say that I never was more amused than when I read the above sarcasm. There is much truth in it, and yet it is not true. In future when I do say good things, as they call them, in company, I shall know the precise value of my expenditure during the dinner or evening party by reckoning up the three-and-sixpences. One thing is clear, that if an author say half a dozen good things, he fully pays for his dinner.

In the "Student," Edward Bulwer makes some remarks which range in opposition to the author of the above "Diary." In arguing that most authors may be known by their works, he says—

"Authors are the only men we really do know; the rest of mankind die with only the surface of their character understood."

It appears, then, that people have no excuse for being disappointed in authors; when they meet them in company they have but to read their works, and if they like the works they must like the authors. And again, Edward Bulwer says, in opposition to the poverty of the mine:—

"A man is, I suspect, but of a second-rate order whose genius is not immeasurably above his works, who does not feel within him an inexhaustible affluence of thoughts, feelings, and invention, which he never will have leisure to embody in print. He will die and leave only a thousandth part of his wealth to posterity, which is his heir."

I like to bring all in juxta-position. There is excitement in making mischief, and that is the reason why people are so fond of it. Still, the question at issue ought to be fairly decided, and, as in case of arbitration, when the disputants cannot agree, a third party is called in by mutual consent, I shall venture to take upon myself that office, and will fairly argue the point, as there is more dependent upon it than, upon the first view, the question may appear to merit.

If we turn back to the last century, in what position shall we find authors?—looking up to patrons among the aristocracy, and dedicating their works to them in panegyrics fulsome from their obsequiousness and

flattery. At that period, the aristocracy and the people were much wider apart than they are at present.

Gradually the people have advanced, and, as they have advanced, so have the authors thrown off the trammels of servitude, and have attacked the vices and follies as well as the privileges of those to whom they once bowed the knee.

The advancement of the people and the lowering of the aristocracy have both been effected through the medium of the press. The position of authors has been much altered; formerly we behold such men as Dryden, Otway, and many others (giants in their days), humbling themselves for bread. Now we have seldom a dedication, and of those few we have the flattery is delicate. The authors look to the public as their patrons, and the aristocracy are considered but as a part and portion of it. These remarks equally hold good with respect to the Government. Authors are not to be so easily purchased as formerly; they prefer writing in conformity with public opinion to writing for Government, because they are better remunerated. Now, if it will be recalled to mind that in the rapid march of the people, in their assertion of their right to a greater share in the government of the country, in the pointing out and correcting of abuses, and in the breaking down of all the defences which have gradually yielded in so many years, it is the authors and the press who have led the van, and that in these continual inroads the aristocracy have been the party attacked,—it is no wonder that there has arisen, unwittingly perhaps on their parts, a feeling against the press and against authors in general.

The press has been, and will probably for a long while continue to be, the enemy of the aristocracy, and it is hardly reasonable to expect that it should admit the enemy within its camp. For, be it observed, whether a man write a political pamphlet or a novel, he has still the same opportunity of expressing his sentiments, of flattering the public by espousing their opinions, and as a writer of fiction, perhaps, his opinions carry greater weight than as a pamphleteer. In the first instance, you are prepared to expect a political partisan; in the latter, you read for amusement, and unconsciously receive the bias. For one who reads a political pamphlet (by-the-by, they are generally only read by those who are of the same way of thinking as the author) there are hundreds who read through a work of fiction, so that the opinions of the latter are much more widely disseminated. Now, as most works are written for profit as well as reputation, they are naturally so worded as to insure the goodwill of the majority, otherwise they would not have so extensive a sale. The majority being decidedly liberal, every work that now appears more or less attacks the higher orders. When, therefore, a gentleman who has been well received in the best society ventures upon writing a work, it is quite sufficient to state that he is an author (without his book being read) to occasion him to “lose caste” to a certain degree. Authors have been the enemies of the higher classes. You have become an author—consequently you have ranked yourself with our enemies. Henry Bulwer, therefore, is right where he asserts that “to be known as an author is to your prejudice among the higher classes.”

Having made these observations to point out that the aristocracy and the press are at variance, let us now examine into the merits of authors, as mixing in society. And here I think it will be proved that it is more

their misfortune than their fault that there should be a prejudice against them. They are overrated before they are seen, and underrated afterwards.

You read the works of an author, you are pleased with them, and you wish to become acquainted with the man. You anticipate great pleasure,—you expect from his lips, in *impromptu*, the same racy remarks, the same chain of reasoning, the same life and vigour which have cost him so many hours of labour and reflection, or which have been elicited in his happiest moods, and this from a person who comes, perhaps, almost a total stranger into a large company. Is this fair or just to him? Did you find any of your other friends, at first meeting, play the fiddle to a whole company of strangers? Are not authors as reserved and shy as other people—even more so? And yet you ask them, as if they were mountebanks or jugglers with a certain set of tricks, to amuse the company. The very circumstance of being aware that this is expected of him makes the man silent, and his very anxiety to come up to your expectations takes away from his power.

The consequence is, that you are disappointed, and so are the company, to whom you have announced that “Mr. So-and-so” is to meet them. Had you become intimate with this person you would have perhaps found the difference, and that he whom you pronounced as so great a failure, would have turned out equally amusing. At the same time there is some truth in the remarks of the “*Désennuyée*” that “some authors will not let out their new ideas, because they require them for their books.” But, as Bulwer observes, they must be but *second-raters*, as the majority of authors are.

In most cases they are punsters; but punning is not a standard of authorship; or, perhaps, there may be other second-rate authors present, and if so, they know that they are in the company of literary pickpockets.

To prove that this remark of the “*Désennuyée*” can only apply to second-rate authors, let us examine into the conversational powers of those who are first-rate. And here I can only speak of those whom I have known,—there may be many others. Where could you find such conversationists as Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Sir John Malcolm, and many others, who are now gone? And among those in existence, I have but to mention Croker, ————*, Professor Wilson, Bulwer, Lockhart, the Smiths, and, in the other sex, Mesdames Somerville, Austin, and Jameson.

Now these are all first-rate authors in their various styles; and I can challenge any one to bring forward an equal number out of the whole mass who are so powerful or delightful in society. And there is still more to be said in favour of authors.—I know many whose conversation is superior to their writings; I will not name them, as they, perhaps, would not consider this to be a compliment: but it fully tends to disprove the remarks of the *Désennuyée*, as to authors of talent reserving their thoughts for their books, for, on the contrary, when in company, they generally take the lead. Still, there is a difference arising from the variety of temperament: some, accustomed to mix constantly in society, will be indifferent whether they are acquainted with the parties present or not; others, more retiring, require to feel at their ease, and

* Modesty induces the Editor to omit the name of one of these conversational gentlemen.

it is only in small coteries, and among friends, that their real value can be appreciated. ——— is a proof of the former, the late Charles Lamb was of the latter. Some shine most when they have no competitors; others are only to be brought out when other men of talent are in company, and, like the flint and steel, their sparks are only to be produced by collision.

If I might be permitted to offer an opinion to the authors themselves, it would be, not to mix in general company, but confine themselves to their own friends. They would stand much higher in reputation if they adhered to this plan; above all, let them avoid what the author of the "Désennuyé" terms those "Skinnerian lion feeds" given by those who have no talent to appreciate, and who, to fill their menagerie, will mix you up with foreign swindlers and home-bred ruffians. This is most humiliating, and has certainly injured the fraternity.

I have but one more remark to make.—Authors in England have little to expect from the Government and the aristocracy. Pensions have been given, but they have been given for the support of political opinions, not as a reward of talent*. That the aristocracy, with but a few exceptions, have not fostered talent, is most true; and they are now suffering from their want of judgment. They have shut their doors to authors, and the authors have been gradually undermining their power. To what extent this may be carried, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain, that the press is more powerful than either king or lords, and that, if the conflict continue, the latter must yield to the influence of the former, who will have ample retaliation for the neglect to which they have been subjected.

Farewell to Brussels, with which town I must acknowledge that I am heartily disgusted. Of the English society in it, all I shall say is, that the less that is said of it the better. Boulogne is infinitely preferable. Since the revolution, the society of Brussels has been destroyed. When the pot boils, the scum gets uppermost, they say; and this appears to be proved by the Belgian revolution, not only directly as regards its inhabitants, but collaterally, as respects its foreign residents. Notwithstanding which, Brussels is a very handsome city; and the aristocracy of the Belgians are very pleasant, hospitable people, if you once obtain entrance into their circle, which is now extremely difficult.

There is no town on the continent in which our countrymen are deservedly so little trusted, and so much despised. And if I wrote a gazetteer, I should say—"Brussels, capital of Belgium, famous for out-laws and bad bills."

As for the Belgian nation *en masse*, I must be indebted to the Americans for the only epithet which will truly designate their character. They are, in the true Yankee sense of the word, "no-nation rascals."

II.

It certainly was a great mistake, on the part of Government, putting a duty upon *paper*; the duty should have been on *printing*; and, if it

* This, as it strikes us, is not altogether the case; the practice of giving pensions to eminent literary persons originated with Sir Robert Peel. We are not aware that any person of conservative principles ever received one from the government of which he was the head.—Ed.

were so arranged, would prove a very salutary check ; it would drive all the rubbish out of the market. If printers were licensed, and answerable for the duties ; if stamps were abolished (which ought to be the case with regard to newspapers), let us see how such a regulation would work.

The circulation of newspapers and periodicals of all kinds depends upon their merits. Now, if the duty were put upon all alike, it is evident that those which had a small circulation could not be carried on ; and, as a small circulation implies little or no merit, we should get rid of all the rubbish at once. The duty on every paper printed should be *so much per day*, without any reference to the number sold.

The mania of appearing in print is now so great, that people will give their works for nothing ; nay, as I have known myself, in some cases, they have actually advanced money to induce a publisher to print them. At first sight, it would appear unfair that the large newspapers should be so favoured ; but the large newspapers ought to be favoured, and receive every protection. If any one were to be behind the scenes, as I have been now for some years, and be aware of the outlay of capital both at home and abroad, by the proprietors of such newspapers as the "Times," "Morning Chronicle," "Herald," and "Post," and some of the evening papers, they would then know that the smaller newspapers are pirates, supplying the public gratis with information which has cost the proprietors of the large papers several thousand pounds per annum. The country is much benefited by the exertions of these proprietors to obtain correct and early intelligence : they have their correspondents at the different metropolises, at three or four hundred per annum each, solely to supply the necessary information. The smaller and weekly newspapers have no such expenses ; they avail themselves of the exertions and outlay of others.

Nothing but the assistance of steam could, indeed, enable the great daily newspapers to accomplish their present task. When the reader calls to mind that the debates in the House are sometimes kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning ; that the reporters, relieved every twenty minutes, have to carry all their communications to the office ; that all this matter has to be arranged, put in type, and then worked off, and that, notwithstanding this, the double sheet of matter is on thousands and thousands of tables by nine o'clock the next morning, it is really wonderful how it can be accomplished. Saturday night appears to be the only night on which those connected with these immense undertakings can be said to have any repose from year's end to year's end. What a life of toil ! what an unnatural life must theirs be, who thus cater during the hours of darkness for the information and amusement of those who have slept soundly through the night, and rise to be instructed by the labour of their vigils ! It can be effected in no other country in the world. It is another link in the great chain of miracles, which proves the greatness of England, and every support should be given to the large newspapers.

The editors of these papers must have a most onerous task. It is not the writing of the leading article itself, but the obligation to write that article every day, whether inclined or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction, distress of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to one task, remaining in one spot. It is something like the walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling

for them, for I know how a monthly periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing—the labour is not manifest; nor is it the labour—it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes as it were the magazine. One month is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes the other. It is the stone of Sisyphus—an endless repetition of toil—a constant weight upon the mind—a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a magazine is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery. Thanks be to Heaven, I have passed my own Emancipation Bill.

Magazine-writing, as it is generally termed, is the most difficult of all writing, and but few succeed in it; the reason of which is obvious—it must always be what is termed *up to the mark*.

Any one who publishes a work in one, two, or three volumes, may be permitted to introduce a dull chapter or two; no one remarks it; indeed, these dull chapters allow the mind of the reader to relax for the time, and, strange to say, are sometimes favourable to the author. But in magazine-writing these cannot be permitted; the reader requires excitement; and whether the article be political or fictitious, there requires a condensation of matter, a pithiness of expression (to enable you to tell your story in so small a space), which is very difficult to obtain. Even in continuations the same rule must be adhered to, for, being read month after month, each separate portion must be considered as a whole and independent of the other; it must not therefore flag for one minute. A proof of this was given in that very remarkable production in "Blackwood's Magazine," styled "Tom Cringle's Log." Every separate portion was devoured by the public—they waited impatiently for the first of the month that they might read the continuation, and every one was delighted, even to its close, because the excitement was so powerful. Some time afterwards the work was published in two volumes, and then, what was the consequence?—people complained that it was overcharged—that it was too full of excitement—gave no repose. This was true; when collected together it had that fault—a very good one, by the by, as well as a very uncommon one; but they did not perceive that until it was all published together. During the time that it came out in fragments they were delighted. Although, in this instance, the writing was overcharged, still it proved, from the popularity it obtained when it appeared in the magazine, what force and condensation of matter is required in writing for periodicals.

III.

I am grave to-day; it is my birth-day—the year so joyful in youth, in more advanced life so teeming with thought and serious reflections. Not that I am about to make my confessions or reveal those reminiscences of my venturous life, which, as my forehead has been pressed within my hands, have for some time been passing in diorama before me. Few, I believe, are they who can look back and not wish that they could command the time which they have lost, or recal that which has been done.

How changed are our feelings as we advance in life!—Our responsibility is increased with each fleeting year. In youth we live but for

ourselves—self predominates in everything. In mature age, if we have fulfilled the conditions of our tenure, we feel that we must live for our children. Fortunately, increase of years weans us from those selfish and frivolous expenses which youth requires, and we feel it little or no sacrifice to devote to our children the means which, before, we considered so important to the gratification of our pride and our ambition. Not that we have lost either our pride or our ambition, but they have become centered in other objects dearer to us than ourselves—in the race springing up, to whom we shall leave our names and worldly possessions when our own career is closed.

Worn out with the pursuit of vanity, we pause at a certain age, and come to the conclusion that in this life we require but little else than to eat, drink, prepare for a future existence, and to die.

What a miserable being must an old bachelor be!—he vegetates, but he cannot be said to exist—he passes his life in one long career of selfishness and dies. Strange, that children, and the responsibility attached to their welfare, should do more to bring a man into the right path than any denunciations from holy writ or holy men. How many who might have been lost, have been, it is to be hoped, saved, from the feeling that they must leave their children a good name, and must provide for their support and advancement in life! Yes, and how many women, after a life so frivolous, as to amount to wickedness, have, from their attachment to their offspring, settled down into the redeeming position of careful, anxious, and serious-minded mothers!

Such reflections will rise upon a birth-day, and many more of checquered hopes and fears. How long will these flowers, now blossoming so fairly, be permitted to remain with us? Will they be mowed down before another birth-day, or will they be permitted to live to pass through the ordeal of this life of temptation? How will they combat? Will they fall and disgrace their parents, or will they be a pride and blessing? Will it please Heaven to allow them to be not too much tempted, not overcome by sickness, or that they shall be severely chastised? Those germs of virtue now appearing, those tares now growing up with the corn—will the fruit bring forth good seed? will the latter be effectually rooted up by precept and example? How much to encourage! and how much to check! Virtues in excess are turned to vice—liberality becomes extravagance—prudence, avarice—courage, rashness—love, weakness—even religion may turn to fanaticism—and superior intellect may, in its daring, mock the power which granted it. Alas! what a responsibility is here! A man may enjoy or suffer when he lives for himself alone; but he is doubly blessed or doubly cursed when, in his second stage, he is visited through his children. What a blessing is our ignorance of the future! Fatal, indeed, to all happiness in this world would be a foreknowledge of that which is to come. We have but to do our duty and hope for the best, acknowledging, however severe may be the dispensation, that whatever is, or is to be, is right.

And now for myself: how have I passed this last year? Humph! I don't know, but I think on the whole I'm improved; at the same time, I must acknowledge that there is plenty yet to amend, to learn, and to obtain. A few more virtues would be desirable, and among others one very hard to learn, which is economy. It is to be hoped even that will come in time.

How strange, although we feel in the midst of life we are in death, that mortals should presume to reduce it to a nice calculation, and speculate upon it! I can sell my life now to an annuity-office for twenty years' purchase or more, and they will share a dividend upon it. Well, if ever I do insure my life, I hope that by *me* they will lose money, for, like everybody else in this world, I have a great many things to do before I die. There was but one man I ever heard off who could lie down and die, saying, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." I have no warning yet, no screw loose in this complex mechanism; and yet, this very day, a chimney-pot may fall on my head, and put an end to all my calculations.

It is right that the precarious tenure of our existence should not be wholly forgotten, but certainly was never intended that it should be borne on the mind, for, if we had ever in our memory that we may die this very hour, what a check there would be to all energy, and enterprise, and industry. Who would speculate with the anticipation of large returns upon some future day, if he did not calculate upon living to receive them? We should all stop to say *Cui bono*? If it were not that our hopes support us, not only support us in all reasonable, but even unreasonable calculations, the world would be at a stand-still. No, no, we have our duty to perform towards our God; but we are also enjoined to perform our duty towards our neighbour. The uncertainty of life is to be remembered as a check to our worldly passions, but not as a drag-chain to our worldly career. Chimney-pots, or no chimney-pots, I shall write on, and fight on, such being the path of life to which it hath pleased God to call me.

I never can be grave long; and why should I? Surely being pleased with this world is no unacceptable sacrifice. I have suffered much; I have found that friends can deceive; that people borrow money, and never pay; that slander can wound; in short, that it is a very wicked world, and that all is vanity. Nevertheless, the world is quite good enough for me; for I have a most treacherous memory, and, forgetting all, I forget the injuries I have received through life; and they are, like the chimney-pots, only called to mind at certain intervals of time.

I have often wondered at the capriciousness of Memory. She must be of the feminine gender. Now, for the benefit of the craniologists, I will state the alteration which has taken place in my head within the last few years that I have taken up the pen. I once had a remarkable memory, especially for the faces of people whom I had seen before. If I joined a line-of-battle ship, I would, in a fortnight, be able to call every man by his name, which, as there were six or seven hundred, is no very easy task; but, having worked my imagination lately (I presume that to be the cause), my memory has completely left me. I do not mean to say that I have forgotten what was impressed upon it when I was young; but it is certainly with great difficulty that I can recollect what I have been doing, or what may have passed the day before; and it is singular that the recollection of faces, which I was remarkable for, is entirely gone, so that I am very often in a scrape from having this unlucky deficiency. If I were introduced to a lady at a party, I should not recognise her again the next day in a bonnet and shawl. The leading questions I am obliged to put to old acquaintances are very absurd. I recollect the other day, a person with whom I had, at a distant time,

been very intimate, seizing me by the hand, quite overjoyed to see me, shaking at it for half an hour. I had not the least recollection of him; and I was in a great puzzle; for it is no compliment to tell a man who recollects you so remarkably well that you have forgotten him. I had, of course, nothing else to do but to meet him with equal warmth, trusting to luck for finding out who he was. I asked him where he had been, when it was that we had last met, &c., to obtain a clue, but it was in vain. And then he had married since we had parted, and wished to introduce me to his wife. I promised to call upon him, and requested his card; at least I should have his name; but he had no card about him. I took out my tablets, and requested him to put down his address. He did so, but not his name, presuming, of course, that I knew it as well as he did. As he returned me the tablets, I observed that there were many directions in them, and that I might make a mistake if he did not put his name above the address. As soon as he did so, everything connected with him, and our former intimacy, came on me like a flash of lightning. We *had* been very intimate; and I was very glad to see him. A knowledge of this unfortunate deficiency makes a person very careful in saluting in return, for you unwittingly affront many who accuse you of being capricious and proud. Now I positively declare that I would not cut a puppy-dog, or wound his feelings, if I could help it.

A very absurd circumstance occurred to me the other day. I was standing near the Admiralty, when a gentleman came towards me, holding out his hand. Although I had no recollection of having seen him before, I immediately took his hand, and shook it as warmly as it was offered, as I thought, returning his "How d'ye do?" As soon as he could release his hand, he passed on behind to the gentleman for whom it was intended; and we all three burst out into a laugh, I walking off one way, and they the other. As, however, we had said "How d'ye do?" we also touched our hats, and said "Good-bye." Now I have two reasons for mentioning these facts, although, in so doing, I am obliged to talk more of Number One than I like, and perhaps more than the reader does. My first is, that I may take this opportunity of making public my unfortunate deficiency, and then, peradventure I shall be forgiven by many who may have thought me rude; and others will, in future, be aware of my unintentional omissions; and the second is, that, having the greatest respect for the science of craniology to a certain extent, I would inquire whether the calling into action one organ, which has been but little exercised before, may not have the effect of destroying, to a certain extent, one that has been previously well exercised; in short, whether raising the bump of imagination, will not cause the bump of memory to decrease. An answer addressed to me from any disciple of Gall or Spurzheim will be esteemed a favour.

HUMAN ZOOLOGY.—NO. III.

THE FAMILY OF DOGS.

“*Odora canum vis.*”
 “The dogs are in good odour.”

THE sympathy subsisting between man and his dog, the mutual regard and affection they bear each other, are consecrated in many a proverb, and have been many a time said or sung, both in prose and verse. There are, perhaps, few persons of good feeling who have not, at some moments of their lives, wished (if they have not, with the “poor Indian,” believed) that on quitting this sublunary scene, for one of more perfect and enduring happiness, “their faithful dog should bear them company.” Other animals are serviceable to man, and, submitting to his rule, assist, or in various ways abridge, his labour, and supply his wants: the dog alone is his companion. The cat, which, in appearance, shares this attachment to its master, is in reality more of the flatterer than the friend. It receives benefits and fawns upon the benefactor; but there is little communication of idea between them, and its feelings are confined to mere animal instincts. Exceptions there are, as there are to all general rules, but the attachment of cats is usually manifested to the house they inhabit, rather than to the persons of their owners. The dog, on the contrary, prefers its master to all the world, and will sacrifice life itself in his defence. It is acquainted with every intonation of his voice, knows its varying expression, and contrives to convey its own feelings in return, by signs, intelligible to the observing spectator. Naturalists have even said that dogs first learned to bark, in the effort to imitate the discourse of man—the wild dog being dumb.

Englishmen, then, have but done a bare act of justice in their application of the familiar term “dog” to those of their own species who transcend in good qualities; and it is a mark of barbarism and incivilization, and a running counter to direct evidence, to use it, as some do, for an epithet of opprobrium and dislike. “Happy dog,” “lucky dog,” “jolly dog,” and the other similar employments of the word, are always accompanied with a gracious feeling towards the object, and these are in the mouths of the best-conditioned portions of mankind; whereas, “d—d dog,” “rascally dog,” “cowardly dog,” &c. &c., are the safety-valves of bad tempers, the impotent vents of an unfounded rage, which uses that term for want of one of more meaning. The Turks, confessedly a barbarous nation, apply the reproach of “dog” as a last expression of hatred and contempt—a fact that may be noted in all our best modern dramatic compositions, in which that “malignant and turban’d” people happen to be brought on the scene: and the clenched teeth of the actor, and his harsh guttural intonation of “*Chrissstian dog*,” (very like the filing of a saw,) makes us feel in all its force the intensity of malignity by which the expression is inspired. Now, this is the more wonderful, because the Turks are notorious for their good treatment of their canine dependents, whom they have constituted their parish scavengers, for whom they build hospitals, and whose murder (Miss Pardoe informs us) they punish, as our Welsh ancestors did the slaying of a cat, by a fine of as much corn as will cover the animal when suspended by

its own tail, so as to touch the ground with the tip of its nose. The latter coincidence is curious; and if we are to adopt the popular notion of the relative tenacity of life of these animals, we must conclude that the Turkish law is nine times more severe than that of Howell Dha.

Wholly inexcusable, and in this Christian country we might say unpardonable, is the practice of making the noble, generous, and virtuous animal a standard of contemptuous comparison. Still more blamable and intolerable is the use of that female canine appellative which Euripides assigned to Hecuba, against which the wife of the immortal Jonathan Wilde has recorded her protest in such eloquent and energetic terms, and which modern refinement has banished from the mouths of even the Squire Westerns of the present reformed and polished days; for whether that part of a lady's person, which it was once a female fashion to eke out with cork, should prove deficient, or protuberant, we are satisfied that there is not a single member of the landed interest, however uncouth and home-bred, who, in alluding to the anomaly would now denounce it by a compound expletive like that of Fielding's favourite fox-hunter, let his dissatisfaction be what it might with the conduct of the party in question.

We may therefore lay it down as a maxim in natural history, that the dogs of human society are amongst its best members; and that any man who has earned for himself the honorific *sobriquet* is a man of ten thousand. We would seriously put it, then, to the consideration of the dealers in hard words, whether it would not be a wiser, better, and more appropriate figure of speech, in vituperating the miserly, stingy, scoundrelly, and rascally part of the community, uniformly to call them—not dogs, but—curs. A cur is no true dog, as a scoundrel is no true man; and it is clear that no genuine fox-hunter, nay, no younger brother of a thistle-whipper, can in his anger call his bitterest foe a dog, and look upon the canine partner of his chase without a blush of shame suffusing his conscious cheek, at the palpable injustice of the insinuation. With this amendment of our "cyontology," we may embrace a wider range in our present lucubration; and, splitting the family of dogs into the two subsections of "dog" (*canis generosus*), and "cur" (*canis nothus*), we may discourse of the whole humano-canine species, with something approaching to order, method and fullness.

In our present peculiar sense and usage of the word, it may be considered as very nearly synonymous with the euphonisms "creature" and "fellow;" but the first word is the most intensive, and on that account is rarely selected by the softer sex: women, either from affectation or by instinct, when not speaking of or to their husbands employ the most delicate and "lady-like" expressions. The French women, for instance, call their favourite *mon choux*, "my cabbage," while the English sometimes (being probably of Cowslip's opinion "anent the same") denominate the happy man "my duck." To employ the word "dog" in such a case would be deemed too carnivorous; besides, in the higher ranks of life, all ladies' reference to eating and drinking is voted coarse; but a "pretty fellow," a "dear creature," *ne tire à rien*; or, as we should say, "goes for nothing." In the same spirit, the ladies sometimes substitute these epithets for the word "dog," in its evil sense;—creature and feller, put absolutely or without adjunct, being anything but a mark of good-will. The phrases "good fellow," "plea-

sant fellow," occur, it is true, now and again, in male discourse; but they fall short of that fulness and perfection of intention which is conveyed by "jolly dog," "comical dog," &c.; whereas, in a female mouth, "charming fellow" is altogether transcendental, and implies the real delight of a man, a regular lady-killer. Curious and instructive is the study of language—opening as it does the only path to a philosophical knowledge of the workings of mind, and the essential differences of things.

There is, indeed, a still greater refinement to be noted in the ladies' vocabulary than that here mentioned: a charming fellow is all that we have said of him; but then it is only as he exists in the apprehension of the speaker while in a state of passionless repose, or at most when there is so much of flutter in the female mind as may be inseparable from the abstract idea of the personage. The party so designated is indeed what he is represented—a charming fellow; but he is still only a charming fellow, *comme il y en a tant*, as they are met with by the hundred in the Park, on St. James's pavement, at Almack's, and at other places of fashionable resort. But when the lady's perception of the attribute is accompanied by the full sense of its actual enjoyment, when she is under the immediate influence and real presence of the charm, and the feeling seeks involuntary expression in words, usage supplies a still more forcible phrase, in the delighted exclamation of "You devil, you!" What an infinite knowledge of human nature is involved in the due intelligence of that word! That the great enemy of mankind should be made to represent "an abridgment of all that's delightful in man," must, to the inexperienced imagination, appear preposterous; but the explanation hinges only upon a slight *nuance* of feeling derived from our general mother, which is implied in our proverbial axiom, that there is nothing pleasant that is not either wicked or unwholesome. In the height of the enjoyment,—*medio de fonte leporum, surgit amari aliquid* (the infinite mood, observe, and not the adjective)—there arises a tickling sense of impropriety, that suggests the idea of the tempter, but of the tempter not *in propria persona*, with his claws and horns, but under his most seductive and fascinating disguise.

But to return from this long, though, we trust, not profitless digression: the epithet "dog" in its proper human application, as we have said, always implies something amiable, something to which the mind yields an instinctive approval. Thus, that human canine, a "jolly dog," is one who relishes his "pipe and his bowl and his fiddlers three," as well as the far-famed monarch *in partibus infidelium*, King Cole himself: but how far is such a man removed from all that is odious and detestable in a bibber of strong drinks! A jolly dog is not a wretch who goes to a gin palace to swallow a *quantum sufficit* of condensed alcohol in a few gulps, so as to become intoxicated in the smallest given time, and drop into an apoplectic insensibility, the image of death itself. Neither is he one who "lushes" with heavy wet, in silent abstraction, as lustreless and unimpassioned as the pewter utensil which conveys the drink to his lips; one who is as incapable of exhilaration as a tee-totaller, upon whom good liquor is wasted, and who passes from the extreme of sobriety to the extreme of drunkenness, as angels pass through space, without touching the intermediate points. The solitary imbibor of drama, also, the possessor of a secret closet, has no pretension to the

character of a jolly dog: such a dog may, haply, abuse the creature-comforts, go to bed with a whirling brain, and awake in the morning with "his copper hot," but the liquor is not the final cause of his sinning. It is only a means to an end—an instrument for arousing in his inward man its latent fund of quiddities and conceits, of sympathies, and amiabilities, the joke, the tale, and the song, the generous sentiment, and the liberal purpose, which the morning's cares, anxieties, and difficulties, are but too apt to throw into abeyance. The real nature of a jolly dog is manifested in the flesh, no less than in the spirit, of the animal: the men whom Cæsar doubted and disliked would never have been christened jolly dogs, though they might have been capable of emptying the tun of Heidelberg. The placid and even flow of their pancreatic juices (as Sterne calls them) is exhibited in the rounded forms and roseate hues of the really jolly dogs. There is nothing saturnine in their temperament. They are not quarrelsome in their cups, neither are they maudlin; in short, drunk or sober, a jolly dog is *simplex duntaxat et unus*,—ever a jolly dog, and there is no more to be said about him.

The "comical dog" is also an animal possessing his amiable side, and this it is:—his jokes may sometimes occasion evil to himself, but they never are directed to work ill to others. A comical dog is neither a satirist nor a sneerer, he will neither make you blush for a fault, nor turn pale at the ridicule of a personal defect. No man was ever christened a comical dog upon the strength of slipping the chair from his neighbour as he is preparing to seat himself; nor for putting a detonating ball into a friend's cigar; nor for filling a bed with cowage, shoeing a poor cat with walnut shells, nor for leaving you a trap to tumble over at the head of the stairs. Neither can a fool readily obtain the enviable distinction. The French have a separate name for that description of joker, whom they call a *farceur*: and his proverbial insipidity differs *totò cælo* from the raciness of a comical dog. In some respects a *farceur* resembles what in England is called an odd fellow, whose inferior nature is marked in the circumstance that no human being ever heard of his being called an odd dog. There is this peculiarity to be noted in the comical dog, that the vein of humour he possesses in himself he liberally attributes to others; and the boiling over of his exuberant spirit is manifested in bestowing that epithet, with a joyous poke in the ribs, on the first person he meets. Those who are old enough to remember Billy Lewis, that prince of comical dogs, well know what we mean.

A "happy dog," and a "lucky dog," as the adjuncts imply, have no reference to the *status*, temperament, or permanent condition of the animal, but only to some fortunate accident, and for the time being. It has also this singularity of meaning, that the phrase is never employed by a speaker standing himself in the same joyous predicament. Thus a bachelor may deem a bridegroom during his honeymoon a happy dog; but no Benedick ever called his marrying friend by that name.

A "sad dog" is not (as the contrast to the phrase "happy dog" seems to imply) a melancholy animal; the schoolboy's translation of *tristis canis* notwithstanding. A sad dog is, commonly, a very merry fellow; but he is one whose merriment arises from the enjoyment of things sometimes designated as "pleasant but wrong." A sad dog, however, must not be confounded with a mere *débauché*, who is, indeed, a

selfish egotist, and in no respect entitled to range under the head of *canis generosus*. A sad dog must have some redeeming qualities. To make this matter the clearer, it will be sufficient to note that Charles Surface is the type of the sad dogs, though it were desirable that Sheridan should have made out the claim by traits of a somewhat less equivocal character. In the play in question we have an apt illustration of the force of the word sad. Joseph Surface is, as we all know, in a physical sense, the saddest animal of the two; but his atrabilious formality only excludes him the more from the chance of being reckoned a sad dog: the most that it can do for him is to have him set down as a sad villain.

A "surlly dog" belongs to the second section of curs; and is also commonly denominated a surly hound, from an imputed want of sociality in the hunting varieties of the quadruped dogs. A surly dog needs no descriptive illustration; there are few families without a few of the species in them—and they are never found without making their qualities painfully perceptible. The observant naturalist will distinguish between two varieties of this species—the good-natured surly dog, and the ill-natured surly dog. Of the former it is said, that his bark is worse than his bite; whereas the latter is dangerous, and should not be suffered at large in society without a clog.

A "miserly dog" is a cur whose name sufficiently denotes its nature. It is also sometimes called, by a figure of speech, a mangy hound—probably in allusion to its "itching palm."

A "lazy dog" is to be found in all the ranks of life; but, if it exists among the privileged classes, it is not so called. Lazy dogs, when their bread is not dependent on their industry, are a vast improvement on the breed of mischief-makers and Marplots, whose self-ignorance and presumption induce them to meddle with what does not concern them, and whose unproductive industry is more dangerous than all the idleness of all the *fruges consumere nali* in existence.

A "dirty dog" is the most villanous cur of the species. This variety is by no means to be confounded with the hungry dog who eats dirty pudding—that is to say, when he cannot get anything better to feed upon: a dirty dog is one who takes delight in his *état*, and is never so happy as when he has engaged in a dirty action. Observe, too, that the amount of the gain has nothing to do with the pleasure. The shirking a twopenny turnpike is, with such a dog, as good an excuse for a lie, as the turning out of a ministry; and he is as much pleased at cheating the housemaid of her perquisite on quitting a friend's house as if it were the gain of half his income. A dirty dog will borrow an odd volume from your library without meaning to return it, in the expectation that he may thereby one day get the mutilated set a bargain. He will go out of town expressly to avoid asking a country friend to dinner. If he goes with a maiden sister to the city to receive her dividends, he will let her pay the coach, because the business is hers; and he will swear to his shoemaker that the boots do not fit him, in order to have an excuse for taxing the bill. A dirty dog always suspects the world to be in a conspiracy to cheat him; but he is especially cautious when he is abroad. In Paris he seeks a lodging *au quatrième*, and dines *à trente sous*, because he won't be done. Upon the same high-minded consideration, he refuses the postilion his *pour boire*, because it is not "so set down in the bond." He remembers to forget the *garçon* in discharging

his bill at the inn, and consents to be dragged before the mayor rather than pay for his supper like the rest of the world. At home, a dirty dog calls for a pint of Cape Madeira, and, having got it, drinks it every drop—even though he gets a fit of sickness into the bargain—because, as he says, he must pay for it. When he is ill, he gives his doctor a pound instead of a guinea, and uses more diplomacy to smuggle a gratuitous visit than went to the construction of the Belgian protocols; and this, too, at the very moment when he is acknowledging his obligation for life and health. A dirty dog refuses to pay his son's debts, because he is a minor; and would plead the statute of limitations against his own creditor, though the loan might possibly have saved him from the gallows. At a charity sermon for the starving Highlanders, he will put down a shilling and take up a sixpence—that is, if he be well watched; if not, he might perhaps mistake the colour of the coin, and abstract a sovereign. A dirty dog will take children into a pastry-cook's shop and not treat them, or call on his nephew at Eton, and go away without tipping him. But it is impossible to describe all his "little ways," because there are things which we cannot know without being supposed to have learned them by one's own practice, and which self-respect, therefore, forbids us to mention.

To turn, then, from this disagreeable and disgusting theme, we will "cleanse our foul imagination" with a notice of "the dog of dogs," whose qualities are all open, generous, and gay. The "dog of dogs" is the primest friend of the primest good fellow in life. The person who bestows this denomination is ever in a paroxysm of the most exquisite benevolence. He is in a good humour with himself, and with all the world; and the object to whom he applies it is, in his apprehension, the first of men. It is chiefly in schools, or among very young men, that this variety is to be found; for, when a person has been some time in the world, he is apt to lose that exquisite honesty and singleness of heart which are necessary to its quintessential *dog*-edness. We never, however, knew one who enjoyed and merited the appellation, who did not pass through life with an unblemished reputation, and whose friendship was not a pleasure and an honour to those who could win it.

With respect to that piece of human zoology, of whose name we have said, "Oh, no, they never mention it," but which the Frenchman so happily paraphrased into "one d——d dog's wife," we wish we could add that the thing were as extinct as its appellation. But, alas! we need not impannel a jury of husbands to satisfy the most incredulous of the fact that "such things are," and in one sense we may add, "and are most *dear* to us." Furthermore, we may venture to assert that, when the affair of the Vixen got wind, many an honest Englishman regretted that it was not *his Vixen* that the Emperor of all the Russias, *et quorundam aliorum*, had taken a fancy to. By-the-by, mark the delicacy of the English ear. A vixen, technically, is a female fox; but the fox and the dog, John Hunter has taught us, are specifically the same animal. Why, then, is a dog's wife as unmentionable as the things we mystically entitle "shorts;" while a fox's is freely admitted into the most elegant discourse? For our own parts, though we must speak with the ——— polite, we shall still think for ourselves, that this is a distinction without a difference. Well, then, vixen let it be, and not. . . . the other word. There are two points in which this variety of

the dog species is distinguishable from gentler bipeds—the sharpness of the tongue and the acute point of the elbow. Justly may these be called points; for they are both more piercing than a needle, and either of them indisputably a great bore. Susceptible as may be the temper of such animals, their feelings for others are by no means so exquisite. The genuine canine lady will ruin her family by her extravagance, and see her husband go to gaol with the most perfect indifference; neither is she solicitous for her son's respectability, nor her daughter's good conduct. If in a humble class of life, she may be known by the filth and disorder of her house, the insubordination of her servant-maid, and by the beauty of *hole-iness* discoverable in her husband's linen. Another distinctive peculiarity in her is an invincible disposition to obtain the last word, which is greatly aggravated by the fascination she can throw into her manner when she has a point to carry, and wishes to please. Another of her predilections is to see her name in a tradesman's books; and so violent is her fondness for this, that, when she gets money from her husband to pay her debts withal, she would rather spend it in any other way, and let the debts stand over.

But the greatest singularity in the natural history of this species is, that matrimony changes its nature. The canine propensities seldom "come out," as the painters call it, in the single state; but a few weeks of married life seldom fail to develop their activity, if the nature be there. When such natures remain single to a late period in life, by some inexplicable metempsychosis, they transmigrate into the genus "*felis*," and exhibit all the sputtering malignity of the cat kind to perfection; but when an old cat marries, she rarely fails to undergo a second metamorphosis into a canine form: though sometimes the vixen and cat are so equally mixed in her disposition, that one wonders why she does not go to loggerheads with herself, from the hostile qualities of which she is made up.

Of canine bipeds there is but one other variety to notice, and that is "the puppy." By what process of reasoning the class of men so termed were huddled into this category, it were difficult to guess; for they have neither the playfulness nor the innocence of the young dog. Who, on the other hand, ever saw a quadruped puppy solicitous about the tie of its cravat, or jealous of the lustre of its French blacking? Puppies, indeed, *utriusque generis*, are sometimes troublesome in company, when they are alike amenable to the discipline of the kick-out: but the quadruped gets in the way through the exuberance of his high spirits; while the biped is usually offensive altogether from affectation.

Such, then, are the principal facts that we have thought fit to set down in illustration of this most interesting race of human animals. We have only to add that the respectable families of the Hunters, the Barkers, the Lurchers, and the Poodles, have no necessary place among the dogs; neither have the residents in Houndsditch, nor the traders in the Isle of Dogs any connexion with the genus. In conclusion, we recommend this paper to the particular consideration of the constituency of England—Tory, Whig, and Radical; earnestly beseeching them, whatever may be their individual politics, to return to the ensuing Parliament as many dogs and as few curs as can reasonably be expected.

THE POETRY OF EARLY RISING.*

But in speaking of the enormous value of single days, I have, perhaps, digressed too far while showing their great separate importance by their great growing results. Every one of the days of which I have been advocating the proper enjoyment has a morning—(though I am much afraid that this fact is clean forgotten by one-half the world)—not the morning of the fashionable triflers with seasons and with time—but the morning such as their Maker made it “when the stars sang together for joy.” It is the morning that begins the day—not ends it—that I am recommending to the attention of my readers.

The poets—as they should be—have universally been the painters and panegyrists of morning. One slug-a-bed of a poet only has had the honesty to confess that

“Up in the morning’s no’ for *him*,
Up in the morning early :”

the rest of the fraternity of metre-mongers, however much they loved the downy indulgence of lying in bed, feeling that little could be said in its praise, have had the grace to be silent ; and have rather chosen to sing the praises of “up in the morning early,” than those of “lying in bed late.” Evening—Collins’s inimitable Ode to that dusky beauty notwithstanding—has never had half the handsome things said of her, such as have called up a bashful virgin blush upon the already rosy face of her lovely younger sister, Morning.

Morning has ever had a pre-eminence in the love of all descriptive poets ; and beautiful examples might be taken from them of the power there is in words of painting and placing an image or personification before our minds as distinctly as any visible thing can be presented to our eyes. Indeed, we seem to be indebted to poetry, long previously to painting and sculpture, for those highly-beautiful personages of the imagination. Morning, Evening, Noon, and Night,—the Hours,—and the Seasons, had “lived, and moved, and had their being” in verse, perhaps, centuries ere they were seen standing before us in Parian marble, or on the canvasses or stuccoed walls of Greece and Rome. The inspired poets and prophets of the Jews,—the Hesiods and Homers of the Greeks,—the Virgils and Ovids of the Romans,—the minstrels of the North, and the sweet singers of the South, one and all,—the rude and the refined,—had beheld with the clear eyes of imagination those beautiful representatives of the day and the night, those daughters of Time, those vestal virgins who kept ever burning the altar-fires, and ministered in the temples of the universal Pan ; and had described their beauties and their attributes. And to come to the poets who have sung at our own doors—Chaucer was never weary of describing them ; Spenser was never happier than when warbling in their praise ; old Gavin Douglas, rude and obsolete as he is, was as great a master in painting them in verse as Nicholas Poussin or Guido was on canvass : Shakspeare, who had an eye for everything beautiful in Nature, delighted to paint his favourite Morning, and has drawn her in colours which are as bright and unfading as her own “natural white and red :” Milton, who beheld her

* Concluded from p. 374, No. cxcix.

"With that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

(of such a lightless solitude as his) saw

"—— her rosy steps, in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow the earth with orient pearls."

And he describes her as coming from the east "with sandals grey," calls her "the nice Morn;" and "the civil-suited Morn"—epithets perhaps which will not be appreciated as their delicacy deserves by modern men, with modern minds, speaking "the language of Milton," but how differently! Drummond's picture of her wants no other painting:

"—— light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the Morn."

Herrick—who was "too coarse for love" (he might be so, for so he thought himself)—was in other great essentials of a true poet as delicate as he was exquisitely ingenious—he in painting one personal beauty of the morning has painted all her beauties: he describes her as

"The lily-wristed Morn;"

a happy epithet, having loveliness and poetry united. And elsewhere he depicts her as

"—— the bedabbled Morn,
Washing the golden ears of corn."

Dryden, taking true old Chaucer's word for the fact, has pointed out the earliest, if not the best, poet of morning—no other than our old vocal friend,

"The mounting lark, the messenger of day;"

the ancestor lark of that very bird which you may, if you will listen, hear warbling now at "heaven's gate." "But when morning pleasures" (and morning poets, too, Mr. Hunt might have added) "are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning." Dryden, with all his learned skill in "fiddle, sackbut, and psaltery," and notwithstanding the labour he has bestowed in arranging the plain score of his master for several new voices, and adding his own modern accompaniments, is not, I am afraid, half so much liked and listened to by the lovely lady of his matin song as was her earliest English lover and lyricist—homely, hearty, simple old Geoffry.

But there are other beauties, besides Morning herself, to be seen—buxom and beautiful as she is, and "doing your heart good" as it does to behold her rosy face, and, while you talk with her, taste the fragrance of her revivifying breath. Morning is indeed lovely, as with fawn-like leaps she springs downward from the hills to scour along the vale. But she has not all the stage of this beautiful summer theatre, the world, to herself. The scenery among which she "plays her part" is old, it is not to be denied; the decorations are not new, but they are annually regilt and tinted, and have almost their original beauty; the orchestra is not enlarged, but there are all the old well-known favourite musicians, all ready-tuned, and impatient to commence the opening symphony of the concert advertised for the day. If you require "choice fruit" for your refreshment, there it is on every side; you do not want "a bill of the play," for you know what the drama is, and the names of

the principal performers by heart, and their persons by sight. "Walk out, ladies and gentlemen, then—walk out! The players—the players are there!" The lady-manager indulges in occasional puffs, as all mundane managers are accustomed to do; but they are by no means nauseous—on the contrary, they are agreeable: she does not, after all, say half so much in praise of her pieces and her performers as she would be warranted in saying. Come, will you walk out? I promise that you shall be highly entertained, or the fault be all your own. A favourite opera is to be given this morning, on the old, old story—love; not the "lass-lorn" love of "the despised bachelor," but happy, love-requited love. If you have any prejudice against foreign singers, let me assure you that these are nearly all natives; the few who are not have become, by long residence in this country, naturalized. See! the noble theatre is already brilliantly lighted throughout, from gallery to pit. Come, walk out!

I have not entreated in vain—I have found two or three who are willing to come out, and "see what is to be seen." "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows;" that shall be our seat, where we can see all, and be seen too, if we wish to be. We take our places. My young friend, L——y, who is not so tall as she means to be some day, begs that I will request that tall somebody standing up before her to "sit down in front," as she is naturally anxious to see the "real water" at the back of the scene. I accordingly address myself to a member of the family of the Willows—not one of the reputable fish-mongers of that name, though she also presides over a pool of fish at her feet: she, kind, compliant creature, is ready to oblige my fair young friend, but at the same time whispers that there is plenty of room in the seats before her, and, bending a little on one side, nods her head to point out the spot where there is "ample room and verge enough." I give my young friend a hand to help her in stepping over, and the Willow obligingly lends her another, looking very much like a bunch of leaves and a branch, and points out to her another bank, more beautiful still, and apparently covered with richly-shining green velvet—no, upon looking again, it is not velvet, but moss—Nature's velvet, which, no doubt, suggested the velvet of Commerce. L——y can now see, and is only too much gratified: had she as many eyes as she has thoughts of "wonder and astonishment," they would all be employed. But I have two other fair friends with me, C——, and M——; they are not yet comfortable: not that they are particular young persons, or lovers of the complaining. Well, an old gentleman who will play the part of gallant by taking three lively young ladies to such a theatre must look to have something more to do than take places for them and hand them to their seats. M—— complains that there is something scratching and stirring in the earth at her feet. I inquire into that immediately, and discover that it is only that little master Mole making his way into the theatre by an underground passage of his own, not affecting to come in by the usual pit-entrance—the emperors of old Rome entered the arena in like fashion: I pledge my word that Master Mole is an extremely harmless little fellow, and only shy, not sly; and M—— is satisfied, and resumes her seat and her composure. And now C——, good-humouredly, with her frank, open face, informs me, and laughs the while, that somebody in the gallery has been pelting her neat new bonnet with nutshells for this last half hour. Indignant, I look up, and

there is the offender right overhead, carelessly swinging to and fro, upon the nut-heavy branch of a hazel-tree! It is that lively Squire Squirrel over his dessert, and cracking and crunching away as fast as he can, that he may get rid of his "eating cares," and have nothing to do but enjoy the play when it begins. C—— lifts up her laughing eyes to where the merry little fellow sits "shelling his nuts at liberty," allows him the liberty he takes, and, enjoying his gaiety, lets him pelt away. "Is it you that is humming so sweetly, L——?" for L—— has a sweet young voice of her own. No, it is a bee who is killing time till the play begins by fluttering about among the fair, much after the manner of other pit beaux: the air he is humming is not new—it is indeed an old Greek national melody, very fashionable once upon Hymettus, and is not unfashionable here, for it is extremely pleasing if heard in the open air among summer-bowers. My young friends, knowing what a sweet-dispositioned fellow he is when not put out of temper, listen attentively to his cheerful singing, and though they cannot make out the words, they like the melody, and say they do, and give a good reason, which is more than your common herd of critics can.—But see! the curtain is rising slowly and solemnly; and after a short symphony, sparkling as sunshine, or dew-drops shaken down from the leaves by a passing gush of air, the opening chorus commences *con spirito*, and the drama for the day begins. Silence there! Silence!

Early rising in the country is, as I have attempted to show, healthy and fraught with delight; and it must not be forgotten that Nature intended we should lie down early and rise early as well as the rest of the animal world. Animals retire at the close of day to rest, and rise at its re-opening; they did so at first, and they do so now—when we will let them. Unfortunately for us, we had a genius for invention, which they, happy creatures, had not; and among other things which we contrived to make to discomfort ourselves, invented that poor but not ineffectual substitute for the sun—a candle; and so managed to sit up when we should be a-bed, with the ox in his pasture, the sheep in its fold, the bird in its tree, and the bee in its hive. We have perverted the institutions of Nature, and have found exemptions for ourselves in the rules and regulations of the society of which she is the founder—bye-laws in her code, giving us certain privileges, though it would be hard to bring forward the chapter, or the section, or point out the page where it is written that we may break her general laws with impunity.

Early rising even in town is, no doubt, conducive to health, and has its delights too. Are you resident near some vegetable and fruit and flower market—such as that of Covent Garden, you may find a fresh pleasure and fresh health even there in early getting up in summer time to "stand idly in the market-place," and "watch the lilies how they grow," and all their fair sisters of the floral family—admire the forms, beautiful colours, and gradations of tint of fruits, and the structure and variations of green in the humbler vegetables; enjoy their freshness, smelling of the country they have so lately quitted, the dew of morning still sparkling on their leaves, and all throwing out their own peculiar vernal scents—the breath of their lives. Even in such a scene you may, for a moment, forget that you are surrounded by men who think

of nothing but their traffic, and while *you* "lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven," keep *theirs*—thoughts and eyes—rigidly bent on earth.

But early rising in town is no substitute for early rising in the country, though it is good when it is the best you can get. There are but few sights worth seeing in London during the first hours of day: a glance at this mighty city lying asleep under the clear skies of morning, without a cloud or a smoky stain from the furnaces which darken the city-day, is thought-inspiring: insensible as stone must the heart of that man be who can look on it and feel unmoved. You may sometimes, from the western bridges, see the river and its shores under such a brilliant morning-sunshine, or clear, cool grey, as will strikingly remind you of the beautiful skies of Claude and Canaletti—the best parts of their pictures—indeed, their pictures would be poor things without them. Oh that Mr. Callcott would rise some summer morning at day-break, and, planting himself on Waterloo or Westminster bridge, see if there are not a series of pictures thereabouts ready designed to his hand, and only requiring transferring to canvass.

London has its scenery—its painting and its poetry—for what may be termed, without disparagement, a London mind,—that is, a mind so constituted by education and long habit—(an education too)—as to feel a strong interest in everything local, and belonging to a small spot, or to the city. To such a mind, the laying out of a new square, or striking a new road through a populous quarter—building a bridge or a palace—widening and improving an east end or a west end of the town, have as much interest, and work upon and amuse the imagination perhaps as much, as observing the vegetable growth and grandeur of an old forest or a wild wood would interest a mind taking a greater delight in the green works, the natural abbeys, and verdant temples, piled thick with the lofty columns and verdant capitals of Nature. It is indeed amusing to watch the daily lookers-on about any remarkable work in progress in the city. Every day, at the same hour, you will find a set of amateur surveyors of the works punctually at their posts on the opposite side of the way, observing how matters go on, and feeling a growing interest in the growth of some old company's new hall—a pile of new buildings for commercial purposes—or a new street. These square-toed old fellows are the early risers of the neighbourhood, and have an hour to spare before breakfast in picking up an appetite for it, and nothing seems to whet it so much as this morning visit to the works in progress. When that fails, and the work is done, the parish pump is pretty sure to want painting, or the churchyard rails; or a tomb is rising in the yard to the memory of a late great man in the Ward; or the vane of the church is undergoing a regilding, or is being made to answer to the wind when spoken to, which your city vanes do not always do; or a new spout of modern zinc, not lead, is being set up against the north end of the church; or the two stone cherubs at the east end are having their dear little snub noses repaired—one of them having been broken by the profane peltings of the Ward boys, and the other by the curious fingers of old Time, who could not leave it alone till he snapped it short off. These repairs the early risers superintend till the work is done; and if not concluded to their satisfaction, any "falling short" upon the part of the "high contracting powers" is very properly mooted over the

evening pipe, and "warm with," and "cold without," at a neighbouring tavern, where the parish patriots club and congregate; and the churchwardens are then unsparingly hauled over the coals. To such early risers and locality-lovers as these the Morning has no poetry perhaps; and yet they enjoy the freshening coolness of the new day, and protest that "A finer morning never shone out of the heavens!"—and perhaps they halt a minute under a cage hung out at a garret window to listen to some poor bird "singing of summer." Visions perhaps of the country visit them: for a moment they see the fields they have not beheld for years, lying spread out before them in all the glory of green and gold—would not regret it much if they were wandering among them now; but, recollecting some matter of business, they turn a deaf ear to the lark, and to the admonitions they hear within themselves, and, some Mammon-loving chum coming up at the moment, return to the Price-current and the Four per cents.

Love the town, ye who are town-minded: love the country, "the comely country," as Herrick finely calls it, ye who are sylvan-minded, and love "the rural joy," and the "pastoral melancholy"—for there is a melancholy in its beauty and its sweetness. Oh, let the violet-eyed Morning see *me* her earliest worshipper! Let the lark warble his gushing gratitude in my ear, and draw my eyes from the ground, and, with them, my soul and its thoughts upwards! Let the bee wind around me by the woodside; and the robin see me stand to look at him—"the bird which man loves best,"—and feel unafraid of me! Let the nightingale—singing in the mornings and evenings of June—know that a lover of his passionate song is listening, "all ear," to him; and let the blackbird whistle in the hawthorn at my side, and pause when I approach him, but, confiding in my gentleness, resume his careless joy! Let the April rain fly over me, and fall upon me like the dew on the head of Hermon; and the struggling sunbeams strike through the clouds, and pour their sudden flood of sunshine into my eyes, and, through them, light up and warm the darkness and the coldness of my heart! Let me watch the smoothing wind whitening over the fields as it wings along; and let my eyes glitter as they behold the diamond sparkle of the moonlit waters. Let the dusty-smelling shower come cooling along the sultry-spreading common; and let the delicious breaths of a thousand wild flowers fall freshly and fragrantly upon the pleasant air. Let the daisies—the children's and child-like Chaucer's daisies—the humble brethren-flowers of the ennobled daisy of Burns—let them glitter in my path like golden-faced stars with silvery rays; and let the kingcups lift up their golden bowls, when the sun has not yet drained them of their dewy wine! Let the serpent-rolling river play at my feet, lick them with cool tongue, and, harmlessly recoiling, glide silently away! Let me stand awed but fearless when the thunder-storm, that elemental war, rages around me; and when cloud strikes at cloud, and the strong concussion shakes the heavens and the earth, and the lightning glances momentarily about me, but hurts me not, nor makes me feel afraid, let my silence praise Him who speaks in the thunder, and looks upon his world in the lightning! Let the darkness slowly shadow me with its wings, when lone-wandering in the silence and serenity of evening, while yet the parting glory of the day is shining in my mind—not dark, though all is darkening round me; and let the bat wheel suddenly about

me in the woodland paths and startle me not; and the wood-owl hoot and thrill me with no superstitious terrors! Let that preacher of peace to the heart, Nature, in her seeming rest and slumber-like tranquillity, speak to me, and find me an attentive listener; and let the many voices not audible in the noisy hours of day speak through the silence of evening, and make their way into my soul. When the flagging clouds are weary of their way, and rest like tired eagles on the hills, let my spirit rise, renewed with rest, and soar beyond them, up to heaven; and return laden with joy, and happy in its lowly home on earth! Let the solemn shadows of night overshadow me, and spread no melancholy gloom and darkness on my mind, still meditating on the thankful lark's sweet evening-song, so lately heard; and let me hear him still as plainly as if singing, though he is silent, and sleeping on the dewy ground. Let the silence of the fields—as beautiful as music—speak audibly to my heart, and find it listening, and full of understanding; or, if any sound louder than the blind beetle's hum, “the gnat's small minstrelsy,” or the quiet dropping of the dew from leaf to leaf, breaks the deep stillness—the “syncope and solemn pause”—let it be the warbling voice of Poesy, “singing a quiet tune.” Let my failing eyes look clearly upon the beauty of the stars—“the poetry of heaven”—and visibly and reverently see the holy and the mighty Hand which hung them in the air in the first night and star-diminished darkness of the day of the creation of all things, and now upholds and guides them truly and steadily in their unerring course. Let my spiritual eyes pierce through “the blanket of the dark,” and behold the unwasted and the undying glories of the worlds beyond “this visible diurnal sphere.” And, finally, let my last thoughts before I sleep be full of thankfulness and silent praise; and “tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” alight upon my weary brain as silently as snow falls down on snow, and “lap me in unconsciousness.” So let me live—so let me die; and I shall not have lived in vain!

THE PHANTOM SHIP*.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. XII.

PHILIP had not long been on board when he found that they were not likely to have a very comfortable passage, for the *Batavia* had orders to embark a large detachment of troops for the strengthening of the Company's forces at Ceylon and Java. Indeed, the whole cargo nearly consisted of military stores, and she was ordered, so soon as she arrived off Madagascar, to quit the fleet, and run to the above island direct, it being presumed that, with the number of soldiers on board, she would be able to take care of herself in case of meeting with an enemy. The *Batavia*, moreover, mounted thirty guns, and had a crew of seventy-five men. Besides military stores, she had on board a large quantity of specie for the Indian market. The detachment of soldiers was embarking when Philip went on board, and in a few minutes the decks were so crowded

* * Continued from page 358, No. cxcix.

that it was hardly possible to move. Philip, who had hardly spoken to the Captain, found out the first mate, and immediately entered upon his duty, with which, from the close application he had given during his former voyage and passage home, he was much better acquainted than might have been imagined.

In a short time the confusion began to disappear, the baggage of the officers and soldiers was stowed away, and the soldiers having been told off in parties, and stationed between the guns of the main deck, with their messing utensils, left the deck more clear for the necessary duties. Philip showed great activity as well as method in the arrangements proposed, and the Captain, during a pause in his arduous duty, said to him,

"I thought you were taking it very easy, Mr. Vanderdecken, in not joining the ship before, but now you are on board you are making up for past time. You have done more during the forenoon than I could have expected. It only makes me more glad that you have come, and I may say more sorry that you did not come when we were stowing the hold, which, I am afraid, is not arranged so well as it might be. Mynheer Struys, the first mate, has had too much to do, and I'm afraid has not not been able to give it due attention."

"I am sorry that I should not have been here, Sir," replied Philip; "but I came as soon as the Company sent me word."

"Yes, and as they knew that you are a married man, and, moreover, are a great shareholder, they would not trouble you too soon. I presume you will have the command of a vessel next voyage. In fact, you are certain of it, with the capital you have invested in their funds. I had a conversation with one of the senior accountants on the subject but this very morning."

Philip was not sorry to find that his money had been put out to such good interest, as to be the captain of a ship was what he earnestly desired. He replied that "he certainly did hope to command a ship after the next voyage, when he trusted that he should feel himself quite competent to the charge."

"No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Vanderdecken. I can see that clearly. You must be very fond of the sea."

"I am," replied Philip; "I doubt whether I shall ever give it up."

"Never give it up! You think so now. You are young, active, and buoyant; but you will tire of it by and by, and be glad to lie by for the rest of your days."

"How many troops do we embark?" inquired Philip.

"Two hundred and forty-five common soldiers and six officers. Poor fellows! there are but few who will ever return: nay, more than one-half will not see another birthday. It is a dreadful climate. I have landed three hundred men at that horrid hole, and, in six months, before I had sailed, there were not one hundred left alive."

"It is almost murder to send them there," observed Philip.

"Psha! they must die somewhere, and if they die a little sooner, what matter? Life is a commodity to be bought and sold like any other. We send out so much manufactured goods and so much money to barter for Indian commodities. We also send out so much life, and it gives a good return to the Company."

"But not to the poor soldiers, I'm afraid."

"No; the Company buy it cheap and sell it dear," replied the captain, who walked forward.

True, thought Philip, they do purchase cheap and make a rare profit of human life, for without these poor fellows how would they be able to hold their possessions against the native and foreign enemies? For what a paltry and cheap annuity do these men sell their lives! which will be soon sacrificed to the dreadful climate they are to be conveyed to,—no chance—no hopes of return to repair their exhausted energies and take a new lease of life. Good God! if these soldiers' lives are thus to be sacrificed so heartlessly to Mammon, why should I feel any remorse if life be sacrificed by the fulfilment of a sacred duty imposed by the fiat of Heaven, that deals with us as it thinks fit. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, and it is for Him to sacrifice or to save. I am but the creature of His will, and I do but follow my duty in obedience to the commands of One whose ways are inscrutable. Still, if this ship should be doomed, as was the last, I cannot but help feeling the wish that I had been sent on board of some other, where the waste of human life might have been less.

It was not until a week after Philip arrived on board that the *Batavia* and the remainder of the fleet were ready for sea.

It would be difficult to analyze the feelings of Philip Vanderdecken upon the second embarkation. His mind was so continually directed to the purport of his voyage, that, although he constantly attended to his duty, yet the whole of the day's travail passed as a dream. The certainty that he felt of meeting again with the *Phantom Ship*, and almost equal certainty that the meeting would be followed up by some untoward event, and, in all probability, the sacrifice of those who sailed with him, preyed upon him, and wore him down to a shadow. He hardly spoke to any one, except in the execution of his duty. He felt like a criminal, as one who had doomed all those around him to death, disaster, and perils, by embarking with them; and when one talked of his wife, and another of his children—when they would indulge in anticipations, and canvass what they would do on their return—Philip would feel sick at heart, and, rising from the table, hasten to the deck, to be alone. At one time, he would try to persuade himself that his senses had been worked upon in a moment of excitement, and that all was illusive; at another, when he had called to mind all that had passed, he would acknowledge that all was but too true; and then he would suggest to himself that, if supernatural, heaven had nothing to do with it, and that he was following the suggestions of the Devil. But then the relic—the Devil would not have worked by such means. A few days after he had sailed, he bitterly repented that he had not stated the whole circumstances to Father Seysen, and taken his advice upon the propriety of following up the search; but it was now too late; already was the good ship *Batavia* more than a thousand miles from the port of Amsterdam, and his duty, whatever it might be, *must* be fulfilled.

As the fleet approached the Cape, his anxiety increased to that degree, that it was remarked by all who were on board. The captain and officers commanding the troops embarked, who all felt interested in him, vainly attempted to obtain the cause of his anxiety. Philip would only plead not feeling well; and his haggard countenance, and sunken eyes, silently proved that he was under acute suffering. The major part of the night was passed by him on deck, straining his eyes in every quarter, and watching each change upon the horizon, in anticipation of the appearance of the *Phantom Ship*; and it was not till the day dawned

that he sought a perturbed repose in his cabin. After a favourable passage, the fleet anchored to refresh at Table Bay, and Philip felt some small relief, that, up to the present time, the supernatural visitation had not again occurred.

As soon as the fleet had watered, they again made sail, and again did Philip's agitation become perceptible. With a favouring breeze, however, they rounded the Cape, passed by Madagascar, and arrived in the Indian Seas, when the Batavia parted company with the rest of the vessels, which steered for Gambroon and Ceylon. "And now," thought Philip, "will the Phantom Ship make her appearance? It has only waited till we should be left without a consort to assist us, if in distress. But the Batavia sailed in a smooth sea and under a cloudless sky, and nothing was seen. In a few weeks she arrived off Java, and hove too, for the night, previous to entering the splendid roads of Batavia. This was the last night they would be under sail, and Philip stirred not from the deck, and walked anxiously, waiting for the morning. The morning broke—the sun rose in splendour, and the Batavia steered into the roads. Before noon she was at anchor, and Philip, with his mind relieved, hastened down to his cabin, and took that repose which he so much required.

He awoke refreshed, for a great weight had been taken off his mind. It does not follow, then, thought he, that because I am on board the vessel and the crew are doomed to perish; it does not follow that the Phantom Ship is to appear because I seek her. "If so, I have no more weight on my conscience. I seek her, it is true, and wish to meet her, but I stand but the same chance as others; and it does not follow that, because I seek her, I am sure to find. That she brings disaster upon all she meets may be true; but that I bring the disaster of meeting her is not the case. Heaven, I thank thee! Now can I prosecute my search without remorse."

Philip, composed with these reflections, went on deck. The debarkation of the troops was already taking place, for they were equally anxious to be relieved from their long confinement as the seamen were, to regain a little space and comfort. He surveyed the scene. The town of Batavia lay about one mile from them, low on the beach; rising from behind were a lofty chain of mountains, brilliant with verdure; and here and there were to be descried, at the bases of them, country seats, belonging to the residents, delightfully embosomed in forests of trees. The panorama was beautiful, and the vegetation was luxuriant and refreshing to the eye, from its vivid green. Near to the town lay large and small vessels, presenting a forest of masts; the water in the bay was of bright blue, and rippled to a soft breeze; here and there small islets broke the uniformity of the water-line by tufts of fresh verdure in beautiful and strong contrast; even the town itself was pleasing to the eye, the white colour of the houses being opposed to the dark foliage of the trees, which grew in the gardens, and lined the streets.

"Can it be possible," observed Philip, to the Captain of the Batavia, who stood by him, "that this beautiful spot can be so unhealthy? I had formed a very different opinion of its appearance."

"Even so," replied the Captain, "as the venomous snakes of the country start up from among its flowers, so does death stalk about in this beautiful and luxuriant landscape. Do you feel better, Mynheer Vanderdecken?"

"Much better," replied Philip.

"Still in your enfeebled state I should recommend you to go on shore."

"I shall avail myself of your permission, with thanks.—How long shall we stay here?"

"Not long, as we are ordered to run back. Our cargo is all ready for us—and will be on board soon after we have discharged."

Philip took the advice of his captain; he had no difficulty in finding himself received by a hospitable merchant, who had a house at some distance from the town, and in a healthy situation. There he remained two months, during which he re-established his health, and then re-embarked a few days previous to the ship being ready for sea. The return voyage was fortunate, and, in four months from the date of their quitting Batavia, they found themselves a-breast of St. Helena; for they, at that period, generally made what is called the eastern passage, running down the coast of Africa, instead of keeping towards the American shores. Again they had passed the Cape without meeting with the Phantom Ship; and Philip was now not only in excellent health, but in good spirits. As they lay becalmed, with the island in sight, they observed a boat pulling towards them, and in the course of three hours she arrived on board. The crew were much exhausted from having been two days in the boat, during which time they had never ceased pulling to gain the island. They stated themselves to be the crew of a small Dutch Indiaman, which had foundered at sea two days before—having started one of her planks and filled so rapidly, that the men had hardly time to save themselves. They consisted of the captain, mates, and twenty men belonging to the ship, and an old Portuguese Catholic priest, who had been sent home by the Dutch governor for having opposed the Dutch interests in the island of Japan. He had lived with the natives and been secreted by them for some time, as the Japanese government was equally seeking to capture him, with the intention of taking away his life. Eventually, he found himself obliged to throw himself into the arms of the Dutch as being the less cruel of his enemies.

The Dutch government decided that he should be sent away from the country; and he had, in consequence, been put on board of the Indiaman for a passage home. By the report of the captain and crew, but one person had been lost; but he was a person of consequence, having for many years held the situation of President at the Dutch factory at Japan, and had been returning to Holland with the riches which he had amassed. By the evidence of the captain and crew he had insisted upon going back to the ship, after he had been put into the boat, to secure a casket of immense value, containing diamonds and other precious stones, which he had forgotten to take with him; that while they were waiting for him the ship suddenly plunged her bowsprit under, and went down head foremost, and that it was with difficulty that they escaped with the boat from the vortex. They had waited for some time to ascertain if he would rise again to the surface, but he had appeared no more.

"I knew that something would happen," observed the Captain of the sunken vessel, after he had been sitting a short time in the cabin with Philip and the Captain of the Batavia; "we saw the Fiend or Devil's Ship, as they call her, but three days before."

"What, the Flying Dutchman, as they name her?" asked Philip.

"Yes; that, I believe, is the name they give her," replied the Captain. "I have often heard of her; but it never was my fate to fall in with her before, and I hope it never will be again; for I am a ruined man and must begin the world afresh."

"I have heard of that vessel," observed the Captain of the *Batavia*. "Pray how did she appear to you?"

"Why, the fact is, I did not see anything but the loom of her hull," replied the other. "It was very strange; the night was fine and the heavens clear; we were under top-gallant sails, for I do not carry on during the night, or else we might have put the royals on her—she would have carried them with the breeze. I had turned in, when about two o'clock in the morning the mate came down to ask me to come on deck. I demanded what was the matter, and he replied he could hardly tell, but that the men were much frightened, and that there was a Ghost Ship, as the sailors termed it. I went on deck; all the horizon was clear, but on our quarter was a sort of fog, round as a ball, and not more than two cables' length from us. We were going about four knots and a half free; and yet we did not leave it. 'Look there,' said the mate. 'Why, what the devil can it be?' said I, rubbing my eyes. 'No banks up to windward, and yet a fog in the middle of a clear sky, with a fresh breeze, and with water all around it;' for you see the fog did not cover more than half a dozen cables' length, and we saw that it went no farther by the horizon on each side of it. 'Hark, Sir!' said the mate—they are now speaking again.' 'Speaking!' said I, and I listened; from out of this ball of fog I heard voices—at least one cried out, 'Keep a sharp look-out there forward, d'ye hear?' 'Ay, ay, Sir!' replied another voice. 'Ship on the starboard bow, Sir.' 'Very well; strike the bell there forward.' And then we heard the bell tolled. 'It must be a vessel,' said I to the mate. 'Not of this world, Sir,' replied he. 'Hark!' 'A gun ready forward.' 'Ay, ay, Sir,' was now heard out of the fog, which appeared to near us; 'all ready, Sir.' 'Fire!' The report of the gun sounded in our ears like thunder, and then—"

"Well, and then?" said the Captain of the *Batavia*, breathless.

"And then," replied the other Captain, solemnly, "the fog and all disappeared, as if by magic—the whole horizon was clear, and there was nothing to be seen."

"Is it possible?"

"There are twenty men on deck to tell the story," replied the Captain, "and the old Catholic Priest to boot, for he stood by me the whole time that I was on deck. The men said that some accident would happen, and in the morning watch, on sounding the bell, we found four feet water. We took to the pumps, but it gained upon us, and we went down as I have told you. The mate says that the vessel is well known—it is called the Flying Dutchman."

Philip made no remarks at the time, but he was much pleased at what he had heard. "If," thought he, "the Phantom Ship of my poor father appears to others as well as to me, and they are equally sufferers, my being on board can make no difference. I do but take my chance of falling in with her, and do not risk the lives of those who sail with me by my embarkation. Now my mind is relieved, and I can prosecute my search with a quiet conscience."

The next day Philip took an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Catholic Priest, who spoke Dutch and other languages, as well as he did Portuguese. He was a venerable old man, apparently about sixty years of age, with a white flowing beard—mild in his demeanour, and very pleasing in his conversation.

When Philip kept his watch that night, the old man walked with him, and it was then, after a long conversation, that Philip confided to him that he was of the Catholic persuasion.

"Indeed, my son, that is unusual in a Hollander."

"It is so," replied Philip; "nor is it known on board—not that I am ashamed of my religion, but I wish to avoid discussion."

"You are prudent, my son. Alas! if the reformed religion produces no better fruit than what I have witnessed in the East, it is little better than idolatry."

"Tell me, father," said Philip—"they talk of a miraculous vision—of a ship not manned by mortal men. Did you see it?"

"I saw what others saw," replied the Priest; "and certainly, as far as my senses would enable me to judge, the appearance was most unusual and supernatural; but I had heard of this Phantom Ship before, and moreover that its appearance was the precursor of disaster. So did it prove in our case, although we had one on board, now no more, whose weight of guilt was more than sufficient to sink any vessel, and the swallowing up of whom with all his wealth, when he anticipated in a few weeks to be enjoying it in his own country, has manifested that the Almighty, even in this world, sometimes will wreak just and awful retribution on those who have merited His vengeance."

"You refer to the Dutch President, who went down with the ship, when it sank."

"I do; but the tale of that man's crime is long—to-morrow night I will walk with you, and narrate the whole. Peace be with you, my son, and good night."

The weather continued fine, and the Batavia hove-to in the evening, intending to anchor the next morning in the roadstead of St. Helena. Philip, when he went on deck to keep the middle watch, found the old Priest at the gangway waiting for him. The ship being hove-to, all was quiet; the men slumbered between the guns, and Philip, with his new acquaintance, went aft, and, seating themselves on a hencoop, the Priest commenced as follows:—

"You are not, perhaps, aware that the Portuguese, although anxious to secure for themselves a country discovered by their enterprise and courage, and in obtaining which they have many crimes to answer for—still have never lost sight of one point dear to all good Catholics, that of spreading wide the true faith, and planting the banner of Christ in the regions of idolatry. Some of our countrymen being wrecked upon the coast, we were made acquainted with the islands of Japan, and seven years afterwards our holy and blessed St. Francis, now with God, landed on the island of Ximo, where he remained for two years and five months, during which he preached our religion and made many converts. He afterwards embarked for China, his original destination, but was not permitted to arrive there; he died on his passage, and thus closed his holy and pure life. After his death, the converts to our holy religion increased greatly in the Japanese islands,

although the priests of idolatry did all they could to check its progress, and occasionally those who had been baptized were persecuted at their instigations. Still the religion spread fast, and many thousands worshipped the true God.

"After a time, the Dutch formed a settlement at Japan, and, finding that the Japanese Christians, who surrounded the factories, would not deal with them, but only with the Portuguese, in whom they had confidence, they were at variance with us; and the man of whom we have spoken, and who was, at that period, the head of the Dutch Factory, determined, in his lust for gold, to make the Christian religion a source of suspicion to the emperor of the country, and thus to ruin the Portuguese and their adherents. Such, my son, was the conduct of one who professes to have embraced the reformed religion as being of greater purity than our own.

"There was a Japanese lord of great wealth and influence who lived near us, and who, with two of his sons, had embraced our religion and had been baptized. He had two other sons who lived at the emperor's Court. This lord had made us a present of a house for a college and school of instruction, but, on his death, his two sons at Court, who still remained in idolatry, insisted upon our quitting the property. This, being refused, gave an opportunity for the Dutch principal to inflame their young noblemen against us, and by that means he persuaded the Japanese emperor that the Portuguese and Christians had formed a conspiracy against his life and throne,—for, he it observed, that when a Dutchman was asked if he was a Christian, he would reply, 'No; I am a Hollander.'

"The emperor, believing that such a conspiracy had been formed, gave an immediate order for the extirpation of the Portuguese and all the Japanese who had embraced the Christian faith. He raised an army to exterminate them, and gave the command of this army to the young noblemen I have mentioned, the sons of the lord who had given us the college. The Christians, aware that resistance was their only chance, flew to arms, and gave the command of the forces to the other two sons of the Japanese lord, who had, with their father, embraced Christianity. Thus were the two armies commanded by two of the brothers on the one side and two on the other.

"The Christian army amounted to more than 40,000 men, but of this the emperor was not aware, and sent a force of about 25,000 to conquer and exterminate them. They met, and after an obstinate combat, for the Japanese are very brave, the victory was on the part of the Christians, and, with the exception of a few who saved themselves in the boats, the army of the emperor was cut to pieces.

"This victory was the occasion of making more converts, and the army was soon increased to upwards of 50,000 men. On the other hand, the emperor, perceiving that his army had been destroyed, ordered new levies, and raised a force of 150,000 men, giving directions to his generals to give no quarter to the Christians, with the exception of the two young lords who commanded them, whom he wished to secure alive that he might put them to death by slow torture. All offers of accommodation were refused, and the emperor took the field in person. The armies met, and, on the first day's battle, the victory was on the part of the Christians; still they had to lament the loss of one of their

generals, who was wounded and taken prisoner, and, no quarter having been given, their loss had been severe.

"The second day's combat was fatal to the Christians. Their general was killed, they were overpowered by numbers, and fell to a man. The emperor then attacked the camp in the rear, and put to the sword every old man, woman, and child. On the field of battle, in the camp, and by subsequent torture, more than 60,000 Christians perished. But this was not all; there was ordered a rigorous search for Christians throughout the islands for many years; and they, being still very numerous, were, when found, put to death by the most cruel torture. It was not until fifteen years ago that Christianity was entirely rooted out of the Japanese empire; and, from the first period to the last, a period of more than sixteen years of persecution, it is supposed that upwards of 400,000 Christians were destroyed, and all this slaughter, my son, was occasioned by the falsehood and avarice of that man who met his just punishment but a few days ago. The Dutch Company, pleased with his conduct, which had procured for them such advantages, have continued him for many years since as the president of their factory at Japan. He was a young man when he first went there, but his hair was grey when he thought of returning to his own country. He had amassed immense wealth,—immense, indeed, must it have been to have satisfied avarice such as his! All has now perished with him, and he has been summoned to his account. Reflect a little, my son. Is it not better to follow up our path of duty, to eschew the riches and pleasures of this world, and, at our summons hence, to feel that we have hopes of bliss hereafter?"

"Most true, holy father," replied Philip, musing.

"I have but a few years to live," continued the old man, "and God knows I shall quit this world without reluctance."

"And so could I," replied Philip.

"You, my son!—no. You are young, and should be full of hopes. You have still to do your duty in that station to which it shall please God to call you."

"I know that I have a duty to perform," replied Philip. "Father, the night air is too keen for one so aged as you. Retire to your bed, and leave me to my watch and my own thoughts."

"I will, my son; may Heaven guard you, and take an old man's blessing,—good night."

"Good night," replied Philip, glad to be alone. "Shall I confess all to him?" thought Philip. "I feel I could confess to him.—But no. I would not to Father Seysen,—why to him? I should put myself in his power, and he might order me.—No, no! my secret is my own. I need no advisers." And Philip pulled out the relic from his bosom, and put it reverently to his lips.

The Batavia waited a few days at St. Helena, and then continued her voyage. In six weeks, Philip again found himself at anchor in the Zuyder Zee, and, having the captain's permission, he immediately set off for his own home, taking with him the old Portuguese priest *Matthias*, with whom he had formed a great intimacy, and to whom he had offered his protection so long as he might wish to remain in the Low Country.

(To be continued.)

I WOULD NOT BE A CHILD AGAIN.

FULL oft have poets tried, and long,
 The spells of verse, the charms of song,
 To prove that childhood's years are free
 From cares which haunt maturity,—
 That all its joys are pure and bright
 As morning in its embryo light,—
 That if at times a cloud o'ercast
 Its happiness, it will not last,
 But leaves its innocence the while
 More joyous in recover'd smile;—
 Fond seers, ye try your arts in vain,
 I would not be a child again!

Full many the sorrows, tears, and cares,
 Which round our manhood set their snares :
 The friends of youth may fall away,
 Like dew before the face of day ;
 And he, whose soul was only ours,
 May shun the spot where Fortune low'rs,
 Nor leave a trace of what has been
 Upon the once-loved, happy scene.
 Has any felt the bitter throes,
 Nor deem'd his manhood fraught with woes ?
 Yet, with its pleasures and its pain,
 I would not be a child again !

Full many the tales which life might tell,
 That 'gainst our better hopes rebel,—
 Of heart's affections torn and sear,
 Too long to tell, too sad to hear,—
 How plighted vows, and love's best token,
 Have been, in times of trial, broken,—
 How every earliest, fondest tie
 Has sunk into obscurity,—
 How all we strove to cheer and bless
 Has melted into nothingness !—
 Yet, with its pleasure and its pain,
 I would not be a child again !

What though its little sorrows pass
 Like sand within an hour-glass ;
 Quick though they move, and lightly press,
 To tender years they bring distress.
 The gentle moth, that round the light,
 Unconscious wings its airy flight,
 Caught by the blaze, to ruin dies,
 And in ignited torture dies,—
 When forms of coarser, hardier frame,
 Would scarce have felt or own'd the flame :
 So, slight the blot that stains the page
 Of childhood's virgin, tender age.

What are its pleasures ? Are they those
 Which life maturer courts and knows ?
 The happy brute that ranges free,
 Joyous in recent liberty,

Owens all that childhood's life endears—
 Its pains—its pleasures—hopes and fears.
 'Tis but the spirit Nature gives
 To each created thing that lives;
 And man, in common with the rest,
 Beneath such influence is blest,
 Till Reason opens to his mind
 Aspirings of a nobler kind.

When Reason burns with kindled beam,
 And wakes him from his earlier dream,—
 When Intellect's fast bursting ray
 The mists of Childhood scares away,—
 Who would not brave increase of care,
 If bliss augmented were his share?
 Who would not yield the joys of sense
 For those which crown intelligence?
 With all its pleasures and its pain,
 Who, then, would be a child again?

R. M. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LA MAILLERAIE,

BY CAPTAIN HERBERT BYNG HALL.

CIRCUMSTANCES, to which it would be useless here to refer, induced me, in the month of September, 18—, to visit the banks of that loveliest of French rivers, the Seine. It was at three o'clock in the afternoon of a beautiful day, that I embarked on board the Apollo steamer, a vessel offering to the traveller the recommendations of speed, comfort, and cleanliness, together with all needful attention on the part of those functionaries whose good offices the majority of persons frequenting such packets so urgently require. On the occasion of which I speak, however, their labour was but slight; for after a short and delightful passage we found ourselves next morning alongside the pier at Havre. On landing, I proceeded immediately to the Hotel de l'Admirauté, and had barely time to demolish my breakfast of some *café au lait* and a *coutlet* before the bugle sounded for the departure of La Seine, the French steam packet for Rouen. Hastening to the quay, I once more embarked, but had not long been afloat ere I perceived, with no pleasurable sensations, the absence, in this my new abode of aquatic machinery, of all that comfort and cleanliness so conspicuous in the Apollo; but as entire resignation, nay, apathy, is a virtue indispensable to a tourist, I consoled myself with the reflection that "use lessens marvel," while the scene around was in itself sufficiently lovely, even without the hope of speedy release which I possessed, to banish the recollection of present inconvenience.

The day was brilliant, and the banks of the river grew at each moment more romantic as we advanced, the channel of the stream becoming gradually more confined, and the adjacent country more thickly and beautifully wooded. Havre and its opposite neighbour, Honfleur, were soon left in the background; while the château of Tancarville, on its majestic and forest-clad heights, presented itself to our admiring gaze,

as we quickly glided through the tranquil waters: the villages of Caudebec, Quillebœuf, and Gravelle, next arose in rapid succession before us, and having at length reached the extensive and ancient château of La Mailleraie on our right, and the equally beautiful but more modern domain of Cantlieu on the left, we were at length deposited on the bustling quay de Boildieu at Rouen.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of all my wanderings, more particularly since that part of Normandy, of which I now speak, has, of late years, been overrun by Englishmen, to the great profit and increased extortion of innkeepers, conductors, and the like persons: otherwise the fine old city of Rouen, with its unequalled cathedral, might justly claim a large portion of my notice; but to which of my readers is it not familiar, either by personal inspection or in the writings of others? I shall proceed, therefore, to lay before my friends a story somewhat of a martial nature, the relation of which has been my chief inducement to take up my pen. Previously, however, to commencing my narrative, it will be necessary to inform my readers in what way I became acquainted with the persons concerned in the events recorded by the narrative.

The desire to inspect some of the abodes of ancient greatness, to which I have before alluded, as visible in our passage up the river, having influenced me in the choice of Normandy as the scene of my present travel, I lost no time in executing the plans I had previously formed; and having engaged a *fiacre*, speedily found myself mounting the steep but beautiful road leading back to Havre, with the intention of paying a visit to the château of Mons. Le Febre at Cantlieu, to whom I had received letters of introduction. That gentleman was fortunately at home; and having delivered my credentials, I was received with the polish and peculiarity of manner to be found in the French noblesse of the French school alone. My host, being a man of considerable taste, had furnished the interior of his old patrimonial abode, which, externally, was far from prepossessing in appearance, with much elegance, added to a large share of those comforts which, so necessary to English existence, are but rarely to be found in the country residence of a French *propriétaire*, how abundant soever may be the more gaudy and attractive *meublement* of a Parisian drawing-room. Here and there some beautiful specimens, by the hands of Murillo and Vandyke, graced the walls of the withdrawing-room, while the ancient wainscoting of the *salon à manger* was adorned with some exquisite clusters of fruit and flowers in fresco; but that part of the château most attractive in my eyes was the extensive and judiciously-selected library, which, in addition to its well-filled shelves, possessed some most comfortable lounging chairs of London make, and a richly-carpetted floor. "This room," said Mons. Le Febre, "I have fitted up à l'Anglais; and as I pass a considerable portion of every winter at Cantlieu, I find it what your countrymen denominate ve-ry comfortable!" The highest gratification, however, was yet to come: on opening the lofty window of the apartment, we found ourselves on a kind of terrace, or *parterre*, arranged with the utmost care and neatness, the view from which baffles all description. A broad and level gravelled walk, extending the whole length of the mansion, and at about a hundred paces from it, was protected by a stone parapet, decorated with vases containing orange-trees and other choice exotics. From this wall a precipitous and thickly-wooded bank descended to the brink

of the Seine ; while the beautiful little islands, which, like floating gardens, studded its tranquil surface, and the wide and richly-cultivated country around, united in giving to the scene a varied and finished loveliness, rarely, if ever equalled, to which the numerous passage-boats, laden with wood and merchandise, from Havre and the intermediate villages, gliding swiftly through the water, added an appearance of life and activity greatly increasing the general interest and effect.

But it is time to quit this digression. Having made my acknowledgment to my host for his kind hospitality, I reluctantly bade farewell to his delightful residence. After leaving which, I rode to the ferry of La Mailleraie, and, taking boat, crossed the Seine, landing beneath the walls of the venerable château. This extensive but unprepossessing mass of building belongs, in the present day, to the family of Mortemart: the late noble duke of that name may be recalled to recollection by the events which took place at Paris in July, 1830. His son, the present possessor, being a keen sportsman, and the adjacent country abounding in game, it has become a favourite residence with him. Unfortunately, he occupied it during the time of my visit ; consequently, having no introduction, I was unable closely to inspect so much of this ancient fabric as I desired ; but a large portion I did see, sufficient, indeed, to satisfy my curiosity as to its antiquity and historical interest. The date of its erection is to be referred to the reign of William the Conqueror ; the building, like many old houses in our own land, forms three sides of a square, the front facing the river, within fifty yards of which it stands. A deep moat surrounds the whole, the entrance being at the back of the château, through a handsome arched gateway. The dimensions of the house are certainly imposing ; but it labours under some disadvantage as regards its situation, being placed, as it were, in an angle at the end of the village of La Mailleraie, instead of occupying a conspicuous site in the extensive and beautiful park, which, following the course of the river for some distance, appears at present rather an appendage than an ornament to the mansion, which is quite unsheltered, although in the immediate vicinity of the most delightful and luxuriantly-wooded scenery. The park abounds in extensive and trimly-cut shrubberies, through which I wandered for hours, retracing in imagination the footsteps of the beautiful La Valliere, who once graced them with her presence ; and admiring not a little the majestic avenues of beech trees, which, notwithstanding the lavish use of the pruning knife, present to the eye of the sylvan admirer beauties rarely equalled on the continent. Wearied at length, though gratified by the day's excursion, I turned to seek a path leading to the village *auberge*, when in passing up one of the before-mentioned lofty avenues, converging towards the hamlet of La Mailleraie, I observed two persons approaching from the opposite extremity. "Whoever they may be," thought I, in my increasing fatigue, "I will request the civility of information as to the best means of reaching my destination, since there appears to be no end to the succession of these labyrinthian trim-cut shrubberies." With this intention I hastened towards the strangers, and had commenced my address in French, when the gentleman (for such was one of the pair, the other being a young lady of most interesting appearance) interrupted me, by saying in English—

"It is not my habit, Sir, to intrude myself on the acquaintance of any

man ; indeed, thoroughly as I love my dear country, England, I generally avoid the notice or recognition of her sons, who, in great numbers visit this delightful spot—but you are alone, and seem to be a stranger here ; if, therefore, it be not unpleasant to you, nor an interference with your private arrangements, let me entreat you to accompany us to our home.” At the same time turning to the lady, whom I before judged to be his wife, he said, in the most pleasing manner, “ Agnes, *ma chere*, my countryman,—I feel sure you will make him welcome to the Hermitage, where,” he continued, addressing himself to me, “ you will, I trust, find better accommodation than the village *auberge* can offer.”

The lady testified her approbation of her husband’s proposal by a sweet smile, and a few words of courteous entreaty spoken in a voice of the most melodious tone. Such an invitation, so given, was not to be declined. Accordingly, I proceeded with them to the Hermitage ; the strangers being, to all appearance, as much pleased by my acceptance of their hospitable offer, as was I by the frank and cordial manner in which they made it. Previous, however, to introducing my readers to the mansion, it will be necessary to render them somewhat familiar with the strangers. The gentleman, who appeared to have the advantage of his fair companion, by at least fifteen years, was tall and gracefully formed ; his lofty, erect, and noble carriage, open front, brilliant and daring, yet benevolent eye, proclaimed him one whose youth had been spent in war : his hair, more perhaps from care and hardship than from time, was partially grey : in age, he might have been about forty-five or fifty years : he was dressed in deep mourning. The attire of the slight yet graceful and symmetrically-formed female, who leaned upon his arm, was of the same sombre cast : her face was not, strictly speaking, beautiful ; but the eye and brow might have graced a Madonna, while an indescribable sweetness of expression gave to her countenance a loveliness far surpassing the most statue-like regularity of feature. She could not have been more than eight-and-twenty summers ; and her dazzling fairness, uncommon in a French woman (for such she was), gave her an appearance of extreme youth. Such were my new acquaintance, who, to this hour, continue my esteemed and highly-valued friends.

A short walk of twenty minutes, through the most delightful scenery, the path forming a *détour* from the park in the rear of the village, brought us to the Hermitage. Having passed through a small court, the walls of which were covered with well-trained fruit-trees, we stood before the door of the mansion, which, although not extensive, was evidently designed by a skilful hand. A large vine overspreading the whole side of the building on which we entered with its refreshing leaves, through which the already tinged clusters pressed in tempting abundance, added not a little to the beauty of the retreat—scarcely leaving visible any portion of the structure, save the well-painted *jalousies*, distinguishable in all Norman châteaux. On entering I found the internal arrangements fully equal to the external appearance ; an air of comfort and elegance pervaded every part, plainly showing in those presiding, that intimacy with the higher classes of society, attainable only by those whom birth and education have placed in the same sphere, and which still influences and adorns them by its courtesies when circumstances have withdrawn them from immediate association with the

class to which they belong—as was the case with those to whose acquaintance I had just been introduced.

The withdrawing-room, to which my fair hostess led the way, was a well-furnished apartment, opening, by two large French windows, to a balcony, from whence, as far as the eye could reach, a superb view of the surrounding country was obtained—not the least beautiful feature of which was the silvery stream pursuing its sinuous course until lost in the distance towards Rouen. From the balcony above mentioned, a few steps descended to a lawn, of no great extent but of the finest turf, and a beautifully-arranged flower-garden adjacent.

“According to the custom of the country in which I have long resided,” said my host, “we dine early; but as I feel sure you must require both rest and refreshment, my wife will hasten the evening’s meal.”

To this arrangement I gave my full consent; and the necessary preparations being made, the supper, which was abundant without display, was shortly after placed on the table. A lively but desultory conversation ensued, in the course of which many entertaining and interesting particulars, relative to the neighbourhood and its inhabitants, were narrated to me, and served too quickly to wile away one of the most agreeable evenings I had ever spent.

The wife of my host retired early; and after her departure I had to answer numberless questions concerning various persons moving in the higher circles of English society, with whom my new friend appeared to have been familiar. A short but animated discussion on the leading politics of the day, in which my host was deeply interested, followed; then came the warm shake of the hand, the heartfelt good night, God bless you! and we parted without the remotest allusion on the part of my hosts either to their families or circumstances. So that when I retired to my comfortable sleeping apartment, I was still ignorant of the name and rank of the kind pair to whom I was indebted for the hospitable reception I had that evening experienced. Of one thing, however, I felt convinced, be they what they might, they were no ordinary persons either in rank or intellect; and with this reflection I was obliged for the present to content myself.

The novel events of the day so engrossed my mind as to render sleep out of the question; throwing open, therefore, the casement which looked over the garden to the distant country, I spent an hour in admiring the extreme loveliness of the moon-lit scene. Within a short distance of the house glided the placid Seine, glittering playfully in the yellow light, and not unfrequently, as though hiding itself, disappearing beneath the dark foliage which crowned its banks. No sound disturbed the tranquillity of night save when a light breeze came whispering through the adjacent trees, and breathed its balmy freshness on my face; altogether it was a night such as we read of in Italian story, and with difficulty could I tear myself from the contemplation of so exquisite a scene; but nature at length pleaded for repose, and throwing myself on the couch, I slept soundly until the bright beams of the morning sun broke into my room. Being fully resolved on continuing my ramble that day as far as to Tancarville, I hastened my toilet, and proceeded towards the garden with the intention of visiting the river banks previous to the

assembling of the family at breakfast: my host, however, who had risen with the lark, left his private apartment, or sanctum, as I turned to descend the steps leading to the lawn, and, welcoming me with all the courtesy and cordiality of manner apparent on the preceding day, invited me to visit his "quarters," as he termed them. Accordingly, we entered a small chamber, the furniture and arrangements of which at once proved the justice of my previous conclusions as to the profession of its occupant. One side of the apartment was entirely lined with capacious and well-filled book-shelves; among the contents of which I noticed many works of a military nature, and other standard publications, both British and foreign, on various interesting and scientific subjects. Conspicuous was the annual army list of many past years, while on the table lay several recent numbers of the "United Service Journal." A full-length portrait of the Duke of Wellington was suspended over the chimney-piece; on its left appeared an engraving of Napoleon passing the Alps. A handsome Turkish sabre hung parallel with an old regulation cavalry sword; nor were pistols or fowling-pieces wanting; while a store of rods and other fishing apparatus, which might have provoked the envy of the father of anglers, old Izaak Walton himself, occupied one corner of the room. On my friend's calling and pursuits no difference of opinion could exist—he was a soldier, a scholar, and a sportsman.

"You will not, I trust," said he, interrupting my scrutiny of the arcana of his retreat, "leave us this morning; it is but seldom I can have the pleasure of passing a day with one of my countrymen, and I feel unwilling so soon to relinquish the new-found enjoyment of your society, particularly since it may serve in some measure to dispel, for a time, the grief of my poor Agnes, who now mourns the loss of a kind and beloved parent. Should you be able a little longer to afford us the gratification we seek, we can, I think, promise that time shall not hang heavily on your hands. If fishing be a favourite amusement we have the best to offer; but should you prefer shooting, to which indeed the season is more adapted, we can take a ramble in the neighbourhood where game is plentiful, and I have a *carte blanche* from our friends at La Maillaie."

To an idle man so hearty an invitation could not be other than agreeable; and I yielded readily to the solicitations of my host, the more so as I perceived that a refusal on my part would have given pain.

"Come then," said he, "my wife expects us at the breakfast-table, and we have no time to lose."

We were speedily seated; and the interesting young wife vied with her kind husband in heaping on me those polite and friendly attentions which, springing from sincere cordiality of heart, can no more be imitated by artificial hospitality than declined by those to whom they are offered.

The meal being concluded we shouldered our Mantons, and sallied forth, ostensibly to seek game; but with me the desire of visiting the adjacent points of interest in the company of one so well acquainted with them, was the chief inducement to the ramble. The lane was passed and the park entered ere much had been spoken by either. Diverging at length into the open and cultivated country beyond, our dogs began immediately to hunt; but the game, though abundant, was

wild: so that, after a few unavailing shots, we relinquished the intention of sporting, and fell gradually into the following conversation:—

"It must, doubtless, appear to you strange," said my host, "that I have suffered so much time to elapse without acquainting you with the name and circumstances of those into whose society you have fallen, and whose solitude your kindness has so greatly enlivened?"

"I am unwilling," replied I, "to interfere unnecessarily with the private concerns of others; and have been too much influenced by my own inclinations in accepting your hospitable and friendly offers to lay claim to any merit on that score. It is sufficient for me to know you as you are; and I would fain hope that the acquaintance so singularly commenced may ripen into a friendship more lasting in its duration than, I fear, our present intimacy is likely to prove."

"You are very kind and trusting," answered he, "to be so easily satisfied with respect to us; but it is only right that I should inform you of all that relates to our past history and present seclusion. Prepare yourself, therefore, to listen to a tale which will awaken in your breast both interest and commiseration, especially since you have introduced yourself as a professional brother.

"Being a younger son of one of the most aristocratic and influential families of the present day, but provided with small means of supporting my station in society, I was induced, at an early age, to select the army for my profession. My father, who was then living, being possessed of considerable interest, I found little difficulty in purchasing an ensigncy in a regiment which, with many others, was at that time serving in the Peninsula. The early part of my military career held forth nothing above the general interest of novelty and excitement consequent upon first joining, and entering at once on the glorious path of active service. The minds of all classes of my fellow-countrymen were then deeply stirred by the perilous situation and splendid achievements of the British forces; and the pens of many eloquent writers have so well and fully laid before the public the history of the several campaigns, that it will be needless for me to enlarge upon a subject which was *then* the theme of every man's conversation, and is *now* so well known to all—except wherein it is connected with my personal history, which will naturally cause me to dwell more fully upon particular events and periods of that momentous and successful struggle. Suffice it, then, to say that, after one year's active service, through which I was borne by the ardour and enthusiasm of youth, a slight wound from a musket-ball, in my shoulder, which not only gave me considerable uneasiness, but likewise seriously affected my health, induced the medical officers of my regiment to recommend my return to England. Leave being granted accordingly, I left my companions in arms, and reached my paternal home in the latter part of the year 1812—broken in constitution, but not a little delighted to rejoin my family, from whom, it is needless to say, I received a warm and affectionate reception.

"The change of air, added to a few months quiet and care, materially renovated my shattered health; and the annoyance from my wound being nearly abated, I became most anxious to rejoin the army, and resume my share of the fatigues, privations, dangers, and honours, by which they were encompassed. It was therefore with feelings of great satisfaction that I, one morning, learned from my father, on descending

to the breakfast-room, that he had obtained my promotion to a lieutenancy in one of the best cavalry corps at that time serving with the army in Spain under the command of the most renowned general of the age. I hastened to London; and having, with a natural feeling of youthful pride and satisfaction, equipped myself in all the martial trappings of the — regiment, a few short weeks found me once more amid the bustle, care, and delight of the seat of war. Time, chequered with the various stirring events of a campaign, passed rapidly by, and brought at length the ever-memorable 21st of June, 1813.

"The glorious field of Vittoria is now before my eyes as it appeared towards the close of that tremendous day, when, passing at a quick trot, over the countess, defaced, and inanimate bodies scattered on the ensanguined plain, my regiment crossed a small bridge over the Ladora, from the village of Nancurcs, in pursuit of the flying enemy; artillery, baggage-waggons, various articles of costly apparel, and even gold and silver, were strewed abundantly in the streets; and dreadful was the sight as our gallant corps rode hastily through the narrow streets of the city, and emerging by the gates leading to the open country—through which run the high Durango and French roads—pressed on the rear of the retreating foe, who, in the utmost confusion and dismay, dispersed over the plain; while, with great, though useless valour, a few squadrons of French cavalry strove in vain to cover the hurried and totally unorganized flight of their comrades. At the head of one of these squadrons, the wreck of the pseudo-king Joseph's army, I observed a brave and spirited officer, who, seated on a heavy, but powerful, and handsome Norman charger, and undaunted by the slaughter around him, laboured by threats, entreaties, and yet more by his example, to instil firmness and courage into his thinned and wavering troops. Well did I mark his lofty carriage and noble bearing; nor could I otherwise than regret, when, amidst the smoke and confusion of the encounter, I beheld the fine animal on which he rode, stagger and fall, in the agonies of death, on his unfortunate rider. The loss of their leader produced an instantaneous effect upon his gallant band; hitherto excited and cheered, they had endeavoured, with superhuman energy, to make some stand; but after a moment's hesitation, they turned, and fled in disorder, to join their routed countrymen. We were then ordered to draw our bridles, as the night, which was fast closing, rendered farther pursuit useless in our present exhausted condition.

"Thus it happened that I found myself in the neighbourhood of the brave and fallen foe. Anxious to learn his fate, I gave my horse into the care of the nearest soldier, and hastened to the spot. My first endeavour was, with the assistance of two or three men, to remove the ponderous carcase of the poor animal, which lay lifeless across its rider, a ball having pierced its back, shattering the spine. Having at length succeeded in this attempt, I rescued the officer from the perilous situation in which he was placed, being nearly suffocated by the weight of his charger. I was however truly glad to find, upon examination, that farther than being stunned, and severely bruised by the fall, he had providentially sustained little injury. After refreshing him from the contents of a canteen at hand, I removed his cumbrous helmet, and beheld, with sincere pleasure, his handsome and distinguished countenance gradually resume its natural hue. When at length sufficiently

recovered to understand what passed around, perceiving himself to be in the hands of the British, he proffered his sword, which being declined, he introduced himself as the Count —.

"My regiment being ordered to take up their quarters at Vittoria for the night, I was enabled to offer some comforts to the prisoner, who was conveyed thither. These trifling attentions, which were no less a pleasure than a duty, won so much on the noble nature of the Count, as a farther knowledge of my history will prove to you, that ties of the warmest friendship were, from that hour, formed between us.

"Time rolled on: the course of events after the splendid triumph of Vittoria, and the emancipation of the Peninsula, is too well known to need any comment from me, even did time allow of it. Once more, then, I found myself beneath my paternal roof. Boyhood had passed away, and "manhood, with its deep-laid plans, and home-anxieties," came on me. I had been familiar with the world and its ways, and partaken, not lightly, of the peril, hardship, and—may I not add—the renown of war? Still, though surrounded with numberless sources of enjoyment, and blessed with perfect tranquillity, I liked it not. After the active and excited life I had long spent, all seemed too tame for happiness, and, like many soldiers, I watched with deep interest the unfolding of that series of events which at length summoned my regiment again to the field. Meanwhile, I had become a person of some consequence, having attained to that rank most enviable in the eyes of a subaltern—the command of a troop—I was, not long afterwards, destined to remain in idleness. One morning, my good father had most methodically taken out his handkerchief, and after wiping his glasses, placed them on his nose, when the old butler put into his hands the newspaper, which had just arrived from town. Great was my astonishment, and not unmingled with satisfaction, when, after a few moment's perusal, he uttered an exclamation of extreme surprise, and proceeded to inform us of Napoleon's escape from Elba, and enthusiastic reception in France. The lamentable consequences of this step are well known: I shall therefore not pause upon intermediate events, but hasten at once to that which more nearly concerns me—the action of Waterloo.

"I found myself, among many others, waltzing with a fair partner in the ball-room at Brussels, on the night of the 16th June, when the intelligence of the approaching French army was received by the Duke of Wellington. How changed was the scene! In a short space of time I was with my regiment, the brigade to which it belonged being posted on the brow of an extensive ridge, along which runs the hedge giving name to the farm of La Haye Sainte. Between the central regiment and our own, which formed the left wing, was a small knoll, of superior elevation, commanding a great part of the English line of battle. To obtain possession of this spot was the object of the first attack made by the enemy under Count d'Erlon, which is commonly reported to have been only a feint. Be this as it may, an assault was shortly after made by a considerable column on our position, but repelled partly by the heavy cavalry charging the enemy in front, while our regiment, unsupported by the rest of the brigade, fell upon their flank: the left squadron advancing first, suffered severely, the centre following, was actually cut to pieces; the right, to which I belonged, was last employed, and bore its proportion of the loss; but on this I can say little

from observation, as I early received a deep sabre cut on the head, while leading on my troop. What ensued, I know not, as I fell, stunned, from my horse. Trampled on by the contending parties, and exhausted by the loss of blood, it was long ere I in any measure recovered my reason, although consciousness of suffering soon returned. When at length my mind became sufficiently restored to take cognizance of things around me, I perceived that the night must have passed during my insensibility, as the dawn of a bright midsummer morning was fast breaking over the scene of carnage. But you must excuse my dwelling on the harrowing events of that never-to-be-forgotten day: a kind and friendly hand, directed doubtless by a merciful Providence, allayed the parching thirst with which I was overpowered; and my sufferings, which had been chiefly occasioned by the stupifying effects of the wound, added to the great loss of blood, being in some measure abated, the latter having ceased to flow, I made an effort to move, and succeeding at length in raising myself upon my arm, gazed around the field, which was literally covered with the slain. Shuddering at the spectacle, I withdrew my eyes from objects more remote to fix them on those immediately beside me, when, conceive my astonishment on discovering, only a few yards distant from me, the very individual who had been our captive at Vittoria, in a state of extreme suffering, from the effects of a broken thigh, and vainly endeavouring to attract the attention of those of my regiment who had been sent for the purpose of seeking their comrades. The sufferer's voice was too weak to reach their ears, especially since its accents were French; but no sooner had it struck on mine, than I recognised it as familiar, and entreated my men to relieve the gallant officer, who lay half-buried amid the lifeless bodies of the fallen on either side. On hearing my voice, he turned his eyes towards me, and I instantly found the recognition to be mutual; joy beamed from his countenance as he uttered my name. A few words of explanation on the part of each followed, and having, with some difficulty, by means of assistance, regained my legs, my next object was to direct the conveyance of the wounded Count to the nearest spot at which medical aid was to be procured, and whither I was also borne, as I found myself unable to walk through faintness. Everything that skill and kindness could do for our relief, was speedily effected; and so soon as my far slighter wound permitted, I was thankful to watch by his sick bed, and administer, so far as lay in my power, to the wants induced by his melancholy situation.

"During this period, my regiment, with the rest of the army, had marched to Paris; and so soon as I felt myself sufficiently restored, being anxious once more to enter on active duty with my comrades, I took leave of my friend, who was progressing very tolerably; but previous to my departure, I went through a scene which years can never efface from my memory. After thanking me with the utmost warmth and sincerity for the assistance which happily I had been able to afford, he delivered into my hands a packet addressed to the Countess —, Rue —, à Paris.

" 'Should you reach Paris,' he said, 'I feel assured that you will deliver this packet into the hands of her to whom it is directed; she will know how to receive one who has been twice the means of saving her husband; nor will the gratitude of my beloved child be wanting to

my friend and benefactor. *My* prayers have been offered for your safety and reward, *theirs* will abundantly be added;—the Mother of Heaven and her blessed Son protect you.' He paused a moment's space, overpowered by the intensity of his feelings, then continued—'Alas! for the glory of France!—the brightness of her sun is clouded; and my noble master! What will be his fate?—ruined!—conquered!—forsaken! Yet to be beaten by such a foe can never stain a hero. Oh!' he continued, clasping his hands, 'may I live to see our countries united; the bravest enemy will ever make the best of friends.' After these words he fell back fatigued and exhausted on his pillow, and ere long I rejoiced at perceiving that he had sunk into a calm and refreshing slumber.

"On the entrance of the Prussian army into Paris, my regiment took up its quarters at a village within a short league of that most animated and interesting city; consequently we had frequent opportunities of enjoying the various public and private amusements which there abounded. My first object, however, was to find the hotel and deliver the letter of the wounded count: on mentioning his name I was speedily directed to the former, and had soon afterwards the satisfaction of placing the latter in the hands of the afflicted Countess. The tidings which it was my good fortune to bear, lifted her at once from the depth of sorrow, into which she had been thrown by the supposition of her husband's death, to the height of grateful joy; and clasping her hands in speechless emotion, she listened to my narrative of the Count's escape from death, and assurance that a short period only would elapse ere he would be so far recovered as to venture upon joining his beloved family in Paris. Excessive agitation had hitherto prevented her opening the packet of which I had been the bearer; but, being at length somewhat composed, she hastily broke the seals, and, with tears of mingled joy and grief, perused again and again the letter of her justly-endearred partner, as if to convince herself that it was indeed his writing; then, seizing my hand, she exclaimed in broken accents,—'How can I sufficiently express my gratitude to you,—the friend, and twice the preserver of my beloved husband?'

"'As a man and a Christian,' replied I, 'to any one requiring the same assistance, I trust it would have been freely offered; but I rejoice to have been instrumental in rendering any service to those whose regard I so greatly covet, and shall so highly value.'

"'My child, at least,' she rejoined, 'shall unite her warmest acknowledgments to the deliverer of her parent with my own, though words can never tell how much we feel towards you.'

"Her daughter was then summoned; and if I was struck by her elegant appearance and feminine loveliness, I was not less so at the frank and ardent manner in which, with tears of filial affection, she offered her heartfelt thanks for the services I had been enabled to render to the Count.

"Under these happy auspices our intimacy commenced, and it is scarcely necessary for me to inform you, that it speedily ripened into something more than common friendship: each day and hour that a sense of duty permitted me to be absent from my regiment was passed in their increasingly delightful society. At length the wounded husband and father acquired strength sufficient to enable him to bear a removal to Paris, although not quite a convalescent.

"The joyful night of his arrival is now before me, nor will it ever be forgotten. The intense affection manifested towards him by a wife who had mourned him dead; the devoted love of the child who had shared in her mother's grief; the tenderness of their greetings, their ejaculations of thankfulness and joy; all these may be better imagined than described. Who would not have felt the bitterness of years repaid in such an hour as this? The events of that night fixed my determination to make known to the Count my feelings respecting his daughter,—the difference of religion,—country,—fortune,—all were forgotten or disregarded: and, at the earliest opportunity, I informed him of my attachment. His answer was brief, but most satisfactory.

"If," said he, "you can gain the consent of Agnes, mine is sure; to none would I yield my beloved child in preference to yourself, for none I believe can be more worthy of so great a treasure."

"A short time saw me the accepted lover of Agnes, under a promise that I should, so soon as circumstances permitted, return to England, and urge the consent of my parents to our union.

"Many regiments of British cavalry were shortly afterwards ordered to take up different quarters on the line of country commanded by the army of occupation, and, among others, we were stationed in Normandy, not far from the ancient city of Rouen. Nothing could be more favourable to my views, as the Count's health, though improved, was far from re-established, and, on the return of the Bourbons to France, he was glad, like many officers of the fallen Emperor, to retire with his family into the country, there to mourn in private over the ruin of his own and his master's cherished hopes. Thus I had the unexpected happiness of learning from him his intention to visit our friends at La Mailleraie; and rejoiced at the prospect of renewing my intercourse with those so justly dear to me. You will not wonder, therefore, when I tell you that at the ancient château now before you, some of my happiest days were passed. Alas! they were but short. My promotion as a field-officer taking place soon after, offered an opportunity for my return to England, to state in person what I had already urged by letter,—my desire to marry. To you, who are an Englishman, it is unnecessary that I should recount the numerous obstacles opposed to the attainment of my wishes. Virtue,—talent,—beauty,—rank,—and, at least, competence,—were insufficient to satisfy my worldly relations; her nation and religion were in their eyes as crimes, and their consent was decidedly refused. From that hour I left my home, never to return: Agnes became my wife, and, much as I love my country, I have not since beheld its shores. Years have passed, but amid the various events occurring to shake the peace of the great world, we have here lived tranquilly, happy in each other, and in fellowship with those around us—not blessed with children, but gifted with that contentment of mind which most conduces to happiness in this world of trial. Few are the visitors who enter our humble dwelling, but those who do find us out, I hope, remain our friends.

"An event, however, of late occurrence has thrown over our prospects an uncommon gloom. Since the death of the lamented Countess, the aged Count had passed his days entirely in our seclusion, and it has been my study to prevent, as far as was practicable, his recurrence to those political events on which our opinions, as our actions, were op-

posed, and which never failed to disturb the tranquillity of his declining years. The late revolutionary movements at Paris were, however, of too exciting a character to allow of his remaining inactive here; and no sooner did the rumour of the memorable ordinances reach us, than, contrary to our earnest entreaties, he hastened to the city, not unaccompanied, for, though holding opinions diverse from his own, I could not forget the relationship subsisting between us, and, if it were not possible for me to aid his cause, I might at least, I fondly thought, be instrumental in preserving him from destruction. When we reached the city the low smothered flame of revolt, which awaited but the slightest breeze to fan it into open fury, had powerfully manifested itself. On the day following our arrival, thousands of Parisians, many of whom had bled on the field of foreign strife, hurried on with vengeful resolution to meet their countrymen in deadly combat. Alas! how dreadful are the consequences of civil war! Hands which but a few days previous had met in the grasp of friendship, now clutched the blade which was to drink their fellow's blood. Love,—country,—kindred,—all were forgotten in the exterminating struggle. At such a period, when the foundations of the Bourbon supremacy seemed on the point of being rooted up, it is not to be supposed that the ancient followers of Napoleon would remain uninterested spectators of the political convulsion; in it they viewed, as they fondly thought, the season for the rising again of that sun which had set for ever; and even the less enthusiastic and more discerning adherents of the ex-emperor's family rejoiced in the prospect of any change which might exclude the reigning house. Among the latter, the Count was eminently distinguished, and, by general consent, intrusted with the command of a large body of the revolutionary citizens, and with his accustomed valour did he fulfil the task.

"The morning of the 30th of July shone in unclouded splendour on the streets of Paris, where the tri-coloured flag floated proudly from every public building,—the emblem of a melancholy triumph. There were sounds, too, of mirth and rejoicing among the populace; yet amid the general festivity how many families mourned their best and bravest? What to the widow and the fatherless in the hour of their desolation was the victory obtained? They gazed upon the cold, still relics of mortality, and felt how dear to them had been the purchase.

"We had cause for more than common sorrow; our beloved friend was no more. On the last charge being made against the troops, they had wavered and dispersed in much confusion: a dragoon, however, who had observed the Count inspiring and urging on the citizens with enthusiastic valour, while smarting from a sabre wound, turned round and discharged his carbine; the ball pierced the heart of our noble friend, who fell expiring to the earth, his last words being a prayer for his country. His death was revenged; the soldier dropped from his horse mortally wounded, but the spirit of my friend had fled. It is needless for me to tell you how his fall was mourned by his followers; it would be vain to attempt any expression of our own grief under this severe bereavement. Thus died one who had survived an hundred battles,—a kind and affectionate parent, a noble and gallant officer, a virtuous and honoured man."

THE HUMORIST.

CHARITY.

“ Wrapt in my virtue and a good surtout.”—GAY: *Trivia*.

AT public dinners for the benefit of charitable institutions every one must have observed that the applause which follows the announcement of a donation is nicely proportioned to its amount. Thus: “ Mr. White, one guinea !” is acknowledged by a scarcely audible tap on the table by the tip of the fore-finger. “ Mr. Brown, one guinea !” the same. “ Mr. Green, *five* guineas !” (announced with a marked emphasis on the “ five ”) and there is a clattering of spoons and knife-handles. But for “ Alderman Phigs, *TEN* guineas !” fists are brought into requisition, and the tables are thumped till the enraptured glasses and decanters skip and dance about in very ecstasy. “ Mr. Black, one *pound* !” comes as a charm, like oil thrown upon the troubled waters, and suddenly the enthusiastic clamour subsides into the gentle tapping of the fore-finger.

Now, considering that, in all these cases, the motive that prompts the act is one and the same, namely, Charity: considering, also, that the guinea of Mr. White, and the pound of Mr. Black, may be equal, or more than equal, to the ten guineas of Mr. Alderman Phigs, in proportion to their respective means; is it not ungenerous, is it not unjust, to stigmatize, as it were, by such sordid distinctions, the humbler contribution of the less affluent man? Time was, when, in the innocence of my heart, I thought so; when I fondly believed that Mr. White with his one guinea donation, no less than Mr. Alderman Phigs with his ten, was an incarnation of benevolence unalloyed; and that upon all the occasions, and in all the cases, in question, the motive, sole and simple, that quickened the liberality of the contributors *was* charity. Alas! and alas! for the beautiful mistakes of youth and inexperience! One by one are we forced to part with them as payment for the purchase of wicked, worldly wisdom; yet, as if our little stock would not be soon enough exhausted by the slow, but certain, operation of this hard and heartless traffic, we are now so Penny-Tutor’d, so Penny-Cyclopædia’d into premature sapience, that ere long not a pleasing illusion will remain to beguile the imagination even of a child.

Amongst the many agreeable errors which unrelenting Experience has thus dispelled, and the place of which she has inhumanly supplied with nothing but a quantity of fact—fact at once useless and uncomfortable—is this, concerning the motive that incites to donations in public. Far be it from me to assert, what truly I do not believe, that pure charity has never anything to do with these matters. On the contrary, I am satisfied that in nine cases out of ten the motive that impels the hand into that *sanctum sanctorum*, the pocket, *is* charity. The exceptions, however

—the remaining one case in every ten—are sufficient for the purpose of showing that, however objectionable in point of taste may be the practice I have noticed, it is, in its consequences, greatly beneficial to the objects in whose behalf it is exercised. Upon a recent occasion, of which I was a witness, it was four guineas clear gain to the “A——’s Benevolent Fund.”

At the last anniversary dinner for the benefit of that excellent institution, I was placed next to Mr. ——, a distinguished member of the profession in aid of which the fund had been established. We were seated at the cross-table, nearly facing Lord ——, the president for the day. As we were already acquainted with each other, though but slightly, we soon fell into easy conversation. Amongst other topics, the occasion which had brought us together was prominent.

“This is a fine charity,” said Mr. ——, “and deserves the support of the public. It is delightful to reflect that when members of my profession are overtaken by age, or sickness, or infirmity, and are thus rendered incapable of exercising their powers for their own support; it is delightful to reflect, I say, that they have then this invaluable institution to fall back upon. I have contributed my mite to it, my annual guinea, for the last seven years; though, heaven knows, I am not likely, thank heaven! ever to require assistance from it myself. No, thank heaven! I have been industrious and frugal; and, between ourselves, had all my brethren followed my example, there had been no need for this periodical call upon the public, this drain upon the pockets of the more prudent members of the profession.”

“That you have exercised those qualities,” said I, “is greatly to your credit. At your outset in your career you made a fortunate hit, which brought you into notice: you were patronized, and employment followed: finding employment, you were industrious: of prudent habits, you economized the fruits of your industry. Nothing could be more exemplary. But it was not for such as you, who are at once fortunate and wise, that institutions like the present were contemplated. They were designed to remedy the accidents of life, and, in the true spirit of charity, redress even the infirmities of poor human nature. Mark me well! I do not mean to advocate the cause of idleness or of thoughtless extravagance; but how is he to be industrious who is unfurnished with employment? and, as non-occupation is unproductive, from what in-comings is he to lay by a fund for the wants of a future day? You, my dear Sir, are, in the words of Gay, ‘wrapt in your virtue;’ but (of course, not intending to apply the remainder of the quotation to you)” — [I did, though; for I was disgusted with the meanness and the arrogant self-gratulation which peeped through his professions of charity.] — “‘but how many are there whose virtue would stand them in but little stead, were they not comfortably wrapt also in ‘a good surtout?’”

“True,” said he, “very true; and that is why I subscribe to this charity. It is useful—eminently useful! It enables one to do a world of good! Though, like you, I am no advocate of idleness, my heart bleeds at a tale of distress, by whatever cause the distress may be produced; and I do all in my power, small as are my means, to alleviate it. It was only the other day that poor S—— called at my house. Owing to an inflammation of the eyes he had, been unable to do anything for six weeks. He complained that he and his wife were in great distress,

and asked me to lend him a guinea. I could not do that, for the claims upon me which I *must* comply with are, I do assure you, beyond belief. Besides, I am, as I said, an annual subscriber of a guinea to this fund, which is intended to meet cases like his. One cannot do it both ways. I, therefore, did what I thought best, and, indeed, all I was able to do for him, poor fellow! After gently remonstrating with him upon his improvidence in not having made some reserve out of his earnings, for a casualty of this kind, I gave him a very pressing letter in his behalf to the secretary of this institution; and I hope—sincerely hope—it has been useful to him, poor fellow! Ah! this is, indeed, an admirable charity!”

“This is economising the heavenly virtue with a vengeance!” thought I. “Charity covereth a multitude of sins; but the sins of my acquaintance here must be few indeed, or I doubt whether the scanty garment which, at the moderate outlay of one-pound-one, he annually provides for them, will quite serve for their concealment.”

“I have sometimes thought,” said I, resuming the conversation, “that if, instead of paying a guinea for an execrable dinner, and wine more execrable still, we were to contribute that guinea as an additional gift to the fund, whatever it might be, we should thereby promote its interest, and consult one’s own comfort at the same time. But, on the other hand, it must be considered how many there are who attend meetings of this kind simply as a matter of curiosity or of amusement: who are not amongst the regular subscribers to the particular institution: who, perhaps, know little and care less concerning its objects: but are attracted thither by the opportunity of staring at the President (if he be an eminent man) and hearing him speak; or by the announcement that Prince Mirza-Sham-Shoo has signified his intention of being present in his splendid native costume; or that Mr. Somebody has kindly consented to disgust the company by jumping Jim Crow on the table.* But for such an expedient, therefore, as a public dinner, all such accidental contributors would be lost. The same thing may be said with respect to charity-sermons. The Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum (for instance) is equally deserving of support, whether the sermon in its behalf be preached by one of the ordinary ministers of such-or-such a church, or by the celebrated Doctor —, or the Bishop of —; yet the receipts at the church doors would show, I apprehend, with unquestionable distinctness, whether the sermon had been preached by the Bishop or the Curate. On these occasions, again, the holder of the plate will greatly influence the amount of contributions; and I have known a pretty woman to smile half a sovereign out of the identical purse, from which the fat vestryman would hardly have extorted half a crown.”

“With respect to public dinners,” said Mr. —, “you are right. By public dinners, I mean this one in particular, for I never go to any other: I subscribe to no other institution. Let every one look to his own, is my maxim; and if every body were to attend strictly to that,

* JIM CROW. I take this opportunity to record my contempt for the taste of that portion of the public, whether the lowest of the low, or the lowest of the high, who could nightly flock in crowds, not only to witness, but to applaud, an exhibition of buffoonery given under that name, which was at once stupid, senseless, and disgusting. The metropolis is, for the present, rid of it; and I trust the vulgar nuisance will never again be allowed to disgrace and degrade any stage in London pretending to higher claims to respectability than a booth in Bartholomew Fair.—JOHN POOLE.

much more good would be done in the world than is done. As you say, they are useful, else one might just as well save one's guinea; for, for my part, I take no pleasure in this sort of thing; and, as for the dinner, I can dine much better at home for half-a-crown. But they *are* useful—they sometimes make connexions."

"Make connexions!" exclaimed I. "What mean you by making connexions?"

"Why," replied he, "I mean that one sometimes meets with people one might not otherwise have encountered, and thus a stray commission may fall in one's way. I have received four or five in this very room upon different occasions of this kind. *That* is my motive for coming here. I do everything upon calculation; and, between ourselves, I have a great card to play to-day. You may think it strange, but" (and this he added with a look of profound knowingness) "I never give a shilling but in the hope of getting five by it."

I made no reply; and a pause ensued. What his great card might be I did not inquire. I apprehend, however, that in this brief interval my countenance must have assumed an expression indicative of what was passing in my mind, and that that was not quite satisfactory to my companion; for thus he resumed:—

"My principle is the true one, though, rely upon it. There is much wisdom in the old saying, that 'charity begins at home.' We must look to Number One in the first instance, or we should never be able to assist Number Two. If I had not been, as I said before, industrious, and pains-taking, and cautious, and careful of my money, as I have been, thank Heaven! why, instead of being a contributor to this admirable fund, as I am, thank Heaven! I might have been a claimant upon it. Aye, aye; cold-blooded maxim as you may consider it, be assured that true charity begins at home."

"That there is much of general truth in what you say, I am willing to admit," replied I; "but the subject is one which I do not like to see treated upon cold calculation, or adjusted by line and rule. Now, to take your own case, and upon your own showing, I think," (added I, at the same time forcing a laugh) "I think that you, Mr. —, might afford to be a little more profligate than you are, without becoming a much worse member of society. As for that charity which so cautiously begins at home, I fear that it is apt to acquire such a habit of domesticity as to render it irksome to it to pay an occasional visit abroad. Fortunately, however, for the poor and the destitute there is an institution, supported by involuntary contributions, which forces that house-keeping lady to show her head out of doors."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. —; "indeed! and what may that be?"

"The poor's rates."

"Aye—true," said —; "the poor's rates—true. In my parish, now, the poor's rates are tremendously heavy, terrifically, awfully! And, yet, what I give away in private charity is unknown."

"To anybody," thought I.

"And, which is still worse, that being subjected, as we are, to that heavy tax, one is not protected by it against the nuisance of street-beggars. To them I *never* give—I make that a rule. Don't you?"

"I do—but with occasional exceptions. One sometimes meets with a case of unquestionable distress."

"Psha!" exclaimed —; "in any case it is mistaken charity. To relieve street-beggars were to encourage vice and idleness. In a country like this, Sir, where such fine provision is made for the poor, where parochial relief may be obtained, where we have a Mendicity Society instituted purposely to prevent street-begging, no one need be in distress."

"Nor would they if they could help it, I suppose."

"They need not beg if they would work."

"Always supposing they could find employment. But to return to my exception, the case of unquestionable distress—unquestionable, I mean, so far as the appearance of the mendicant, his story, and one's own judgment (and I would almost rather that, upon such a point, the judgment should be from the heart than the head) can lead to an opinion. I see a poor creature—a woman, Mr. —, a woman—at night—bare-footed, bare-headed, the rags about her person insufficient to cover her, crouching and shivering under such shelter as one of the alcoves of Westminster Bridge can afford her against the snow and the sleet. I may not remind her that if she had not rejected the employment which had been offered to her (I am supposing thus much), or that if she had not squandered the whole of the liberal remuneration of twelve shillings a week which she had received from Madame des Ruches, the fashionable milliner, for working the flesh off her fingers from six of the morning till ten at night, she need not have been starving on Westminster Bridge. No: in the first place this is no time for such a reminder; and, in the next, if you will not allow me to relieve, you take from me the right to remonstrate. 'No preachee and floggee too, Massa!' But I ask her, in the blandest tone imaginable, why she does not go home, instead of lying, on a stormy night, upon a cold bridge? She tells me she has no home to go to. I next ask her why, 'in a country like this where such fine provision is made for the poor,' she does not go to her parish? She replies that her parish is in the North Riding of Yorkshire. I then inquire why she does not apply for relief to the Mendicity Society, as she ought to do, instead of begging in the streets—a course which is highly improper? She faintly answers that the house of that excellent society is three miles off, and that, an-hungred and benumbed with cold, she cannot crawl so far. Now, Mr. —, though I am as little disposed as you are to 'encourage vice and idleness,' I ask you what I ought to do in a case like this, which, let me assure you, is neither exaggerated nor rare?"

"Why, Sir, a hundred to one the woman is an impostor."

"Long odds, Mr. —. However—granted. And what then?"

"What then! Why, if you give to impostors you *do* encourage vice and idleness, and, by so doing, act in opposition to the best interests of society."

"As a rule, I admit it; but I am taking an exception."

"Well, then; for the exception: you are laughed at by the very object of your mistaken charity."

"Granted. And what then? We do not, like the benevolent man in a sentimental comedy, give a well-filled purse, or a pocket-book crammed with bank-notes, to the first beggar we meet with: the relief afforded in such cases, by the most charitable, or the most gullible of us, seldom exceeds a few halfpence. Now, Sir, is it not better to run the risk of being laughed at for a dupe, by an artful, designing woman,

who places herself in a situation which neither you nor I should envy for the comforts it affords, and who, in her wickedness, does this for the express purpose of deluding us into the bestowing of—let us be noble in our generosity—sixpence; is it not better than to run the other risk?"

"What other risk do you run?"

"That the misery and suffering, of which she exhibits the outward and visible signs, may be real; and that by leaving her to want a few pence which would have procured for her shelter a degree or two less wretched than that afforded by a stone bench on a bleak bridge, and a morsel of bread for her supper, I leave her to die! Again, I say, and I asseverate—the case I put is neither exaggerated nor rare: consult your police reports else, or your newspapers three times in every week during the inclement season. The machinery of public charity, contrive it as you will, is insufficient to perform all the work that poverty and destitution require. Thousands of sufferers in thousands of ways there are who come not within the range of its operation. For this, also, will I refer you to the police proceedings of almost every day the whole year round. Constantly do we read of some culprit being carried before a magistrate, and charged with the heinous crime of having taken his last-night's rest in the open street, with a stone door-step for his pillow. The luxurious rascal! will nothing less content him? He has nothing to say in his defence but that he had not wherewithal to procure a lodging; and that, owing to some form, or quirk, or quibble, his applications to the 'authorities' for relief had been rejected. These forms, and quirks, and quibbles being all according to law, the magistrate expresses his regret that nothing can be done for him; and if he, the magistrate, be a good-natured fellow (as many of them are) he gives the criminal a shilling from his own pocket, and dismisses him with a warning to beware of a second offence. Out, then, upon your mendicity-mongers, who hold up the scare-crow Imposture to frighten Charity out of the streets! Let her walk where she will, there is no danger that she will fatigue herself to death by her excursions."

"Mistaken charity, depend upon it," said Mr. —. "Why, Sir, a half-naked fellow will come shivering to you on a cold winter's day and beg a penny of you for bread. What does he do but go to the next public-house and buy gin with it?"

"Let him: he can't afford to drink Port or Claret to keep out the cold, which you and I should require for that objectionable purpose."

"That, at any rate," said Mr. —, with an air of triumph, "is mistaken charity."

"Charity, Mr. —, is never a mistake where benevolence is the motive. 'Mistaken charity' is a mean, sordid, purse-protecting phrase. It claps a padlock upon the breeches-pocket, which is, in general, sufficiently guarded against any very dangerous liberality by a mere button. It is most frequently in his mouth, who (to repeat the words of Gay,) 'wrapt in his virtue and a good surtout,' is glad of any plausible pretext to avoid a draught of two-pence upon his purse. Now, for men like him, Sir, meetings of this kind (where not the motive or the means of the giver, but only the amount of the gift is considered) are admirably contrived: for, either from ostentation, or some unrevealed motive of

interest, he will be induced to give ten guineas, whereas, without such incentive, he would not willingly have given as many shillings."

"That's true, very true," replied —. "For instance, there is **** yonder, a member of my profession: he regularly gives his five guineas here, though he can no better afford it than I can. But I suppose it answers his purpose. His name is called out in a loud voice, and the company cry 'Bravo,' and make all sorts of disagreeable noises, and he gets into notice. See now—look at him—see how he is ear-wiggling Sir W—— C——, who has lately returned with a princely fortune from India. Sir W—— is said to be passionately fond of art. But let him go on; I have *my* card to play also."

This was the second time Mr. — had used this phrase, though I was but little more enlightened as to its meaning than before.

Attention was now called to a speech from the chair. The purport of the oration was to exalt the Charity of the day above all other possible Charities, past, present, and to come; and to exhort the visitors to contribute with a liberality for which the orator hoped and trusted they would receive the grateful thanks of children yet unborn. The stewards then proceeded round the room to collect contributions. Mr. — asked one of them for pen, ink, and paper: these were given to him, and the gentleman passed on. Mr. — deliberately wrote a draught, deliberately folded it, deliberately rose from his seat, and deliberately beckoned with it between his fingers, first to one of the stewards, then to another. After considerable delay, and just when the whole of those functionaries were crowded around the treasurer, his signals were perceived. A steward approached him, received the strip of paper, pressed his hand to his heart, and retired. At the very same instant silence was called for the first list of contributions. The announcement of these was received according to their several amounts, in the manner I have already described. There was one, however, and that was the last, which was honoured with loud and long-continued cheering:—"And Mr. ****, TEN guineas!"

Mr. **** cast his eyes modestly down upon the table; Mr. — turned pale.

"Why—confound him!" muttered —; "the ostentatious—the interested—the time-serving—the—*ten* guineas, and be hanged to him. Had I suspected such a thing I would almost have—— And my five guineas! they have not called out my five guineas!" Then, calling to him the steward who had received his donation, he continued:—"Sir—my dear Sir—my five guineas—I gave you a draught for five guineas, and they have not called out my five guineas."

"It was too late for the *first* list, my dear Sir; but your very handsome donation will be announced in the *second*." Saying this the speaker withdrew.

"D——n my handsome donation!" muttered —. "My five guineas—I didn't give my five guineas to be announced in the second list, when the noble president will be gone, and when nobody will be in the room to hear about it. And the people are already going away!—And Sir W—— C——, too, whose notice I *particularly* desired to attract. And, as I hope to live, that ostentatious, time-serving fellow, ****, along with him—arm in arm, too!—An actual fraud! A *positive* fraud! Fairly done out of my five guineas, for any good it will do me."

At length, just as the noble president rose to depart, silence was called for the *second* list of contributions. And in such silence as the moving of chairs, the shuffling of feet, and exclamations of "Delightful afternoon!" "Capital chairman!" "Charming singing!" "Admirable charity!" would allow, a list of some dozen contributions, with "Mr. —'s five guineas!" amongst them, was hastily mumbled over.

"Pretty treatment, upon my word!" said — (striking his hat down upon his head, with a force that endangered his nose.) "Five guineas! I might just as well have given my one guinea, as usual, for anything that the meeting of to-day is the wiser, or that I am likely to be the better for it. A dead loss of four guineas to me!"

"But a dead gain of exactly so much to the A——s' Benevolent Institution," thought I.

Happily there are in this country thousands and thousands to whose charity may be applied the words of a popular poet:—

"Whose silent gifts, no tribute paid to Fame,
No purse-proud pension for a blazon'd name;
Like Nilus' waters, bounteous in their course,
Bless where they flow, but still conceal their source—"

yet, on the other hand, it will not be denied that there are hundreds and hundreds whose coffers would for ever remain hermetically sealed against the claims of humanity, were not some such magic as has been here noticed employed to open them.

P*.

A NOTE FROM THE GENTLEMAN WHO IS ASHAMED TO BE SEEN.

(*Communicated by Mr. Blanchard.*)

*****.—Naturally nervous—shy, sensitive, fidgetty—I am at this moment so overwhelmed with shame, so bewildered in a maze of many horrors—that I seem to feel the want of a dictionary to help me to the few words necessary to the relation of my—simple—but—appalling story.

Perhaps the narrative is unnecessary. Perhaps all London is now laughing at my adventure. Here in my forlorn solitude, how should I know the subject of the club's scandal, the town's gossip? Am I that subject? I can't go out to ascertain. I can see no friend. See! alas, can I ever be *seen*! Can I ever venture to be visible again?

Yes, I dare say the whole town is already talking of the affair, quizzing the hero of the tale,—the absurd gentleman, who, in his abstractedness,—in that state of mind in which a man thinks so deeply, that he's confoundedly thoughtless,—by the oddest mistake, the most ridiculous but provoking blunder,—absolutely cut off—psha! the absurdity goes beyond the absurd. And to do it with my eyes open, wide open,—actually staring myself in the face all the time!

If the tale is to be told, let history have the right version. Concealment is out of the question, so I may as well confess. But the public's patience for a single moment—I will but make one inquiry, and then begin. * * * Surely I rang that bell before. There's pull the

second. That fellow Robert is afraid to enter the room, lest he should laugh outright as he looks at me. Oh, here he is. Well, Robert, what says Harris? what of the bear? Oh, he is killed, is he? That's all right. And I shall have some of the finest and purest quality? Very well, that'll do; now shut the door.

I could not proceed until that matter was fairly off my mind.

The reader may not have a very distinct recollection of my picture, which the artist and myself admired amazingly at Somerset House in the Exhibition before last. It was simply sent as the portrait of a gentleman—I shall be *the* gentleman next time. But whosoever observed that portrait must have especially remarked—there is no self-flattery in this—especially remarked the flowing curl of the hair, the graceful line of the whisker, the unexceptionable arch of the eye-brow. To object to the hue, I fancy, would be to condemn the glossy black of the raven. There was no such effect in any other portrait in the Exhibition. In fact, the three hundred and seventy-two remaining gentlemen who published their heads that year were either grey or bald. If they would like to make an experiment, I can with pleasure accommodate all of them with some dye or balsam, some oil or essence, warranted infallible. Within these eight-and-forty hours I have been in communication with every hair-professor in town, and have a stock of inestimable compositions, sufficient to warrant me in opening an establishment upon a grand scale.

I speak of myself as being shy and sensitive—it is my evil fortune to be so—but being shy and sensitive is no reason why a man should be blind to his own whiskers, or shut his eyes to the eyebrows which he wore in his cradle. I may, without blushing, confess to a secret consciousness that in these respects nature had singled me out for honour; that she who had given Solomon his wisdom, had given whiskers to me. I have no such consciousness of the possession of other advantages, if I have any. My eyes may be of any colour, dull or bright, for aught I can tell; my mouth—no, that is absolutely beyond my reach; but my hair—whatever strength I may possess, it certainly lies where Sampson's did. Even at this moment I cannot help consoling myself with the reflection—at this moment, when my hair—could the reader behold it!—is almost standing on end. What is it that Chillon's prisoner says about “turning white in a single night?”

This consciousness, or, if the world will insist upon calling it so, this conceit, has cost me something. It is better to have a head of hair like a wiry terrier's and not know it, than hyacinthine locks, and be ever cognizant of the distinction. It is better to be unthinkingly bare-cheeked, than to have a pair of whiskers perpetually rushing across your mind. Still, there is no gainsaying, in my case, the fact of their magnificence. I, who had an inkling of it before, was sure of it when the portrait appeared. I collected the opinions of many ladies of my acquaintance, about whose ideas upon such a subject it was impossible for a person of a sensitive turn of mind, like myself, to form a notion previously. I had originally a little doubt of the propriety of exhibiting the picture, having observed that people never call you ill-looking till your portrait is produced, and then, although the painter have made you as ugly as Snarley-yow himself, they will all swear that it's a flattering likeness. Such was not my fate—I listened anxiously for the

sentiments of my acquaintances—especially of the fair circle. They all met at one point—at the point of my own ambition, my own conviction. Their exclamations were, one after one—not about the features, the expression, the contour, the general likeness—but “the curls are very like and quite natural,” or “the whiskers are inimitable, and as black as life.” Nay, to confirm this impression, I heard more than one person, total strangers to me, pointing to the picture as they passed it, say, “What a fine head—of hair!” I wished for no more—my object was attained.

Man, however, is a changeable animal, and that has often struck me to be the real reason why he never continues long in the same mind. I was always anxious and fidgetty, and the taste of one compliment made me sigh for another. The crop of raven curl, the sweep of unexceptionable whisker, these were triumphs—but the idea of another, a nobler darted one morning into my mind, and instantly fixed my imagination. The greatest was behind. The MOUSTACHE! Those who had sanctioned before would admire then, and those who had already admired would double their notes of admiration. Yes, the idea of the moustache at once took possession of my soul. If it be true that

“Beauty draws us by a single hair,”

what must be the attraction, I thought, of a myriad mustered on my upper lip! I mused complacently on the matter all the evening, and at night dreamt that I was Orson. Not dismayed by my dream, I resolved in the morning to preserve my upper lip sacred from the edge of the razor. I went out of town while the moustaches grew. They sprang up and flourished. I returned to London, and prepared myself, with some shyness and anxiety, for a sensation.

The first trial proved the fact—that it is better to let well alone. Nervous as I was, I could not but perceive that in form and colour my moustaches were miracles; but the military (I shall not hint why) made a dead set at them. They were perpetually being thrown in my teeth, and that is not particularly agreeable. My retiring and timid disposition did not contrast favourably with the fierceness of aspect I had suddenly acquired. People quizzed me with inquiries about my regiment. Instead of increasing the effect produced by my portrait, the moustache that was to work marvels for me diminished it. I overheard Colonel Badger, who had complimented me the day before on my becoming and tasteful acquisition, reply to the observation of his companion, whose glance I had just felt to be levelled at me—“Yes, it’s a pity he doesn’t shave, for the style of his hair is not near so frightful.” I knew this was envy—but felt that the razor must be my resource.

The next morning I resolved to disappoint my quizzers, and strip them of their joke. I stood before the glass to take the last look at those remarkable natural productions. It was impossible to help being affected. The act of removing them struck me as being—as far as it went—suicidal. “A sentence! come, prepare!” No, I couldn’t execute it. The keen and shining instrument fell from my hands. Moustache was reprieved for that day.

On the next—that fatal day!—I awoke full of the recollection of the “looks and tones,” the hints and shrugs, the significant whispers and the sudden “hushes,” of which, at a party the night before, I could not

avoid believing myself the object. The joke, I saw, was against me. I was of a peaceful and sensitive turn of mind, and my new military assumption would suggest merry associations. My acquaintances—in spite of any confidence I might contrive to acquire, in spite even of a swagger or a stare, if I could compass such an achievement—would insist upon regarding me as a dove that had borrowed a vulture's beak. I sighed heavily as I admitted to myself that the moustaches must be given up. They must be taken off to save myself from the same fate. I had another party to attend at night. Well, night would be time enough for the stroke.

I again stood before the glass. I experienced the feeling of one who was called upon to offer up a great sacrifice on the altar of society. I was impressed with the conviction that the grave duty had devolved upon me of tranquillizing the public mind, and performing an act of heroic and generous self-devotion. I comprehended the full force of the sensations that might shake the soul of a great landed proprietor on being, by a stroke of inevitable fate, compelled to cut down a noble forest, under the shade of whose melancholy boughs he had not lost and neglected the creeping hours of time. But the axe must be laid to the root—the weapon was sharp and at hand. It was in vain to gaze and lament—agitation in the army must be prevented at any sacrifice. Yet such moustaches! I felt that a vainer man, a mere coxcomb, would clip them off with care and send them under a glass-shade to the British Museum. The longer I gazed the more insupportable was the reflection. My hand, obeying a sudden and violent impulse of my nature, upraised the shining and irresistible steel. It was better tempered than I was; but the hand did not shake—it was the trembling of the soul. I applied the sharpened edge to the sentenced lip. *I saw what I was doing, yet I knew not what I did.* A minute more—my hand was removed—I looked, and beheld the moustaches no longer. I had played the part of the blind Fury, and had “slit their thin-spun life.” They lay before me—as it seemed to my aching sight—cut off in their flower. They looked more black and curling than before. That was a natural reflection of the fox, when he walked along the whole length of the prostrate tree that had been blown down in the night—“What a noble tree! I never thought it so tall while standing.”

Composure succeeded to the act of sacrifice. I returned, in tolerable calmness, to the glass from which I had retreated, to view the aspect which had thus suffered a “sea-change”—to gaze on the scene of departed glory—to look, as it were, on the site of Troy. The first glance startled me—I scarcely knew myself. How altered, how strange!—how surprisingly altered, and how perplexingly strange. Who that had seen me an hour before would guess me to be the same person! It was very odd. I was, however, quite sure of my own identity, and must be satisfied. Still it was mysterious that the being accustomed for three months to moustaches should make me not only a stranger to my own eyes—but a very droll-looking stranger—quite grotesque. I looked, and looked. But it was getting late, and there was no time for further musing. To my party I went.

Although the cause of joke was thus for ever removed, I was not less nervous than I had been the night before—not at all: and it soon appeared that I had no reason to be. The first person I saw on entering

fixed upon me a look which I never shall forget; there was in her expression an unaccountable mixture of the ludicrous and the piteous. My lovely and gentle-hearted hostess, how kind it was of you to stifle your natural laugh until I had turned away! I passed on to another friend; his look said, as intensely as ever Macready's lips did, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Another, and another, and another—all with characteristic variations of the same surprise, the same uncontrollable disposition to laugh;—the same—yes, there was no mistake—the same touch of pity softening and subduing the emotion. I blushed, until I felt my cheek absolutely singeing the small curls of my whisker. I fidgetted and zigzagged my way to the next glass, perfectly bewildered and confounded. All eyes were upon me, yet I did contrive to snatch a momentary look. "Very strange," was my internal and most uncomfortable ejaculation; "I shouldn't know myself, and yet cannot conceive what is the matter with me."

At this moment my friend the Colonel crossed the room, and joined me. There was no tincture of ridicule in the solemnity of his face.

"My dear fellow," whispered he, "what on earth has crazed a creature of your quiet habits? How the devil came you to shave them off? You're mad!"

"Not mad," I stammered, "but a little mystified by the honour of being stared at by the whole room. The fact is, I took them off, partly because you quizzed me for mounting them; and, to own the truth, I have no right to moustaches: plain sober fellows of my sort might just as reasonably take to red coats."

"Moustaches!" exclaimed my companion, with a look of increased wonderment and concern—in a tone that seemed to imply a conviction that I had lost my senses.

"Yes," I replied, striving to assume an air of ease and indifference; "it was my whim to be a puppy, and it is now my whim to be myself again; I chose to mount them, and I have chosen to remove them."

"*Have you?*" was his emphatic, deeply whispered, and final exclamation. There was a volume of wonder in it. It clearly told me I *had not*.

Another glance over my shoulder at the brilliantly lighted mirror—one short, shuddering glance—it was enough. My eyes were now opened—nothing could be more visible—a doubt was an impossibility. There, indeed, were the mysterious moustaches, black as night. There they were; yet I had seen myself cut them off! I felt them rising up on my lip with horror. I lived a whole year of agony in that instant. What then had I done? To what part of my face had my perturbed spirit directed the keen-edged engine of separation? One little movement of my now really opened eyes at once informed me—**MY EYEBROWS WERE GONE!**

With them has gone, for this season at least, Othello's occupation.

THE SHOVEL-HAT.

"Bold Britons we are now on Shooter's Hill."—BYRON.

THE Rev. Dr. W—— was chaplain to the Countess of Elgin, when that lady resided at Shrewbury House, Shooter's Hill, with her pupil, the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The learned and pious Doctor, in addition to his clerical duties, had the honour in assisting in her Royal Highness's early education; for this office a competent salary was allowed, which he received in London, every half-year, from the appointed agent.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits to town, that he bethought him of certain sums due to him from the parents and guardians of the lads whom he was in the habit of preparing for their first military appointments, as gentlemen cadets, "teaching their young ideas how to shoot," by theoretically expounding the science of gunnery, in which he well knew they would soon have no lack of *practice*.

Taking advantage, accordingly, of his trip to London, he gathered in the siller, from most of the sources whence it ought naturally to flow; so that the sum-total of the collection formed a very considerable "consideration," but his calls on the various parties concerned detained him in the metropolis till nearly ten o'clock of a clear though starless and moonless night, early in January.

I am thus particular, at *my* outset, to avoid the necessity for explanations or repetitions, when once my worthy divine has commenced *his* journey homeward. Ere he does so, it behoves me to describe himself and equipage.

A wit once said to me—

"Dark grey's the best hue, all experience teaches,
If not for hair, for horses, eyes, and—pantaloons."

He "might have rhymed," but this should-have-been couplet gives a tolerable idea of the close covering to the Doctor's well-formed head, and of the deep-set eyes, of piercing twinkle, which lit up a visage wherein intellect, benevolence, and the due gravity of his calling, blended with an almost humorous cheerfulness, which rendered him, out of school, the best *raconteur* amongst us—I must not say story-teller, for Dr. W—— was all truth and orthodoxy. Orthodox was he, not only as regarded all *articles* of religion, but in those less numerous of his own attire. The suit of sables, though of the most exemplary broad-cloth, and bearing evidence of the hand of a Master—*tailor*, was scrupulously simple in its fashion; knee-breeches, with silver buckles, incased his nether limbs, finished (at home) by speckled silk stockings (dark grey again) and well-polished shoes; but whenever he travelled the Doctor wore boots—nor jockey, nor Hessian, nor jack, but cut round in a straight line at the top, shaped somewhat like carronades, and high enough to meet his lower garments; a plaited stock encompassed his neck; his hat was of the most precise shovel-pattern, looped up at the sides, so as to narrow the back part, and lend additional dignity to the broad brim which shaded his brow; nor was the silk rosette too large, or too small, by the tithe of an inch.

Broad-brimmed, too, may I call his one-horse chaise. Roomy, cumbersome, with huge leathern head; it was what his friends called a good sensible chaise, and what chaise could be sensible without a head? Could such a piece of antiquity, however, be looked on now, by our modern scientific designers of carriages, they would scarcely believe in its having been driven "any time these thousand years;" but of one thing, I am certain, that they would not accuse it of ever having been too giggish even for a doctor of divinity.

The animal which drew this ponderous though convenient vehicle was fitted by nature to his fate; sleek, well-fed, and sedate as a Spanish archbishop's mule; he dreamt not of a Greenwich rail-road, nor of the speed now to be witnessed thereon; but, like a sagacious servant (as most of your slow and sures are), decided that the only safe and pleasant rate of travelling for his valued master was brown George's own pace of four miles an hour.

At a livery stable, on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, Dr. W—— "put up" his equipage, whenever he came to town; but the ostler, on hearing his order to "put to," at ten o'clock, exclaimed, cordially—

"Dear heart alive! who'd a thought it, Sir? Why, I made sure, Sir, you was agoing to stop in Lunnon all night. I've been in three minds about littering down old Georgy and giving un his supper. I never know'd 'e so back'ard afore, your rev'ence. The Lord send 'e safe home to your wife and family! for you've a baddish bit to go; confested with them as don't stand on no trifles. 'Money or life' is all them chaps do say!"

This "d—d good-natured friend's" broad hints as to the perils of the road failed to deter the stout Doctor from seating himself in his chaise, which he drove out of the yard, to the accompaniment of honest Jim's repeated warning—

"Mark my words, Master! you may wish you'd taken a fool's advice; but Lud a massy send 'e safe home! that's all the harm I do wish 'e!"

Steady George soon brought his master to the turnpike, about half a mile beyond the Bricklayer's Arms. At the sound of wheels the collector issued from his minute mansion, recognized the traveller, put his foot on the step of the chaise, and leaning forward, whispered—

"Be on your guard, Sir! *They are out to-night!*"

Thus satisfying his conscience, he flung open the gate, closed it after the driver, and re-entered the toll-house.

The lovers of white bait, the visitants of fair or college now find almost one continuous street from London to Greenwich; but at the time with which I deal not more than three houses, and those off the road, existed between the turnpike just left behind, and the Centurion at Deptford. Nursery-grounds and asparagus-beds occupied the way-sides, and, in sooth, to quote our raven Jim, it was "a baddish bit." Yet the ostler's croakings had not affected the Doctor as did the brief emphatic caution from him of the pike against those of the pistol. His anxiety was now awakened for the "great charge" he carried, and the next to certainty of being met by some of the moon's minions, such as, before and since the immortal attack at Gadshill, have conspired to confer upon this district a redoubtable and by no means desirable notoriety. Yes the Doctor had promised Mrs. W—— to sleep at home; and, could

he ever have broken his word, he must have kept faith in such a case. So feeling, as became him, that whatever might happen *must* be for the best, he heroically concluded his mental soliloquy with "I care not what man can do unto me!"

Nevertheless, it was not without a sense of alarm that he presently beheld two horsemen a few paces before him, proceeding at almost a walk, apparently in earnest conversation.

What was to be done? Returning were as tedious as going o'er; besides, he had resolved to brave all danger and push on. Therefore, jerking the rein to stimulate the exertion of his trusty nag, he was shortly a step a head of the equestrians, who saluted him with a "Good night," in such hearty, honest tones, as well nigh disarmed suspicion. In return for their courtesy, he echoed "Good night!" adding, "and a pleasant journey to ye, gentlemen."

"We are not going far," answered one; "for we hear the road is unsafe, and have no taste for losing watch, money—perhaps more."

"I wonder," put in the other, "to see you, Sir, alone at this time and place; but perhaps we are misled, and ought to be ashamed of ourselves for having owned our fears to a gentleman who seems to care little for the ill name of the neighbourhood."

"Gentlemen," resumed the Doctor, with as *nonchalant* an air as he could assume, "I often travel this road, and believe that I have discovered the secret of how to escape robbery."

"Indeed, what is it?" asked one of the horsemen quickly.

"Why, in the first place, I never carry anything about me worth taking; and, in the second, I should never offer any resistance—so I don't think there's a gentleman on the road, from Blackheath to Barham Downs, who would disgrace himself by maltreating a poor fellow, old enough to be his father; for *they* are mostly young men, and must be brave ones, who follow *the calling*, you know."

"True," replied the shortest rider; and turning to his companion concluded, "Well then, I say, Captain, as the gentleman's prad is none of the quickest, and we've business on hand, let's be jogging."

"With all my heart," quoth his friend; "once again good night t'ye, Sir." And off they rode at a smart pace.

The Doctor doted on their absence; his charitable opinion, founded on their first addresses, was banished by those ominous words "captain" and "business," either dropped inadvertently, or spoken with a candour at once defying his power, and claiming his gratitude for their confiding forbearance.

Reaching Deptford, he perceived that the people of the public house had not yet retired to bed; he felt tempted to prevail on one of the inn's militia to escort him home; but remembering that a league frequently existed between that class of persons and those he dreaded to encounter, he refrained from asking protection so equivocal. To shake off "thick coming fancies," often more intimidating than bodily assailants, on he drove.

From the Broadway to midway up Blackheath hill the security afforded by houses *thickly scattered*, if I may be allowed such a phrase, served to tranquillize his nerves for the time; but still his spirit felt the consciousness that he had before him yet the very worst part of Jim's "baddish bit." Leisurely did the old horse wend his way up the pre-

cupitens hill, crowned by the Green Man, famed for its spacious ball-room, and long, low, and narrow tea-room, where bad hyson, worse coffee, and discourse as slip-slop, regaled, in those days, the half-gentry of the vicinity. We live in an age of improvement—not too often meeting with (even) half-gentry now.

Small thought had the Doctor on matters like these. Leaving behind him the dense atmosphere which London spreads around itself so far, he found the air clear as he approached *L'Homme Vert*, and the sky enlightened by "the poetry of heaven," as Byron called the stars, though he did not *prove* them so. The Doctor's admiration of their beams was more prosaic; he felt grateful for any means of descreying the objects near him, and so gaining time, that he might screw his courage to the sticking place, whatever place that may be: for, voracious as he had ever been till this perilous night, he did intend sticking, or rather whipping, if forced to defend his money with his life.

Gaining the hill's top, before him lay the long straight road that led to his own house. Shooter's hill was dimly visible, and the light colour of the soil, contrasted with the dark sward on either side, enabled him to perceive two men on horseback, their faces towards London, stationed one on either side of his path.

"I have fallen among the Philistines!" inwardly ejaculated the Doctor, casting a wistful look at the inn; not a solitary candle denoted that any one was still awake *there*. His heart beat violently as he passed between the horsemen, who, instantly turning their steeds, sidled up to the carriage. In a moment he recognised the pair he had previously overtaken. "*Arcades ambo, id est*, blackguards, both," he would have quoted, had the line then been written; yet, although cold perspiration ran down his ample forehead, and excitement nearly choked his utterance, he lost not his self-commanding, ready-witted presence of mind.

"Well met again, Sirs," he began; "you have ~~not~~ made up your minds to proceed, I see—wish you had, for I should ~~have~~ been happy in your company."

"How far do you go to-night?" asked the one called captain.

"Why, whether I get so far as Rochester, or not, must depend upon circumstances."

"I see by your hat," said the other, "that you belong to the clergy. Is your living in Kent?"

"Yes, I get my living in Kent," laughed the Doctor; "I belong to St. Nicholas, who, I presume, is your patron saint, gentlemen."

This innocent *ruse* was unintelligible to its hearers. W—— found that he must suit his conversation to his company, with so heavy a stake depending on the chance of the party coming to an agreeable understanding—that is, a *misunderstanding* on one side, agreeably safe for the other. Accordingly he said, with much significance,

"This hat of mine stands me in good stead; it *covers* more than you think; and this old-fashioned chaise holds more than a new-fangled gig could. A man might manage to stow away a good many pieces of bandanas under the seat, when going to leave *cards* from Mechlin or Valenciennes, on ladies in town. D'ye happen to know a woman at Chatham who goes by the name of Mother Moonshine, gentlemen?"

"I believe I've heard of such a person," said the captain.

"Ah—well, if ever you should want anything, either in the shape of dry goods, or a tub or two of white Nantz, I could introduce you to her."

"Thank you kindly," said one.

"You know the road thoroughly, it seems?" added the other.

"Every bush on it, my masters; but it isn't what it used to be, when Slim Billy took his airings late. They weren't good for his health in the end, though."

"What, did you know poor Bill?" asked the captain.

"Aye, that I did—and was with him to the last."

"You be hanged! at least Bill was."

"Nay, Sir, that's as ugly a word for me to hear, as for you to use," took up the Doctor, his heart set on conciliating his fellow travellers; "aye, even in *my* quiet *smug* way, those who don't live slaves to the rules laid down by *the twelve*, can't remember poor Bill's end without queer feelings; but I was given leave to be with him at the very tree, we shall pass it presently, not far from the castle. 'Doctor,' says he to me"—

"Doctor!" shouted the henchman.

"To be sure, he knew *my* travelling name, as well as I knew he was called the Pride of the Green. 'Doctor,' says he, 'if ever you meet any of my old cronies, tell 'em I died like a man; and as for the parson, you shall have it to swear that all I said here, from first to last, was to you; so, if any of the chaps are ever going to treat you uncivilly, you just cry, 'Onion sauce!' they'll know *my* pass-word.'"

"None of *your* sauce, my fair trader," said the captain, "that word won't pass now, if ever it did; 'tis my belief, Slim Billy was game to the end, and humbugged you."

"Lord, Sir," said the Doctor, "did *you* never hear *why* he chose that pass?"

"No; but if you can tell us, out with it."

"You see, as our friend—*my* friend—William, I should say, gentlemen, drew the principal part of his revenue, collected in his rents, on Shoulder of Mutton Green,* he thought onion sauce the fittest garnish for his favourite dish."

"The wag! that's just like him," laughed his former associates, and the Doctor, per force, laughed with them.

Brown George, with home in perspective, had stepped out manfully, or rather horsefully, so that our trio had made considerable way across the uninclosed portion of the heath, during their "colloquy divine." An isolated public-house, denominated "the Sun in the Sands," stood on the left side of the road, about midway from the commencement of Blackheath to the bottom of Shooter's Hill. This house, like the Bell at Hounslow, was, in those days, a chosen resort of "the Trojans" who took purses, either singly or running in couples. The inhabitants of this hostel were seldom "objective" to the garish eye of day; but from gloaming till dawn, at the service of all accredited customers. The belated wayfarer might have applied for meat or drink in vain, while knights of the post found jugs of smoking spicy wine, glasses of curious Cognac, and divers other comforts fit to drown the qualms of conscience, with all other ills which the breathers of night air "are heirs to."

* This green lies at the bottom of Shooter's Hill on the Dover side.

"Ned," said the captain, who rode on the Doctor's left, "can't you and I persuade our friend to stop and wet his whistle at the baiting crib?"

"In course; he won't part company when he knows he's got gentlemen of the right sort going down the road with him,—eh, Doctor?"

To enter this house, where his person was known, not only as a clergyman but as a justice of peace, would have been fatal to my revered friend's "*Cognito*." Almost within sight of his home to be detected as an impostor by perhaps a host of desperadoes—at another sacrifice of truth he must, if possible, evade such a catastrophe.

"You're very kind, my good friends," said he, "but you know as well as I do, there are secrets in all trades. Sharp, the landlord, is a straight up, right down honest fellow in his way, but we had a bit of a tiff lately about a small parcel of Hollands, and I swore that I'd never set foot in his house again. However, don't let that hinder *you*. I shan't have got to the top of the hill before you have taken your swig, and come up with me."

"No, deuce take it!" said the captain; "we're not so unsociable as to drink without you,—why, you're one of us, I may say."

"Proud of the compliment, Sir; but, if it's all one to you, instead of *my* drinking *your* brandy there, let *me* stand treat. I can promise ye as fine a bowl of bishop as ever wetted lips; fit drink for *me*, eh? Come on to the Bull."

"*They'll* all be snoozing by this time," demurred Ned.

"Not *all*," said the Doctor, with an insinuating air; "for, between friends, and it goes no farther, I'm expected to-night. Old Dame Dudgeon is rather particular in her laces. I carried her a piece of black t'other day, which don't hit her fancy; she wants me to take it back, for Mother Moonshine to change it,—so Dame's sitting up for me; and any friends of mine will be right welcome, therefore let Sharp go to bed, or to—any other place *you* like, gentlemen; but we're for the Bull."

They were now abreast of the Sun, yet, to his inexpressible relief, the others did not pull bridle.

A heavily laden waggon was seen advancing: drowning men catch at straws; my nearly exhausted *hero* derived consolation from the idea that no violence could be offered him while this machine was near, guarded by one man if not more. The old horse put *his* best foot foremost. The strangers interchanged some words in a patois or slang, of which their auditor was ignorant, and the foot of the hill was gained!

The Doctor's brain reeled, his unwelcome companions had hitherto preserved the positions they had originally assumed. His aim was now to get rid at least of the man at his right, the side on which his own house stood. Accordingly, when within a hundred yards of it, he said to him,—

"Now, Sir, if you will ride forward, and knock lustily at the Bull door, it will be open long before this sluggard of a horse of mine can drag me there."

"A bright notion," said Ned, and trotted off to obey the instructions. This was a great point gained, but, scarcely was it achieved, when, to his unutterable satisfaction, our Doctor beheld a lantern at his wished-

for gate, borne by his sturdy male factotum, followed by the powerful yard-dog, Neptune. Their master could scarcely breathe for agitation; every moment seemed an age till he arrived at the opened gate, when suddenly turning to his companion, he said—

"Thank you for your company, Sir; but, as I am at home now, I can wish you a good night, with pleasure!"

The fellow, completely taken aback by these words, and the sight of the servant, and the dog, and the lantern, galloped furiously after his second, who was, sure enough, thundering away at the Bull door.

"Ride, Ned, ride on, you fool!" yelled the captain. "We're done,—bit,—floored."

A moment, and he was joined by his brother in arms. The Doctor's servant, by his master's directions, followed their course to the top of the hill, and saw them rushing down its steep declivity, as if pursued by Justice herself mounted on Eclipse.

My excellent preceptor used to narrate this adventure most powerfully, dwelling with gratitude on his preservation; with modesty,—nay, with some half-comic penitence—on the conduct and courage to which, as his *élèves* were not training for the church, they naturally and justly yielded their unqualified admiration.

BENSON E. HILL.

TAKE YOUR POLITICS HENCE.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

TAKE your politics hence, for one evening at least,
Drive that demon of discord away from the feast;
To my party the men of *all* parties may come,
If they'll only just leave *party feeling* at home;
The speechless in public, are over I see
Little orator Puffs in a snug coterie;
If you name your vile *house* you will give me offence,
Oh, let *my* house be neutral,—take politics hence.
These politics now are become quite a pest;
What a fuss ere we venture to ask a new guest!
"Mr. E., do you see, would be welcome to *me*,
But then—do you think he'd chime in with *Lord G.?*"
So the pleasantest men you must sort and divide
When you find that their politics don't coincide.
If you name your vile *house* you will give me offence,
Oh, let *my* house be neutral,—take politics hence.
The ladies are now a political race;
They think of their canvass much more than their face,
And instead of soft whispers in private, they each
Wish to hear a young man's parliamentary speech!
A *reforming* old Tory you now may look big,
And I'll call myself a Conservative Whig;
And we'll tell the fair creatures to talk common sense,
For that *my* house is neutral,—take politics hence.

PERDITUS MUTTON; WHO BOUGHT A "CAUL."

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CHAP. I.

PERDITUS MUTTON sat in his solitary chamber, with serious eyes bent upon the "London Post"—the journal of the day; the day being the fifth of November, in the year of our regeneration, seventeen hundred and sixty.

"A Child's Caul.

"To be disposed of, a Child's Caul: price five guineas. Apply to Miriam Birdseye, Hog Lane, Shoreditch."

Such, reader, were the golden tidings suddenly beaming on the delighted orbs of Perditus Mutton. Now, be it known, that Perditus Mutton had long thought to become a voyager. He had read the marvels of Mandeville and Purchas—of Hakluyt and Coryate; and he had no wife to hold him in her white arms—no children to tug at his coat-skirts—no fire-side gods to fix him at his hearth. He would therefore cross the perilous sea: he would, with his proper ears, listen to the singing of the mermaids; and, sauntering on Asiatic plains, with his own eyes behold the grazing unicorns. All here was dull, cold, faded—all there was luscious, genial, radiant. Perditus had brought an unsuspecting mind—a credulous heart—to the narrations of his darling travellers; they had been to him oracles of truth; their wonders dwelt in his brain, writ with an iron pen in rock. He had given himself a bondsman to those high-priests of fairy-land, the old travellers; the grave tellers of unknown glories; the dreamers, *cum privilegio*, of rosy dreams. Rare Marco Polo—glorious Mendez Pinto! authorized necromancers—lawful magicians—makers of innocent griffins—guileless dragons! Men, who have seen the phoenix waste in her odoriferous nest, and have watched the birth of the young pullet!

Yes, to Perditus Mutton, the old traveller was truth itself on a pilgrimage. Perditus had sworn fealty to the happy man who had heard the syrens sing—who had beheld armies of pigmies mounted on cranes—who had known the ostrich to hatch her eggs by the heat of her eyes—who had seen a king starved to death by a basilisk—a porcupine transfix a roaring lion by a quill shot dexterously through and through its heart. He would have travelled round the globe to kiss the feet of the good bishop Pontoppidan, the worthy ecclesiastic, who, musing on the coast of Norway, did behold a merman rise from the sea, who sang for two hours "and more." For a long time Perditus had determined upon setting forth a traveller. Yet, in his highest hopes, he would feel a pang that brought him to the earth again. England was, unhappily, an island; and qualms came upon his heart as he thought of the weltering main. At least three times a-year, for ten years past, had he dreamt of storm and shipwreck, and had awakened with the sea gurgling in his wind-pipe—singing in his ears. "A child's caul! five guineas!" He would straightway go to Hog Lane, Shoreditch, and so defy even destiny. That he had never before thought of that amulet against sinking,

seemed to him more than an accident. It was evident that his evil genius—that morning happily off its guard—had all along left him insensible of the human virtues, the tried and approved qualities of a caul. He had, however, at length triumphed over the enemy, and he would lose no time in seeking the treasure.

Perditus rose and approached the window; the rain came in torrents from a brown-paper coloured sky, and although Perditus looked from the third story of the house of a pains-taking barber in the Strand, he could see no coach. He turned upon his heel, and one step brought him to the fire-place. He had resolved to defer his journey to Hog Lane until fairer weather, when looking up, his eye rested on, we fear, an apocryphal likeness of Prester John. As he gazed, Mutton thought he beheld the awful brows of the mysterious potentate knit in condemnation of delay:—there would, doubtless, be many bidders for the caul—he felt ashamed of his effeminacy—he took his hat—his old roquelaure—and descended into the deluge.

Now is, we think, the time to say a few words in description of our adventurous hero. He had not a relative in the world: he inherited eighty pounds a-year from an aunt who had brought him up almost from infancy; and, at the time of our story, he was a bachelor of two-and-thirty; though, from a premature baldness, and certain natural scarlet streaks about his visage, a jury of matrons would, doubtless, have found him guilty of upwards of two score. His face was not expressive of the sterner passions; indeed, Perditus Mutton, once peering his hooked nose from out his narrow casement into the street below, had by an indecent passenger been likened to a huge turkey looking from a coop for his dinner.

For his moral man, it was distinguished by extreme credulity and more than even womanly gentleness. Frugal and sober, he was quoted as a proverb to the riotous and intemperate. Often have the neighbours exclaimed to Mrs. Bead, wife of Nathaniel Beard, the barber, that she “was blessed in such a lodger.” The gossips gave Perditus no more than his due; mice might have been heard in the house, but not Mutton. And was this a man—we think we hear our readers exclaim—to travel? This a man to make his way among the anthropophagi? But how often do we meet with such afflicting contradictions!

Perditus walked manfully on, and received it as a happy omen that he was scarcely wet to the skin when the rain ceased. There were now fifty coaches; but no, he would walk himself dry: with this determination, he strode onward. The rain had discontinued, but it was November, and a good substantial fog, thick as a wool-pack, descended upon the city. Perditus felt his way through the mist, and though blinded and well nigh suffocated by the fetid vapours, the torches of the link-boys were to his imagination the fire-flies of Hindostan, and he snuffed the gales from the Moluccas. His heart was in the East as he struggled on towards Shoreditch.

Perditus, with all the unconquerable energy of an early traveller, had reached Cheapside. He had thought it impossible that the fog could increase; he had very ignorantly undervalued its capabilities. He stood still and gasped. “A link,” cried a child in a piping voice—“a link, your honour?” and by the yellow flare of the link, Perditus saw two rolling black eyes, and the grinning mouth of a boy, who seemed

like a little imp to revel in the mire, the stench, and darkness about him. "A link, your honour!" he crowed shrilly for the third time, and cut a caper in the air, and shook his torch, and whooped his delight. Perditus was confounded by the savage enjoyment of the little leaper.

"My dear," said Mutton—and he would have used the same words had he addressed a baboon—"my dear," he repeated in his voice of one note—"my dear," and he coughed until he was almost strangled by the fog.

"They call me Pups," said the boy, with a sneering impatience of Mutton's tenderness. "Pups!" and again he jumped and waved his torch.

"Do you know the way to Shoreditch, my dear?" asked Perditus.

"Go it backwards and sideways, which way you will," said the accommodating Pups.

"An extraordinary child," thought Mutton. "Go on, my dear;" and Mutton walked on, the boy rocking from side to side, and dancing short steps before him. "What's your father, my dear?" asked Perditus, after a little pause.

"Can't tell," said Pups; and he began to whistle like a canary.

"Can't tell! Why, what is his business?—what does he at present do? Eh! my dear?" and Mutton spoke quite caressingly.

"Couldn't take it on myself to say," answered Pups.

"Why not, my child?"

"Father's dead," replied Pups; and again he burst into full whistle, and danced with new vivacity. A slight tremor shook the tender Perditus at the filial indifference of young Pups. "Poor little fellow! perhaps, like myself, he never knew the blessing of a father." Such was the charity of our hero. "And how do you get your bread?"

"Why, I pick it up in winter in the fogs: only there a'n't such fogs now as there used to be; when my grandmother was a little one, there was a fog of three weeks; but some folks you know is born to luck. That was the time, she says: there warn't a gentleman who wouldn't been ashamed to own he hadn't lost a watch—it was *so* dark."

Mutton instinctively put his hand to his watch-chain, and then meekly observed, "Indeed!"

"But now, business isn't worth doing. The navy ruins us link-boys," said Pups, despondingly.

"The navy, my boy! Why, how?" inquired Mutton.

"So many ships—makes pitch so dear. And then hemp goes up every day," complained the urchin.

"Really; and do you know the reason of that, my love?"

"A friend of mine says 'cause the sessions gets so heavy. If things go on in this manner, we must take to wax candles."

"Do you know Hog Lane, Shoreditch, my dear?" asked Mutton.

"Specially at dinner-time," answered Pups; and again he danced as at the recollection of that happy hour.

"Why at dinner-time?" inquired Perditus. "You don't live there?"

"No—only take my meals: I live at the West-end. Do you want to go to Hog Lane?"

"That is my destination; I hope you know the right road?"

"If I was blind, I could tell it by the feel of the mud," said the unerring guide; and there was a pause of some minutes, Mutton musing

on the desolate lot of little Pups, and little Pups casting backward glances at Mutton's watch-chain.

"Do you know a woman in Hog Lane called Birdseye?" asked Mutton.

"Many years," was the brief reply.

"Many years!—why, you haven't many, my dear?"

"Can't help that—but she's my grandmother."

"Your grandmother!"

"And here's her house," said young Pups, halting, with Perditus Mutton, before a hovel, the abode of Miriam Birdseye, possessor of the caul. Mutton was about to knock at the door, when Pups stood before it, and lowering his torch, that the light might fall with full effect upon his open palm, looked speakingly up in the face of Mutton. "We mayn't meet again, your honour," said Pups; whereupon Mutton, drawing sixpence from his pocket, with a pitying sigh for the forlorn state of the ragged, shoeless urchin, laid the coin in his hand, and was about to enhance the gift with wise and kind advice, when the sagacious young one bit the silver with his teeth, winked a knowing approval of its metallic flavour, and instantly vanished. Mutton looked around him; all was dark. He raised his knuckles to smite the door, but stood with lifted hand, made motionless by a cracked voice, half-chanting, half-preaching, within. He listened, but could distinguish no words; and then suddenly the sound ceased. Was he at the threshold of some wicked heldam—some squalid witch anointing for "the sabbath?" He heard footsteps: no, it was his own heart thumping in the darkness. He was for again plunging into the fog, when he was fixed to the threshold by an inquiry from the cabin. "Who's there?" was asked, as Mutton thought, in hospitable tones, and ere he could reply, the door was opened.

CHAP. II.

"Come in," said a little old woman. "As well as I can see, you look a gentleman; come in." Mutton, encouraged by the civility paid to his appearance, entered the wretched hovel. A fire burned redly on the hearth, and a rushlight flickered through the gloom. "Take a seat, Sir;" and the old woman handed to Perditus a bottomless chair. Mutton obediently seated himself within the frame, and put his hat upon the ground. As he sat, his face was quite on a level with the face of the old woman standing before him. Perditus never looked more rosy; his face, shone upon by the flame, glowed like the cheeks of a mandril: the countenance of the old woman was pale as meal; and there was a lustre in her full black eye, which made our hero wince as he met it. "She has seen better days," thought Perditus, as the old dame, like a dwarf queen, stood composedly before him. There was silence for a minute, each party scrutinizing the appearance of the other. Mutton, shifting in his uneasy seat, said, at length, "I read the 'London Post.'"

The old woman, with a comprehensive gesture, but without a word, quitted Perditus, going behind a curtain that hung midway across the hovel. Our hero looked anxiously around. Had the old woman been chanting, talking to herself? There was not even a cat upon the

hearth. The woman came from behind the curtain. She approached Perditus, and placing a small packet in his hand, said—"Five guineas."

"It can be warranted?" asked Mutton, as he unwrapped the treasure from its many coverings.

"It's very cheap," remarked the woman, disdaining to meet a doubt of its purity.

Mutton again wrapped up his prize, put it in his pocket, and took out his purse. "One—two—three—four—five," and Mutton counted the guineas into the lean hand of the old woman. As he gave the last guinea, there was a knocking at the door. In an instant, a tall, spare man, with grisly hair, and clay-coloured face, entered the hut.

"How is it to be?" asked the visitor of the old woman, taking no more notice of Mutton, than of the bottomless chair he had just quitted. "How is it to be?" The old woman, raising her finger, glided behind the curtain, and was followed by the stranger. Perditus heard whispering, and then, as he thought, the tinkling of money. The woman and man again appeared. "Remember, everything the best," said the old woman; and the man, doggedly nodding assent, without a word, departed. The woman held the door open, and looked at Perditus Mutton: our hero took his hat, and with a new spirit, quitted the hut, carrying with him the purchased caul.

Now Mutton had been remarkable, among his other virtues, for the gravity of his walk. The statue of Don Guzman had not a more regular, a more majestic gait. How strange then did it appear even unto himself, that he should caper down Hog Lane with the unseemly agility of a morris-dancer! It appeared to him that he had lost the command of his members; for, spite of himself, he still went toe-and-heeling it down the lane, snapping his fingers, and, to his own astonishment, essaying fragments of songs by no means naturalized in good society; it was very strange—extremely strange; and yet there was a fascination in the license not altogether unpleasing. At length, behold Mutton in Cheapside; and the fog that had somewhat cleared off, was again congregating its pestilent vapours. A man with a lighted torch approached our hero. "Do you want a link, your honour?"

"You be——!" exclaimed Mutton, and, to his own surprise, dealt a half-playful blow upon the hat of the querist—a blow that sent the rim of his beaver down to his neck. Having accomplished this, Mutton chuckled and capered, despite a latent sense of the impropriety of the feat. As Mutton entered St. Paul's Churchyard, he became unusually grave; with every step a deeper sadness came upon him. Was he overcome by a contemplation of the works of man as triumphantly displayed in the cathedral; did his spirit pay instinctive homage to the genius of Sir Christopher? We think not, for he could not withhold sundry furtive glances at the windows of a silversmith; and more than once, with a feeling akin to envy, lingered near a gentleman, imprudently handling his gold snuff-box in the fog. Now Mutton had always hated snuff; nay, he still hated it; but he knew not how it was—it almost seemed to him that he had taken a liking to the box. Mutton crept cautiously as a cat down Ludgate-hill, and every moment—perhaps it was the fog—he felt it more difficult to breathe. As he passed the Old Bailey, he thought he should absolutely be choked; he pressed onward into Fleet-street, and, to his astonishment,

seemed to inhale new breath at every step, even though the fog became more dense as he proceeded. He had reached Temple-bar ; and he had never felt better—never had such a flow of animal spirits, as the reader may believe from an incident that at that time and place occurred. A sweet little bud of a milliner—one of the thousand untended flowers, flung by fortune on the highway—had just tripped into the city. An hour before, Mutton would have doffed his hat to the unprotected creature ; paying deep reverence to her defencelessness—nay, we do believe, would have stripped even to a chairman who should but have looked with license on her. And now—but how shall we reconcile such opposites—how excuse, how account for, such sudden profligacy ? The Roman has said that no man becomes a rogue in a minute : we care not to argue—our duty is at present only to chronicle ; and sharing in the wonder, the astonishment, the indignation, and the disgust, that, we well know, will convulse the reader, when we narrate the atrocity of *Perditus*,—it is still our painful duty to state, that he flung his arms about the little milliner, and, taking a dastardly advantage of the fog, vehemently kissed her. The poor little girl screamed, and walked on.

Criminal as he was, Mutton was not wholly lost to a sense of shame. He had no sooner committed the guilt, than he brought himself up at the Bar, struck with a feeling of remorse. “It was very wrong—very wrong,” cried *Perditus*, putting his hand to his blushing cheek—“extremely wrong, but ”——and we mourn to say, the new-born libertine again rose within him, for a complacent smile broke upon his face ; and hugging his cloak around him, he took a long step, which brought him into the city of Westminster, adding—“but very pleasant.”

Mutton strided carelessly down the Strand. It was yet early. Go home ? Pshaw ! He had, he recollected, promised Mrs. Beard to be home to a dish of chocolate. Chocolate ! It was odd ; but, for the first time in his life, he thought chocolate a meagre, miserable liquid. What should he do ? As *Perditus* Mutton stood thus undecided, a cry came along the Strand. That cry which, especially in a state of high civilization, strikes upon the finest cords of men’s hearts, awakens their dormant sensibilities, employs their strongest energies ; that cry, the intelligent reader will at once understand to be—“Stop thief !” At any time, Mutton would have paused at the shout—paused, and have felt the buttons of his pockets. On the present occasion, a host of new feelings rose in his bosom, as he heard the bellowing mob, and saw the lanterns of the venerable watchmen ; men for whom he had always entertained the highest respect, but who, such a change had come upon him, he now considered in the unwise and uncharitable light of natural enemies. Mutton was not a man of blood ; but he now felt that, under certain circumstances, he could comfortably kill a guardian of the peace. His less amiable impulses were fast developing themselves as the crowd came towards him. He stood at the mouth of an alley—one of the mysterious veins that wind about the heart of mighty London—and saw the advancing mob. The individual mercilessly branded as a thief, came flying on ; with the eyes of a lynx, he spied his vantage, and sprang like a greyhound by our hero up the court. The watchmen were following, when Mutton—a man who had himself served the office of constable—moved by some strange inspiration, flung aside his cloak, and knocked a watchman down ; that ancient functionary fell upon his

belly, and the second watchman, pressing on his fallen friend, fell over him. This accident was faithfully copied by two or three of the venerable officers, whilst, not altogether heedless of their confusion, the "thief," we must call him so, wound through the alley, closely followed by our hero. The watchmen, knowing the ramifications of the court to be very numerous, philosophically assured the party robbed, that "to go after him was of no use."

Mutton halted, as he thought, in safety; at the same time grasping the collar of the thief, who turned, and seeing who it was that held him, fell upon his knees. "There's a good, kind gentleman, Sir!—oh! your honour, Sir!—don't, Sir—I didn't take it, Sir."

"What, Pups, my dear!" cried Mutton, in a tone of affection, smiling blandly on the kneeling culprit.

"Don't take me to prison, Sir—don't, Sir!" cried the link-boy, for it was, indeed, the juvenile torch-bearer of Hog Lane.

"Prison! not for the world, my jewel," exclaimed Mutton, and his heart seemed to open and yearn towards the tatterdemalion, pale and shivering at his feet.

"Upon your soul, you won't, Sir?" asked the boy, half-persuaded by the earnest tones and fond looks of Perditus; "you won't hurt me?"

"As soon hurt my own flesh and blood" said Mutton, with affecting emphasis; "but come home—come to my house," and Perditus, his cloak wrapped about the shoeless Pups, threaded various narrow ways, and at length knocked hastily at the door of his lodgings.

"Dear me—la! What, is it you? such a knock!" cried Mrs. Beard; "is it you, Mr. Mutton?"

"Who should it be?" asked Perditus, and Mrs. Beard opened eyes and mouth at such unusual want of courtesy on the part of her mild lodger.

"Your chocolate and dry toast is ready," said Mrs. Beard.

"Curse chocolate!" exclaimed Perditus, and Mrs. Beard flung up her arms. "Get some brandy," said our hero.

"Rum for me," piped the shrill voice of Pups from under the cloak of his protector; and Mrs. Beard started, as if in Perditus Mutton spoke some demon.

"And, Mrs. Beard, get me a rump-steak," said Mutton.

"And *inions*," cried the epicurean link-boy, discovering himself.

"Oh! and I'll have a mug of flip by way of a nightcap, Mrs. Beard," said Mutton.

"And, mother Beard," screamed Pups from the top of the staircase, "don't forget some 'bacco."

Mutton entered his room, and was nimbly followed by little Pups, Mrs. Beard remaining below, a very statue of astonishment. However, she was at length compelled, by the boisterousness of Mutton—of the lodger she was "blessed in"—to fulfil his orders, and also the supplementary commands of his young friend. Perditus, the meek, sensitive, temperate Perditus, ate his supper—and how such an appetite came upon him, he paused not to inquire—and drank spirits—his former abomination, in the admired society of a baby-vagabond, on whom he continued to lavish the kindest words and tenderest looks, his caresses being received by their object with a sneering incredulity.

Mutton was deep in the flip, when, with one hand upon the mug, in the other hand a pipe—until that night untasted luxuries—he sat, with melting eyes gazing on the yellow, dirt-smear'd face of Pups, who, lifted on a chair, puffing tobacco smoke from a long pipe, and swinging his crossed legs, piebald with mud at least a foot from the ground, replied to the affectionate glances of his sudden friend. Pups spoke, and looked the cunning, thievish, ragged Asmodeus of a London alley. He half-closed one of his restless, wandering eyes, and having inhaled a volume of smoke, he puffed it from his hole of a mouth, in a small, continuous stream, looking searchingly at Perditus. The operation done, he thus, in a wheedling, distrustful tone, interrogated Mutton,—

“I say, old fellow, what is it makes you so fond of me?” And Pups replaced the pipe between his lips, and awaited an answer.

The question evidently embarrassed Mutton; for he shook his head and replied,—

“My pretty dear, I don’t know;” and again he gazed with paternal fondness on the swindling, sinister Pups—that devil’s errand-boy.

“Well, I was in luck to fall in with you; else, by this time,” said the little reprobate, “I might have been all fair for the stone-jug.”

“Take some flip, my love,” said Mutton, affected by the thought; and somehow suddenly divining that Pups, in the language of his tribe, discoursed of Newgate. “Take some flip, and—zounds! your ’bacco’s out”—saying which, Mutton, affectionately watching his drinking guest, filled for him his empty pipe.

“In the stone-jug,” continued the imp; “and only for a bit of shagreen;” saying which Pups, with an upraised lip and a contemptuous motion of the hand, shoved the watch—the worthless shagreen prize—along the table towards his patron.

Mutton looked at the watch with an eye of disgust, that in an instant beamed with sympathy on Pups. That such a cherub should have been sacrificed for a bit of shagreen!

“Shocking to think of,” said Mutton, turning over the stolen property. “How lucky that I stood at the court!”

“But when you had your fist at my collar, I thought it was all over with me. I thought you’d give me up. I thought you a gentleman,” said Pups.

“You don’t know me, my dear,” said Mutton, desirous of suppressing any rising fears on the part of his guest, and at the same time putting the stolen goods in his pocket. “You don’t know me.”

There was a knock at the door, and Pups, laying his pipe down, looked warily about him. Was it an officer? Another knock, and Mrs. Beard entered the room. She had a great respect for her old, her late exemplary lodger; but she looked ireful as a Phillippine witch at little Pups, who, seeing it was only “Mother Beard,” had resumed his pipe, and, serenely smoking, stared at the landlady.

“It’s just eleven, Mr. Mutton,” said Mrs. Beard.

“You’re as good as a clock,” said the complimentary Pups; and he winked at that respectable woman.

“Past eleven, and we want to lock up. When does the—the young gentleman go?” asked Mrs. Beard, trembling with passion, as she glanced at the still winking vagabond.

"Not at all; go!" cried Mutton. "The unprotected creature stays with me—he sleeps here."

"What! in my bed—and with those legs?" exclaimed Mrs. Beard, casting flaming glances at the feet of Pups, shod with mud, and baked by the hospitable fire of his protector. "A bit of dirt like that!"

"I'm ashamed o' you, Mrs. Beard," said the irritating Pups, taking the air of a lecturer—"talk o' dirt in that way! remember your beginning."

Mrs. Beard was about to make a most voluble reply, when Mutton swaggered from the table, laid his hands upon the shoulders of his landlady, turned her, as upon a pivot, round, and, pushing her into the passage, shut and then bolted the door. Mrs. Beard was breathless—but it was with astonishment. That Mr. Perditus Mutton—he who would not have brushed the wing of a butterfly—that he, the mild, polite Mutton should have laid ruffian hands upon a woman—and that woman his landlady!

"Depend upon it, he's drunk," said Beard to his wife, when she gaspingly related the atrocity to her charitable husband. "He's drunk!"

"Oh, Nicholas! I wish to my heart he was; then, then, indeed, there would be hope! But he's mad, Nick—depend upon it, Mr. Mutton's mad!"

Such was, on due consideration, the belief of Mutton's landlady; and such may possibly be the opinion of the reader, if he have not forgotten the character which we gave our hero—a character in no accordance with his late exploits.

Midnight came; and after a song from Mutton, and a strange ditty—certainly not a Christmas carol—from the musical Pups, both host and visiter retired to bed.

CHAP. III.

It was twelve o'clock on the following day, and Mutton and his cherished young friend were still at breakfast. Perditus watched the eating and drinking of the yet unclean Pups, with the like care and tenderness that a girl bestows on a pet canary. It seemed to Mutton that the boy could never have sufficient. "Mad, certainly mad!" cried Mrs. Beard, despairingly, as she continued to bring up new supplies of eggs, loaves, and butter. "Do, my dear, eat some more; la! you'll be starved—pray, eat some more:" and Perditus still pressed food upon his delicate companion.

"Couldn't do it, old fellow—tell you, couldn't do it," said the replete Pups, stretching himself luxuriously in the easy chair of Mutton.

"Make quick work here, then!" cried Mutton to his landlady, who cleared the table, feeling more and more afflicted at the malady of her lodger. She had quitted the apartment but a few minutes, when she returned. "Mr. Tadmor of 'The Drakes,' was below."

"Hand him up," said Perditus; "up with old Drybones," said Mutton; thus profanely designating the learned and respected secretary of 'The Drakes,' of which erudite society it may be necessary to say a few words in description.

"The Drakes," then, took their name from the great circumnavigator, Sir Francis Drake; and were composed of adventurous spirits who, condemned, by various cogent reasons, to remain at home, had possibly, on that account, a more intense admiration of travelled enterprise. Much had been expected from the long and frequent sittings of "The Drakes,"—much from their weekly disquisitions, when readings, illustrative of the one object of the society, might be listened to, at least by the sleepless. It was only at the last meeting that Mr. Tadmor himself had begun Raleigh's "History of the World," which he trusted to read to his brethren in little more than a twelvemonth; when, such was the ardour manifested by other members, that it was almost a certainty that a complete reading of not only "Robinson Crusoe," but of "Gulliver," would follow. Dark and curious points had been satisfactorily explained by the intelligence and industry of "The Drakes." They had convinced the hitherto most sceptical that Columbus had touched at Cuba, and that Pizarro did not pass all his life in Spain. Our hero, Perditus Mutton, was not only a member of "The Drakes," but filled the arduous and delicate post of treasurer. In his hands were lodged the funds—funds that had for seven years accumulated, and, at the time we write, amounted to little less than four pounds. His proverbial rectitude—his punctuality—his wise frugality, had recommended him to his brother "Drakes" as the man of men for treasurer. At the last meeting, however, the society had voted the expenditure of fifty shillings from the funds to purchase the tobacco-stopper of Sir Walter Raleigh, that relic having been happily discovered at the shop of a dealer in marine stores, Tower Hill. Cyrus Tadmor now presented himself prepared to give a receipt for the money; he being authorized to treat with the tradesman for a transfer of the interesting property. Tadmor was a tall, elderly man, of few words, uttered in a dry voice.

"Good morning, Mutton." Our hero, throwing his right leg over the arm of his chair, and staring at his brother "Drake," nodded and whistled. Tadmor started a little back, but, recovering himself, observed, "Very cold weather."

"D—d cold!" cried Mutton. "Have some brandy?" Had he uttered high treason,—offered deadly poison to Tadmor,—that excellent "Drake" had not been more astonished at the words and actions of his fellow-member.

"You know what I come for, Mr. Mutton?" said Tadmor. Mutton shook his head. "Yes; you must remember: the vote,—the tobacco-stopper?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Perditus. "Go on, old Tad."

"Old Tad! But——" Tadmor faltered, and again stared at Perditus, to be certain that he looked upon a "Drake;" satisfied of the melancholy fact, he proceeded—"Well, then, Mr. Mutton, I come for the money."

"What money?" cried Mutton.

"What money! Mr. Mutton?—I—this is no time for banter; the subject, at least, I, as a 'Drake,' think so, does not admit of a jest. I attend upon you, armed with the authority of the society, for fifty shillings."

"Fifty shillings! Well?" said Mutton.

"Which you, as treasurer, will, of course, hand over to me. Here is the receipt," said Tadmor. "Of course, you have the money?"

"Oh, yes! To be sure," said Mutton.

"And you will give it me?" said Tadmor, drawing close to the treasurer.

We defy our reader to guess the reply of Perditus Mutton. Can it be believed, can it be accounted for upon any known and natural principle, that when the secretary of the "Drakes" asked for fifty shillings, their money, of their valued treasurer—can it be believed, that that soul of honour, that spirit of meek rectitude, met the demand by placing his fore-finger perpendicularly at the right side of his nose, looking with laughing defiance in the face of the officer of the society, and exclaiming, with peculiar force, one word,—and that word—"Gammon!"

Tadmor jumped to his feet, and, if looks betray anything, evidently expected the floor to open. Mutton sat, with a face of brass, coolly enjoying the astonishment of his visiter. "Can it be possible?" at length exclaimed Tadmor; "can there be such perfidy in the world? Such hypocrisy! Well! after this, who is to be trusted?"

"Nobody," said Mutton, with perfect assurance. "As for the money of the club, I can't give it up; I don't know how it is, Tad, but I can't do it."

"But there is the law, Mr. Mutton,—and the law can punish."

"It's only a simple debt, I think; only a debt:" and Tadmor felt, if possible, a greater shock at the calculating depravity of the culprit. He was about to attempt an expression of his feelings, when Mutton, with much significance, bade him "Good day! I wish you a very good day, Mr. Tadmor: I tell you, I would give you the money if I could, but there's a something here," and Mutton, affectingly, put his hand to his heart, "there's a something here won't let me." Saying which, Mutton vigorously bowed his brother "Drake" to the door. Tadmor, almost weeping at the iniquity of man, ran down stairs, determined to call the "Drakes" to council.

"Is he gone?" asked little Pups, looking from behind the large easy chair of Mutton, where, on the entrance of Tadmor, he had hidden himself.

"Why did you creep there, my love?" said Mutton. "Why did you hide?"

"What! didn't you know him? I thought he'd come for me," said Pups, with a grave shake of the head.

"Come for you, my dear! What for?"

"What for?" exclaimed Pups; "bless your innocent eyes, Mr. Mutton! but may there never be another fog, if that warn't the shagreen."

It was too true: Mr. Cyrus Tadmor, secretary to the "Drakes," and hitherto intimate friend of their upright and punctilious treasurer, was the unfortunate gentleman despoiled on the previous evening of his shagreen family watch. "I say, if he has seen it!" remarked Pups, with an ominous look, pointing to the stolen property, hung by Mutton over the mantel-piece. "Mr. Mutton," continued Pups, with the gravity of a cabinet councillor, "you are older than I am, and it isn't for me to

advise, but don't you think we'd better leave these lodgings? We may find 'em very unhealthy."

A sense of impropriety, a latent emotion of his former nature, made Mutton thoughtful. How extraordinary seemed to him the changes of the past few hours! Was he, could he be, the same *Perditus* of yesterday? He had a vague recollection of another state of being,—of a Mutton very different to that Mutton the protector and the accomplice of a pigmy pickpocket! He who had held the slightest departure from truth and honesty as inevitably fatal to the dignity of human nature, had now the kindest yearnings towards his fallen species,—nay, felt a mysterious respect for courageous roguery. He who would have denounced a highwayman, could now take off his hat to him! That he, *Perditus Mutton*, should be the unlawful possessor of his friend *Tadmor's* watch! More, that he should feel resolved, at all hazards, to retain it. And then his affection for little *Pups*! Mutton had never been a father; but sure he was he could not have felt a more paternal love towards his own flesh than towards the ragged, wary urchin, staring, winking before him. With such sensations, the appearance of his adopted child smote the sensibilities of his adoptive sire. Sweet innocent! it had neither hose nor shoes, and its jerkin and doublet hung in fringe and lappets. Mutton, almost with tears in his eyes, ordered *Mrs. Beard* to send for *Piece*, the tailor. "Yes, my pretty one," said Mutton, smiling down upon the leering *Pups*, "yes, you *shall* be a gentleman." *Piece* lived but a few doors away; came instantly on the summons of his customer, and, by great luck, having a suit just completed for the son of the churchwarden, a boy of the same inches as *Pups*, was prevailed upon to devote the clothes to the service of *Mr. Mutton's* young friend. Hat, shoes, and linen were obtained with all the celerity of which ready money is capable, *Perditus* assisting at the toilet of the boy, and *Mrs. Beard* from time to time declaring that her amiable lodger was mad.

"Fit him like his skin, *Mr. Mutton*: three guineas, if you please," said *Piece*, *Mr. Mutton* always paying ready money. *Piece* received the guineas, and, having given a last attention to the bright green coat of *Master Pups*, walked gratefully down stairs.

"It's all right," said *Pups* to his patron, as he heard the street-door close.

"What is right? the clothes, my dear?" asked Mutton.

"No; the guineas,—here they are: while he was buttoning me up, I ——" and the adroit operator displayed the three guineas silently extracted from the pocket of the tailor. What could have changed the nature of Mutton,—what could possess him to make him smile benevolently on the unhappy child, and, patting his head, to say, "Dear little rogue?"

Perditus and the boy sallied into the street. Who, that saw *Pups* trip along the Strand, could have believed him to be the self-same urchin that last night flew, winged with terror, from the pursuing crowd? The dirty, ragged, thievish magpie was become a parrot.

"How d'ye do? I wanted to see you: I shall be alone,—come to-day and dine with me. Mind, at three exactly." Such was the greeting, such the invitation of *Mr. Rota*, a county magistrate, and

an old acquaintance of Mutton's. "Why, what's the matter?" said Rota, pulling up his horse, and holding forth his hand to Perditus.

"Nothing,—nothing ;—it's very cold," said Mutton, feeling on the sudden an extraordinary disgust of his friend the magistrate.

"Bless me ! whose boy is that?" said Rota, staring hard at little Pups, who seemed to blench somewhat under the inspection.

"He's a—a young friend of mine," replied Mutton ; "a—a pretty lad."

"I certainly have seen him before," said the magistrate ; "where could it have been?"

"No, no : a young friend of mine, not long from the country," asserted Perditus ; and he hurried away, to the astonishment of Rota, the boy showing no inclination to remain behind. "Glad we've got from the *beak*," said Pups, who, we have no doubt, recognised in Rota a former acquaintance.

Mutton and his precious charge walked on ; Mutton, as on his return home the previous evening, feeling an unusual interest in the property supposed to be upon the person of every passenger. He could not tell what on the sudden had made him take so lively an interest in the effects of his fellow-citizens. His thoughts were thus busied in the affairs of his neighbours, when he grasped the shoulder of Pups, endeavouring to steady himself ; without such feeble support, Mutton had suddenly fallen.

"Hold up, Sir !—what's the matter?" cried Pups, in a breath.

Great was the change in the face of Perditus. He staggered to a post, and, leaning thereon, gazed intently at a female. We are aware that in this there is little extraordinary,—the like has happened many times to many men and many women ;—but surely, surely, Cupid—for it was he at that hour at work—had never, since his wings were fledged, played such a prank. Perditus Mutton had fallen, as into a fit, over head and heels in love ; and now he stood, and, panting, gazed on his destroyer. And who was she, and what was the fair creature doing ? She was doubtless a naiad of the stream ; but, being on earth, sold fish. At the moment Mutton first beheld her she was in the attitude of justice, holding scales ; and in those scales were silver eels ! Never before had Mutton felt even a tickling of the passion ; but now was he a bondman to the archer. "A groat a-pound," said the naiad, and her voice entered the heart of Mutton : he stood rapt as in a dream ; and who shall tell the tumult of his soul when he beheld his sweet destroyer seize each writhing captive, and strip it of its slippery coat ? Like a true lover, Mutton wished himself an eel.

The maiden, the bargain being concluded, moved onward ; Mutton, like a chained captive, following the steps of the conqueror. What was it that had enslaved him ? Could it be beauty ? Was he enthralled by lank, unkempt locks, an eye with a furtive expression, the smallest nose, and the largest mouth ? Had he fallen a victim to these blandishments, or was there a magic in the tones that pulled him onward, as with a silver cord ? We know not ; but certain it is, his heart continued to glow and dilate, and every nerve in his frame responded musically to the music of "live eels."

Behold Mutton, deaf to the remonstrance of little Pups, now stalking

on, now lingering about doors,*obedient to the will of his destroyer. The rain came down, but the flame of Mutton burned with undimmed brightness. Still he followed the enslaving vendor of "live eels."

"Well, Betsy, where are you going?" Such was the question put by a sister naiad to the lady-love of Mutton.

"Going! where should I be going if not to Hog Lane? I suppose, Sarah, you know what's done to-day?" and she lifted her apron to her eye.

"Poor dear fellow!" said Sarah. "Well, Betsy, may you get as good a one! for, bating he was a little wild, he was as kind a fellow as ever broke a tester;" and, with this brief eulogy of one, doubtless departed, the speaker passed Mutton, and Mutton followed Betsy.

Perditus Mutton! the correct, refined, gentlemanly Perditus, following a woman who spoke but two words, and those words "live eels!"

It was four o'clock when Mutton arrived in the neighbourhood of Hog Lane. The rain had continued to fall, and our hero, hot with love, was drenched with water. Young Pups, with doubtless a respect for the rich wardrobe he had so miraculously obtained, had long since sought shelter, leaving his patron free to walk alone. Mutton reclined in a sweet and bitter melancholy against the corner of a shed, watching the opposite door of a mansion of an equally unpretending style of architecture. Still the rain came down; but Mutton seemed to heed not the cataract. In a short time a female issued from the opposite house,—a female clothed in rusty black. It was the self-same Betsy who had, a quarter of an hour before, entered there to don the melancholy robe, and to leave therein the unsold portion of her silvery ware. Mutton followed her sorrowful steps. What, then, was his astonishment to behold her enter the very hovel where, on the previous night, he had purchased that inestimable treasure,—a treasure he had then about him,—a treasure he would never for an instant part with,—the CAUL, price five guineas! Mutton paused and watched. In a short time he saw the man, the same man, with the clay-coloured face he had seen the night before, come from the house, and in a garb that left no doubt of his dread business—he was an undertaker. A sad procession, composed of at least a dozen persons, and among whom Perditus instantly recognised the little, pale, old woman, came forth following the dead. Mutton found himself dragged along; it was in vain to struggle with the power that pulled him. He must follow the corse! He walked at a short distance from the crowd, which continued to increase. "Poor fellow!" exclaimed twenty people; "Such a generous soul!" said another score; and everybody who spoke of the deceased spoke in his praise, and expressed hopes for his happiness. "He must have been a very excellent person," thought Mutton, as he walked on with the throng. "No doubt, a person fulfilling all the difficult duties of this perilous life with exemplary goodness." Such were the thoughts of Perditus, for the moment brought suddenly back to his former principles, which then as suddenly would quit him, and he would again pay homage to the new spirit that had last night fallen upon him.

CHAP. IV.

The burial over, the mourners returned to the late dwelling of the deceased. The spell-bound Mutton followed the footsteps of the female in black, but was compelled to halt at the door of the hovel, where, for two hours at least, he lingered, listening to detect, if possible, the notes of her delicious voice from the hubbub within. There was loud laughing, stamping, knocking—sounds of merriment that, at any other time, would have stricken Mutton with horror; but he had lost his better nature—he was a changed man. He stood, his only thought to catch the witching accents of the charmer. As he paused with quickened ears at the door, he heard one of the company call for a song—a call repeated by at least a dozen voices. There was a silence, and then a buzz of remonstrance or dissent; and then Mutton heard one of the party familiarly urge the hesitating vocalist.

"Come, Bunkum, give us that chaunt poor Tom used to like."

"Don't—I can't bear it," exclaimed a feminine voice, sobbingly; and Perditus almost leaped as he heard the tones of his mistress.

"Pour it out, Bunkum," cried the first speaker, unmindful of the sensibilities of Betsy; "go on: why you make as much ceremony as a foreigner. If you'd come from the opera outright you couldn't be more nice, I *do* think."

"Got a cold at Hounslow last week," said Bunkum; and assuredly he gave evidence of the calamity.

"Go on—we'll take the song in the rough then," said Bunkum's companion; and, after due preparation, Tom's favourite song was sung, the whole of the company joining in loudest chorus.

Mutton was wholly absorbed by the pathos of the ditty, which certainly proved Tom to have been of a pensive cast of mind, as the following verse—the only one for which we have space—will testify. Among other complaints the sufferer sang—

"How hard is the chains of confinement
That keeps me from my love's delight!
Cold chains and cold fetters surround me,
And a plank is my pillow at night!"

Mutton, with gushing eyes and melted soul, listened to the ballad—the especial favourite of the deceased Tom. Never before, had music so played upon the strings of his heart, albeit he had heard the warblings of the great Tenducci. Mutton was startled from the delicious reverie into which true harmony will surprise sensitive minds, by a voice abruptly calling upon Betsy.

"Now, Betsy—now, old woman"—a spark of indignation fired the heart of Mutton—"now, my lass, give us a song!"

"Me, sing!—me! How could you think it?" said a female voice, tremulous, as Mutton thought, with grief.

"Well, he was a good cretur, Betsy; but it's wicked to grieve—so give us a song," cried a feminine friend.

With a deep sigh and a look of resignation—a look of which Mutton was, unhappily, deprived—the mourner began:—

"'Twas down in Cupid's garden,
For pleasure I did go,
All for to see the flowers
Which in that garden grow,
Which in that garden grow!"

"I hadn't been—I hadn't—"

"I can't do it," cried the singer, hysterically; "it seems for all the world as if dear Tom was looking at me." There was a murmur of sympathy, and a third party was called upon to subscribe to the harmony of the evening, when Mutton felt a hand pulling at his cloak.

"Why, if it isn't you!" said Pups. "Poor father! I didn't know it was to be so soon, for I hadn't been home these three days."

"And was it your father, my pretty dear?" asked Mutton.

"Yes; they said he was very fond of me; I dare say he was too, only he never had any time to show it," said the boy, and tears stood in his eyes.

"And your mother—where is she?" inquired Mutton.

"I can't tell—never saw her—only grandmother. Father, they do say, courted Betsy Basket—she that you would follow to-day—poor father!"

"And didn't you love him?" asked Perditus.

"I don't know—dare say I did; only, you see, people as live in the streets, in wet and cold, and sleep on steps, hav'n't time to love one another like folks in warm houses."

"And what did your father die of?" questioned Perditus.

"He warn't drowned; no, he was born safe against that," replied Pups, who hastily continued—"but won't you come in? Stop a little, though—I'll just see grandmother—wait here;" and the boy entered the hovel, and was received with a shout of surprise, justified by his improved appearance. Pups quickly explained that he had met with "such a prime gentleman!"—he was outside—might he come in? The unanimous consent of the company was immediately given, and Perditus Mutton for the second time stood beneath the roof of Miriam Birdseye: the old woman looked at Mutton a significant acknowledgment of their acquaintance, and then turned and whispered to her next neighbour, pointing out our hero as "the gentleman who had last night purchased her dear Tom's caul!—Dear, sweet, unfortunate boy."

Poor old Miriam was the mother of Tom; and, though the world had judged and punished him as an incorrigible scapegrace—a ruthless libertine—a hardened reprobate—he was nevertheless unto her a "dear, sweet, unfortunate boy."

At any other time Perditus would have shuddered at the faces he saw around him—faces marked with the recklessness and the despair of crime—with brutish ignorance, the tectning parent of vice—with the haggardness of want—the cunning of imposture. And there, too, was the child—a poor creature, suffered to grow up like a young wolf, to be afterwards hunted to the death, because it was nothing better! Perditus, however, was proof to these impressions. He looked around him, and felt a terrible sympathy with his new companions. He approached the woman—the betrothed of the late Thomas—and, sitting beside her, took her hand with all the reverence of profound love.

"La, Sir !" said the girl, simpering.

"And she look'd with such a look, and she spoke with such a tone,
That he almost received her heart into his own."

What devilish necromancy had enslaved him? What art, what magic, could have changed Perditus Mutton—the sensitive, reserved, delicate Perditus—into the worshipper of a coarse wench—a very drab? The company exchanged looks that plainly enough declared their astonishment.

"It's all right," said Bunkum; "the gentleman is very drunk!"

A jest was let fall by one of the wags, and a loud shout followed. In the midst of the clamour, Perditus, who had been protesting eternal affection to Betsy, suddenly leapt from his seat. He stared about him as if awakened from a hideous dream.

"What's the matter, Sir?" asked Betsy, approaching him.

Perditus receded from her with an expression of intolerable disgust; rushed to the door, and made his way up the lane.

"It's all right!" said Bunkum; "I've picked his pocket;" and the robber triumphantly exhibited a packet. It was opened; but, to the disappointment of the party, it proved to be nothing but—"Dear Tom's caul!"

Since the birth of Mercury there had never been so benevolent a theft. Perditus had been relieved of an imp that threatened to destroy him; of a fiend that had subtly endowed him with the ungracious dispositions of the first owner of the caul; a type of superstition of which when the best and wisest of us are enamoured, though before the meekest and most innocent of lambs, we are prone to become little better than "lost muttons!"

Need we add that the "Drakes" were presented with the tobacco-stopper of Sir Walter, at the cost of their awakened treasurer—that Mr. Tadmor again possessed his shagreen watch?

CHAP. V.

Perditus lived until sixty. He was attended to the grave by his few surviving brother "Drakes," all of whom mourned the loss of a kind, gentle, genial man. A woman and three little girls—god-daughters of the deceased—stood at the grave: their father, the parish clerk—a man honoured for the virtuous fulfilment of the social duties—sobbed bitterly as the earth rose above Perditus. That clerk was the poor, outcast, vagabond link-boy—the cunning, thievish, little Pups. He had been snatched from ignorance and guilt by the compassion of our hero; and the happy, honest man wept tears of gratitude in the grave of his preserver.

Requiescat in pace!

IMPROVISING " TO ORDER. "

" Incipe, si quid habes."

Virg. Ecl. 9th.

Editor. Ah, Couplet, my dear fellow, how d'y'e do ?
How odd —my thoughts that moment turned on you ;
Think of, you know, the——

Couplet. Me ? you surely jest—
Why should on me your fancy deign to rest ?

Editor. The fact is this—but first, pray take a chair—
Though strange it seems, I've got a page to spare—
Much at your service—nay, no nods or winks—
Come, knock some lines off, just to fill up chinks.

Couplet. Well then, if so, your subject first select.

Editor. True, but what's common I at once reject. '
No pithless poesy-- no jingling rhyme—
Eau sucrée canzonets, or ode sublime :
Soar far above such maudlin, and fal-lal,
And quit thee, England, " an thou lov'st me, Hal."

Couplet. What distant clime, where burns the solar ray,
Shall swell the measure of the poet's lay ?
Say, shall his muse the western world explore,
Or rest her pinions on the Afric shore ?
Portray the horrors of that hapless land,
The dreary desert, and its scorching sand,—
The laden'd camel, and the lengthen'd train
Of weary pilgrims o'er the boundless plain ?
Seeking, though faint, with wild and panting haste,
Some bubbling fountain in the trackless waste.

Editor. No more—such arid scenes our senses rack—
We long, like Falstaff, for a cup of sack.

Couplet. Then turn we thence, more joyously to feast
On the gay splendour of the gorgeous East,
To breathe the Harem's love-inspiring air,
And kindling view each beauteous wanton there,
Sing of the murmur'd wish, and half-drawn sigh,
The heaving bosom, and the melting eye ;
Or say how Echo labours to prolong
The dying cadence of the Georgian's song ;
Or mark the airy dance, whose rapid maze
Some glowing charm in every turn betrays,
While the light folds are so disposed to shade,
But not conceal, the beauties of the maid.
Sing of these charms !—yes, charms like these, which gave
A sultan often captive to his slave ;
For who but holy hermits could withstand
The laughing daughters of that golden land ?
Where all might pass for Houries from above,
Or reign as sisters of the Queen of Love !

Editor. Enough, enough ! thy Pegasus restrain ;
The curb has slacken'd—tighten, pray, thy rein—

He gallops hard—no more—now turn him round—
 And trot him gently over fresher ground ;
 Thy eastern fancies few, methinks, will brook,
 Who once have read (who has not ?) " Lalla Rookh ;"
 So, "*verbum sat*," we would not give thee pain,
 Now mount thy hobby, and be off again.

Couplet. Would the muse seek for themes of classic lore ?
 Then let her hover near the Tuscan shore—
 Fair, fallen Italy—behold the fate
 Of mighty nations in thy humbled state !
 Alas ! who sighs not as he views the dome
 Of proud, imperial,—now, but papal Rome ?
 Whose towering eagles once their wings unfurl'd,
 And proudly swept triumphant o'er the world,—
 And who laments not in his heart the day
 That sees a feeble monk usurp the sway
 Which Cæsar held, and there dominion claim
 O'er realms that echoed with a Pompey's fame,—
 O'er plains where Rome her valiant cohorts led,—
 Where Marius conquer'd, and Horatii bled ;
 While a dark zealot race succeeds the sage
 And brilliant meteors of th' Augustan age.
 Foul fall the day, and ill betide the hour,
 That gave that country to a bigot's power !

Editor. Egad, friend Couplet, this is " Eracles' vein,"
 Now twelve lines more, or so,—spur on again.
 Of Greece can nothing rather fine be said ?
 Come—cross the Adriatic ;—" Go it, Ned."

Couplet. Would the Muse now her magic wings expand
 To waft her gently o'er the Grecian land :
 Oh ! let her course be slow whene'er her eyes
 Shall view the columns of great Athens rise.
 Land of the brave, thrice favoured from above,
 The fount of learning, and the throne of love !
 Whose sons were valiant as her daughters fair,
 Diana's glory, and Minerva's care !
 Land of the brave, what bosom bold and free,
 But hails thy pass, renown'd Thermopylæ !
 Whose spirit burns not as it soars around,
 Immortal Marathon, thy battle-ground !
 Yet of those days reflect no more with bliss,—
 Think what Greece was—behold what now she is.

Editor. There, that will do,—so lay aside thy shell,
 For an impromptu it is passing well.
 Now some fair guerdon for thy song demand—
 What wouldst thou seek—some office high and grand ?
 Bard to the " blues " I'll make thee,—thou shalt see it.

Couplet. You don't say so ?

Editor. I do,—upon my eyes be it.

A. A. C.

NAJRAN AND SHIREEN.

ہمیں خود نتوان برد کوہر مقصود
خیال تست کہ این کار بحوالہ بر آید

“It is impossible to attain the jewel of thy wishes by thy own endeavours; it is a vain imagination to think that it will come to thee without assistance.”

HAFIZ.

Of the Perfidy of Afrasiyah and the Fidelity of Rudaki.

SAKANDAR, whose heart was as pure as the gem of Golconda, and the light of whose virtues and beneficence was reflected on the bright faces of all around him, after amassing considerable treasure, yielded up his spirit to Orosmales* in the encouraging hope that his actions were recorded in the golden volume of Al Syilt. To Afrasiyah, his brother, he confided the care and education of his only son, Najran, who was beautiful as a hyacinth. The affectionate father had spared no cost in the cultivation of his mind, and although scarcely sixteen he had already read “The Heart of Histories†,” and stored his memory with the poetical beauties of the Bahāristan (Mansion of the Spring by Jāmī) and the Gulistan (a Bower of Roses by Sādi), and wrote elegantly as well in the Niskhi as the Shekesteh and Talik§ character.

When the bitterness of his grief was assuaged by time, and his young heart, which had been bowed like a young sapling in the storm, had recovered its elasticity, he eagerly resumed his studies; and for two years spent his hours no less agreeably than profitably in the ardent pursuit of knowledge; but now having attained an age when he deemed himself capable of managing his own affairs he humbly requested his uncle to resign the government of his possessions. Afrasiyah, however, had held the reins so long that he was startled at the prospect of losing his power, and felt loth to yield to his reasonable request. For a moment he stood like one suddenly aroused from a beautiful vision to the cold realities of life, and then shrank in confusion from the presence of the astonished Najran. Mean and narrow-minded avarice had found no difficulty in taking possession of his heart and governing his thoughts, and Ahriman||, delighted, hovered continually near to catch his wavering spirit.

Scarcely had the glorious Mithras¶ bathed his gold-streaming locks in the western wave, and obscurity was spread around, when thoughts, dark as the hour, filled the mind of Afrasiyah. With desperate intent

* The Supreme Creator.

† The angel who takes an account of men's actions.

‡ A History of Persia, by Abdallatif, a native of Cazvin.

§ Names of the different characters or hands in which the Persian language is written.

|| Lucifer.

¶ A personification of the sun.

he summoned Rudaki to his presence. • He was the slave who slept in the ante-chamber of Najran.

“Rudaki,” said Afrasiyab, placing a purse of gold in his hand, “thou art a faithful slave.” (Rudaki bowed, and his fingers instinctively grasped the welcome and unexpected gift.) “I have had a dream,” continued Afrasiyab: “methought ’twas morning that thou stoodest trembling before me and reported that Najran lay dead in his couch, stabbed to the death.” And his malignant eyes looked into the countenance of the slave as he spoke, as if he would read the passing emotions of his soul.

Rudaki let fall his purse, and stooped to recover it.

“Rudaki!”

“Dread Lord?”

“Realise this dream,” said Afrasiyab, grasping him eagerly by the arm, “and thy liberty and this sum twice-told shall reward thee for the tidings. Shouldst thou fail in this, or betray me, thy life shall answer it.”

“I am thy slave,” replied Rudaki; “and thou mayest command my services.”

Receiving a jewel-hilted poniard from Afrasiyab, the slave bowed lowly and departed. Rudaki’s affection, however, overcame both the proffered temptation and the fear of the ruthless uncle; for he had been brought up from his childhood with the amiable Najran, and loved him with the affection of a brother. Repairing to his chamber he aroused the sleeping youth, and hastily recounted the sanguinary intentions of Afrasiyab. Najran was penetrated with horror; but Rudaki, fearing the danger of delay, urged him to seek for safety in immediate flight: and Najran yielding to his earnest entreaties, they were, in a few hours, far from his native place—the world before them, and the purse of Rudaki the sum of all their wealth.

“But better no purse in thy girdle than a naked dagger at thy heart!” said Rudaki; “and, after all, the wide world is like a fair piece of cloth from which the shears of diligence may, in time, fashion a garment!”

Najran the Wanderer wounded by the Arrows of Love.

The pliant mind of the accomplished Najran had been improved by art and study, while nature had endowed Rudaki with a ready wit, which his youthful master had taken a pleasure in refining by instruction; and now he not only regarded the faithful slave with affection, but esteemed him as a pleasant companion, jocosely calling him his peripatetic *Pendnama**; for his playful and inexhaustible humour illumined the weary path of his pilgrimage like the cheering rays of the noon-day sun.

After many days of travel they reached the renowned city of Shiraz; and fearful of exhausting their limited resources by unnecessary expenditure, they humbly took up their abode in the ruins of a once noble mansion in the suburbs.

“We are not humming-birds,” said the economical Rudaki, “and

* A Book of Moral Sentences, by Ferideddin Atter.

cannot live upon flies cooked in the sunbeams; and therefore we had better spare to-day and spend to-morrow: for we all know too well when the money's gone the music ceases; or, as the poet expresseth it—

"Chunkeh gul raft wa gulistan darguzasht
Nashanwi zan pas zabulbul sarguzasht!"

"When the roses wither and the bower loses its sweetness,
You have no longer the tale of the nightingale!"

Najran smiled at the application, and readily acquiesced in his arrangements. Habited in the dark and plain pelisses in which they had so hastily made their escape, they daily mingled in the crowds of the great city. One day, while lounging in that quarter of the bazaar where the perfumers dwelt, Najran was aroused from his reverie by the appearance of two females who issued from one of the shops. By the difference of their attire he at once recognized them as a young lady of condition and her slave. The lady encountered his ardent gaze, and hesitated for a moment on the threshold, evidently reading his admiration in the confusion which crimsoned his handsome brow. Najran drew back a step, and she tripped along with the ease and lightness of a gazelle. Her figure, as she moved, appeared as graceful as the waving cypress; and, although her face was concealed, her voice discoursed such sweet music that his ears were ravished.

"Rudaki," said Najran, summoning the slave, who was thrusting his nose into the shop, and obtaining (as he said) as much perfume as he could for nothing—"Rudaki, follow the light of that lady's heel, and learn her name and dwelling."

"Sweet master," replied Rudaki, "if she be a light-heeled damsel, would it not be wiser to run the other way, lest we get our wings singed? Remember the story of 'The Taper and the Moth' *."

"Peace, slave, and obey!" cried the youth impatiently; and Rudaki, accustomed to implicit obedience, immediately did his bidding.

In half an hour the slave returned.

"Well?" said Najran eagerly.

"She is the daughter of Anwar; her name is Shireen—and she is rich as she is beautiful," quickly answered the intelligent Rudaki; "and this is the fruit of my diligent inquiries, which I obtained at the price of a melon at an adjoining green-grocer's."

"And the house?"

"In the Eastern Quarter."

"So will the East never want light while she dwells there," exclaimed the enamoured Najran. "Rudaki, the mystic sympathy of love hath already united my soul to hers!"

"Then are we on the brink of ruin," said Rudaki, "for love is one of the most extravagant fancies that a poor man can nourish. As well may a water-carrier entertain a white elephant!"

"Do not nip the bud of hope," said Najran, "by thy cold and worldly calculation. Know, Rudaki, that nothing is impossible to love, and that I am resolved to possess this gem. My breast has been heretofore a desert; and, lo! a second Tasnim † has suddenly sprung up and spread around a vernal freshness of delight."

* A poem by Abli.

† Tasnim—a fountain of Paradise.

"May you prosper and your shadow increase!" said Rudaki; "but remember the man who once tried to catch a bulbul*, and pricked his fingers with the rose-tree in which she was singing!"

*Lament of Najran, and the Beam of Joy which dispersed the
Obscurity of Despair.*

In a corner of the gloomy ruin where they had taken up their abode sat the love-stricken Najran, buried in melancholy thought; nor could his light-hearted companion induce him to taste of the bowl of rice which he had prepared for their refecton.

"*Darēghā* (alas!)" sighed Najran, "how unfortunate am I that the star of my destiny should be obscured at the moment when most I need its light to guide my steps!"

"*Mazar* (perhaps!)" replied Rudaki, sententiously.

"What?" exclaimed Najran, "and canst thou doubt it?"

"When the clouds gather," said Rudaki, "we may expect rain will fall, and then will not fresh and beautiful flowers spring up?"

"Alas! stripped of my birthright," cried Najran, "what prospect have I of succeeding in the object of my desire? How hard is my fate!"

"Flints are hard," said Rudaki; "but may not the brightest sparks be struck from them?"

"Thou rough, kind moralist," said Najran, "thy maxims almost win me to hope."

"Hope! to be sure, sweet master," said Rudaki. "Because a man hath not the white bread of Yezdecas, nor the bright wine of Shiraz, must he refuse wholesome rice and fair water, and starve himself in spite? For my part, I mean to live as *long* as I can—as the rattle-snake said when he got an additional joint to his tail†."

Najran could not forbear smiling at the humour of Rudaki, but again his brow darkened, and he was absorbed in abstraction; at length he broke forth into the following exclamation—

"Blessed Ali! has my father's son no friend?"

"*Inak!* (behold!)" cried a sweet voice, melodious as that of the celestial Israfil.

Najran and Rudaki startled, arose from their rude seats of broken stone, and gazing around beheld the form of a beautiful female.

Her countenance was as radiant as the full moon, and her light and vapoury garments floated about her like the fleecy clouds of a summer sky. Even the ready and loquacious Rudaki was struck dumb by this apparition.

"Najran," continued the genii, "I am thy friend! and willingly would I pay the debt of gratitude I owe thy virtuous father, for by his aid was I freed from the cruel bondage of the Kharfesters‡. I know thy misfortunes—thy love—thy wants! Oppose to these endurance, fidelity, and hope, and thou wilt be happy. Beneath yonder stone lies a treasure—the golden key to the precious casket of delight! Be bold, be virtuous, and thou wilt prosper!"

Saying which, the genii gradually faded from their wondering gaze.

* Bulbul, the Philomel of the poets, and the nightingale of the prose-writers.

† It is supposed that this addition takes place annually.

‡ Wicked and mischievous genii.

"Sweet lady of Jinnistan!*" cried Rudaki, as soon as he recovered the use of his speech, "may thy sunny cheeks ever rest upon rose-leaves! What a ravishing voice! By the apron of Gao†! a *gazzel*‡ from her lips would move a crocodile to love!"

"Truly," said the delighted Najran, "the sun of hope hath suddenly risen above our heads and shortened the shadow that stretched darkly before us."

"Did I not predict this?" demanded Rudaki; "and is it not human life, which is ever checquered, alternate black and white, like a chess-board,—or like the apple of Istakhar, half sour, half sweet,—and we (blind mortals as we are) have stuck our teeth in the wrong side? But, after all, there's a destiny in everything, for one man obtains sugar and another a thrashing from the same cane!"

Moralizing in this serio-comic mood, Rudaki, assisted by Najran, removed the stone indicated by the good genii, and then both diligently set to work with their knives to remove the earth. After labouring fruitlessly for an hour they desisted awhile from their toil. Disappointment was too evidently expressed in the countenance of Najran, although he uttered not a murmur.

"I hope," said Rudaki, "that the treasure is not too deep for us,—as the two thirsty foxes said when they peeped into the well."

"Strange," muttered Najran, afraid to say that he did not hope. "Go, fetch some water, for my lips are parched."

While Rudaki was absent, he listlessly raked about the earth with the point of his long knife, and espying a green acorn, he put it in his girdle.

"Holloa!" exclaimed Rudaki, returning, and putting down the pitcher which he had just replenished. "Gone!"

"Gone!" said Najran. "No, Rudaki, here I am."

"Here! where?" cried Rudaki, trembling. "By the tomb of Shah Besade I see thee not!"

The truth flashed in a moment across the mind of Najran. He had become invisible!

"I have found the treasure!" said the delighted youth.

"And lost thyself," replied Rudaki; "for not a hair of thy *kolah* § can I perceive."

Najran drew out the mystic acorn, threw it at his feet, and in a moment resumed his form, to the delight and admiration of his faithful slave.

"This is, indeed, a treasure," cried Rudaki. "By the eyes of Ali! thou mayest now appear and disappear at pleasure, going in and out as quickly as a tailor's needle in a *kaftan* ||."

Gratified beyond measure by the genii's gift, Najran spent the evening in consultation with Rudaki upon the best means of turning its power to advantage.

* Fairy land.

† A shoemaker who successfully resisted the tyranny of Zohak, and whose apron became the royal standard of Persia.

‡ *Gazzel*, a love song.

§ *Kolah*, a cap of black sheepskin.

|| *Kaftan*, a garment.

How Najran communicated the tender anguish of his heart to Shireen, and the healing balm she administered.

Leladeen, the favourite slave of Shireen, was singing her one of the most sprightly compositions of Fardosi, accompanying her voice with the music of an Indian syrinda or guitar.

"Cease, dear Leladeen," cried Shireen, languidly; "the liveliness of thy strain only tends to make me more melancholy."

"Ah, me!" replied Leladeen; "you have drooped, sweet mistress, ever since you beheld that youth at the bazaar. He has surely enchanted you."

"He has, indeed," replied Shireen, sighing; "for sleeping and waking, he has ever been present to my thoughts. I saw him again last night."

"Where, sweet mistress?"

"In my dreams, dear Leladeen," said she: "but no, 'twas no dream, —'twas a vision. Methought I was in a fair garden, when the air was suddenly filled with the most ravishing music, and lo! a genii appeared, leading forth that self-same youth, who, kneeling at my feet, wept, and when he had departed, my path was strewn with precious pearls."

"How delightful!" cried Leladeen.

"O! say not so," said her gentle mistress. "I would not have my true love weep, though every tear were a pearl of price!"

Behind the embroidered *musnud* on which she was reclining stood the faithful Rudaki, who, by the power of the genii's gift, had gained admittance unseen to the apartment of Shireen. His heart fluttered with delight, for the praise of his beloved master was music to his ears. Silently laying a scented billet, bound with a silken cord, at her elbow, he withdrew a pace, lest even his breathing might awaken her alarm.

"What is this?" exclaimed Shireen, seizing the paper.

"A missive of love, perhaps, brought by some pigeon. Open and read it, pray do," said the curious slave.

It was unfolded ere Leladeen concluded her request, and Shireen read the following words inscribed in the most beautiful character:—

"JESSAMINE-BOSOMED SHIREEN!—I have presumed to gaze upon thee, and the penalty of the pleasure is the loss of a faithful heart that never yet knew love. I was poor before, but now most poor indeed, having lost that peace of mind which was my only treasure. Be pitiful, therefore, as thou art beautiful, and permit me to behold thee once more, for even should I die slain by thy frowns, that death will be a paradise to

"NAJRAN."

The agitation of Shireen equalled her surprise, but her imagination, warmed by the vision which she had beheld in her slumbers, and her heart prompted by sentiments of the tenderest affection, at once decided her upon the course she should pursue.

"Give me the reed," said she to Leladeen. "I will reply;" and she instantly wrote on the back of the billet this sentence—

"The caged bird cannot fly abroad at will. At eve, beneath the chenar-tree, in her father's garden sits

"SHIREEN."

And laying it beside her, she turned to give the reed with which she had written it to Leladeen. Rudaki seized the prize in a moment.

"How shall we despatch it?" inquired Leladeen.

"Thou shalt take it to the bazaar, and—Blessed Ali, 'tis gone!" exclaimed Shireen, springing from the musnud, and extending the crimson-tipped fingers* of her delicate hands in an attitude of surprise.

Rudaki, leaving them to wonder at its disappearance, hastily departed; Leladeen perfectly convinced that her lady's love was a fairy, and Shireen as firmly trusting that he would prove a mortal.

The punishment of tyranny. Rudaki provides an entertainment in a novel mode for himself and master.

As Rudaki descended the grand staircase leading to the hall of Anwar's mansion, he heard the half-suppressed cries of some one in pain. Proceeding with a light and cautious tread, he presently beheld an ugly Nubian, of gigantic stature, with a thick cane in his hand, laying about him without mercy or discrimination, and half-a-dozen inferior slaves writhing under the infliction. "Pity, Salim, pity," cried they, one and all, endeavouring to deprecate his anger; but all in vain: his blows continued to fall on all around, a grin of delight extending his huge, thick lips, and showing a double row of teeth, as white and large as blanched almonds.

"What a savage hyena!" said Rudaki to himself; "a very counterpart of Malec, Afrasiyab's chief favourite. A two-legged jackal! 'kick,' 'stick,' and 'lick' were the ever-recurring rhymes of that ill-favoured blackbird's morning and evening song, as my shoulders can testify. Verily, had I remained, I think he would by this time have hammered out my mortal clay as thin as a tile! Really, these major-domos fancy themselves drum-majors, and their inferiors so many kettle-drums. Ali be praised that my particular parchment hath escaped his tattooing! But I'll yet do ye a good turn, my fellow-sufferers, e'en at the cost of an hour's suspense to my dear lord and master."

Rudaki was a man of infinite good-nature, and upon this occasion his sympathy was strongly excited in the slaves' behalf by the lively recollection of the sufferings he had endured. He sat himself down in one corner of the hall, in order to meditate upon some plan of summary vengeance, when Anwar suddenly appeared, and summoned Salim. The tyrant-slave bent almost to the ground with abject servility.

Unwilling to abandon his charitable intention, Rudaki followed close upon the heels of the proud master and his slave. When they had reached the garden, and he was conscious they were unobserved, Rudaki slipped in between the two, and bestowed such a well-directed kick upon Anwar, that he almost threw him upon his face.

Dropping involuntarily upon one knee, he grasped his dagger, and, fixing his eyes in terror upon the Nubian, called lustily for help.

His terror communicated itself to the unsuspecting Salim, whose large eyes rolled and glared in every direction, to seek the cause of Anwar's alarming outcry and sudden prostration.

* The ladies dye the ends of their fingers with heuna, and tinge the inside of their eyelids with a powder called black kohol.

"Seize and bind that dog!" exclaimed Anwar to a group of twenty slaves, who crowded about him in an instant. Salim fell upon his knees to sue for mercy, imagining nothing less than that a fit of madness had seized his master.

"By the beard of my father!" continued Anwar, "the slave has struck me! Struck me, did I say? he has raised his cursed foot against my person, polluting my very garments with the foul dust of his feet!" And the old man ground his teeth with rage.

The astonished but still more delighted slaves were prompt enough to do his bidding, and soon bound their detested task-master hand and foot. Anwar then commanded them to inflict the bastinado on the spot, which was done with such goodwill, that Salim, had he the soul of an usurer, must have been satisfied with the compound and accumulated interest with which those blows he had lent them on so many occasions were returned.

"Precious little acorn, I thank thee," said Rudaki; "now if that fellow be not astonished, he has no feeling, that's all." And quitting the garden, he hastened to bear Shireen's letter to his master. On his way he beheld a pastrycook talking and laughing with an acquaintance; beside him, on a stone settle, he had placed a most tempting tray of his savory manufacture, the steam whereof attracted the discerning nose of Rudaki, and made his mouth water.

"Surely," said he, hesitating, alternately standing upon one leg, and then the other, like a heron accommodating itself for a dose, "necessity is a strong master, and, withal, so rude, that he never stands upon ceremony; and is not necessity my master, and shall I disobey his stern commands? No; and is not hunger like a lion, to whose fangs, from the coney to the panther, all is fair and lawful game? To be sure; so, little tray, come along with me." So saying, Rudaki whipped up the pastry, and departed unnoticed.

Ere he reached home, he boldly entered a wine-store, and provided himself with a bottle of the red-wine of Shiraz, and another of the delicious white wine of Kishma.

"Here's food both for body and mind," cried he, appearing to Najran, and setting down his load, presented him with Shireen's epistle. While the enamoured youth was perusing it, Rudaki spread out the banquet.

"What is to be done?" cried Najran, thoughtfully.

"First let us drink, and then think," replied Rudaki, "for is not the light of the melted ruby truth*?"

This suggestion was by no means unpalatable to Najran, who played a very prominent and unromantic part in the entertainment; for, although his mind had long feasted on love, he was painfully aware of his mortality, and felt that he required something more substantial for the support of his bodily strength.

* Melted ruby is the poetical phrase for wine. The expression of Rudaki is therefore synonymous with the Latin maxim—"In vino veritas,"—there is truth in wine.

The rose of Love exhales its perfume in the garden of Beauty.

The green tuft of the tall chenar tree shone like an emerald in the bright rays of the declining sun ; its base was surrounded by a bower of rose trees, and other fragrant shrubs, and the area carpeted with a smooth green sward, in the centre of which was a basin of porphyry, from which a pellucid jet arose, and scattered its silvery spray in the air like a shower of spangles, filling the space with a refreshing coolness and a calm and quiet melody, and forming, altogether, a fitting boudoir for a floral queen. On the edge of the basin perched a tame lory, of the most beautiful plumage, the pet of Leladeen, from whose hand it was quietly feeding. Shireen, seated on a variegated carpet, was silently watching their gambols, and anxiously revolving in her mind the probability of Najran's visit.

That she entertained some hope of this wished-for event was evident from the care with which she had arranged her toilet. Her veil was laid aside, and her black and shining hair was bound in a net of light golden chain-work set with pearls ; a thin pendant plate of the same precious metal glittered on her smooth brow, whereon was inscribed a sentence from the Koran ; a cymar of green satin, richly embroidered, was girdled about her slender waist by a Cachmere shawl of many colours, the golden-fringed ends nearly reaching to her feet. Her wide sleeves were open from the wrists to the shoulders, and fastened at intervals of six or eight inches with jewelled clasps, displaying a tight sleeve of white satin beneath. A pair of large trousers of the same colour and material, and sandals of green morocco, completed this elegant and becoming attire. Najran, who, by the aid of his talisman, had already entered the garden, stood gazing in speechless admiration of the lovely vision before him. Even his imagination had failed in picturing half the charms his eyes beheld, and intoxicated with pleasure, he almost feared lest his speech and presence should dissolve the charm. At last, laying aside the acorn, he suddenly appeared to the wondering eyes of Shireen and her attendant.

"May the slave of love be permitted to cast himself at the feet of beauty?" said the youth with humility, his handsome countenance suffused with a crimson glow of mingled modesty and apprehension.

At the same moment the sprightly Leladeen arose, and adroitly left the lover.

"Najran," replied Shireen, blushing deeply, "I almost tremble at the vision my temerity hath raised ; I fear, too, that passion hath made thee overstep discretion. Alas ! shouldst thou be discovered ?"

"Gentle Shireen," interrupted Najran, "thy very fears are flattering to my hopes ; but banish them from thy thoughts, for know that I bear a charm that secures me from detection here."

"Then am I happy," said Shireen, "for truly, methinks, my eyes would play the fountain to my soul, and let out life, were evil to befall—"

"Thy slave ?"

"Nay, any mortal," answered Shireen, "that my folly had lured from the path of safety."

"Noble daughter of Anwar," said Najran, approaching, emboldened by her speech, "call it not folly ; surely some tenderer sentiment

prompted thee to grant my prayer. * Wouldst thou sport with my devoted heart as if it were a toy ?”

Shireen cast down her beautiful eyes in confusion, and Najran ventured to press her reluctant hand in his.

Here, imitating the delicacy of Leladeen, we will leave the lovers (for such indeed they were) to the mutual interchange of their sentiments. The moments were gossamer-winged, and time flew swiftly on, while the faithful Leladeen, trembling for the fate of her beloved mistress should this stolen interview be discovered, kept a vigilant eye upon the winding path which led to the bower. Presently descriing her master in the distance, she interrupted their delightful converse, and urged the instant departure of Najran.

The enamoured youth pressed the hand of Shireen to his lips.

“*Fardā-shāmgāh !*” (to-morrow—in the evening) said he hastily, and thrusting the talisman in his vest, vanished in a moment.

Unfortunately, he had so protracted his stay, that he found every outlet, even the doors of the mansion, closed. The only means of escape was by the garden wall, which he happily effected without observation, for, sad to say, in surmounting this barrier, he lost the acorn, a misfortune of which he was not aware till he reached his ruinous habitation, when the greeting of Rudaki startled him, believing himself still invisible to all eyes.

“*Chun ? harzignah !*” (How ? never !) exclaimed Rudaki, when perfectly assured of the loss they had sustained ; “ then farewell to love and wine, to tender assignations and savoury pastry ! Why this is enough to crush even my case-hardened philosophy. What, the spring dried up just as we were on the point of slaking our thirst ! Dear master, bury me in this hole, and roll this stone over me.”

In this strain did Rudaki vent his grief for a whole hour. As for Najran, his feelings were too deep for utterance.

The source of Najran's delight proves the misery of another.

The elastic spirits of Rudaki would not permit him to remain long under the pressure of worldly trouble. After a restless night he arose and performed his ablutions.

“ Although the sun sets in the west, he rises again in the east,” said he : “ I'll go seek for our little friend, and sure am I that I could recognise his sweet countenance among a bushel of his brethren. If some unclean hog hath not devoured it, it may still be rolling about unnoticed.”

Strengthened by this slender hope, and uttering a few words of encouragement to the desponding Najran, Rudaki set forth upon his dubious quest. With the glance of a hawk, he walked slowly towards the garden wall, looking to the right and to the left, but all in vain, although tormentingly enough he happened to see several acorns, which he pocketed at random. At last he determined to approach the gates of the mansion, and endeavour, by some lucky stratagem, to gain admittance to the garden. A knot of slaves were at the door, talking loudly, and all together. Rudaki boldly mingled with the group.

“ He's enchanted, that's certain,” said one ; “ and, what's more, he

refuses all nourishment; not even a date has passed his lips since his misfortune."

"Perhaps he has no stomach," observed another; "I'm sure he has a voice, for he bawled loud enough to split my ears. And Nakshebi can bear witness that he can use his legs too, for he kicked him from one end of the hall to the other."

Rudaki had no occasion to stretch his ears to any extraordinary length to learn all the tidings he required. The fact was, Anwar had picked up the acorn in his evening's walk, and returning to the house, soon discovered, by the terror of the slaves, that he was invisible to their eyes, and had consequently shut himself up in his chamber, venting the most mournful lamentations.

The invention of Rudaki was at work in a moment. And he perfectly trembled with delight when, addressing one of the slaves, he gravely said,

"Go to the noble Anwar, and inform him that a stranger from a far land, hearing of his misfortune, has come forward to offer him solace and restoration."

Rudaki was speedily admitted to the presence of the disconsolate Anwar.

"Welcome, a thousand times welcome, learned stranger!" exclaimed the invisible Anwar.

Without noticing this address, Rudaki turned to the slave, and, with as much dignity as he could assume, bade him quit the chamber.

"And canst thou really release me from this horrible enchantment?" said Anwar.

"*Hamandam*," (directly) replied Rudaki.

"And thy reward?"

"Twenty purses of gold," said Rudaki.

"They are thine," quickly acceded the invisible sufferer.

"Peace," said Rudaki, authoritatively, and drawing two acorns from his pocket, he laid them upon a small marble table between himself and Anwar, then fumbling and ruminating in his pockets for a few seconds, which appeared so many ages to Anwar, he calmly said, "I must go forth again."

"*Chara?*" (wherefore) demanded the impatient Anwar.

"The charm requires the mystic number of *three*, and I find I have but *two* acorns," replied Rudaki.

"Stay—I—yes, I remember, I have one."

"Lay it upon the marble," calmly answered Rudaki, although his heart beat violently.

Anwar did his bidding, and resumed his appearance immediately. Rudaki however pretended not to see him, fearful of a discovery.

"Art thou standing?" demanded he.

"Yes," replied Anwar.

"Then lay thyself at full length upon the floor, with thy heels to the west, and thy head to the east," said Rudaki, then walking about the table nine times, and muttering some unintelligible jargon to himself, he suddenly seized one of the acorns, and threw it with all his might at the head of the unfortunate Anwar. "Rise, noble Anwar, thou art freed from the thrall of the iniquitous enchanter."

Involuntarily rubbing his head, Anwar arose, and rushed towards a

mirror. His delight was unbounded at again beholding himself; but then suddenly recollecting himself, he coolly asked the amount of the stipulated reward.

"Twenty purses of gold," said Rudaki.

"Art thou mad?" exclaimed the ungrateful man. "Twenty purses, forsooth!—not a sequin shalt thou have of mine, thou base enchanter. How do I know but the whole affair is a scheme of thine to plunder me?" And, rushing towards the door, he vanished, bolting it upon the astonished slave.

"A pretty situation I am in! as the little fish said when he found himself in the frying-pan," said Rudaki; but, summoning up ^{his} presence of mind for which he was so remarkable, he seized the talisman in a trice, and opening an inlaid cabinet, he, without any qualms of conscience, appropriated a casket which temptingly presented itself to his view, and, placing himself behind the door, anxiously awaited the return of Anwar. A minute afterwards the sordid ingrate returned, with half-a-dozen slaves at his heels, armed with clubs.

Anwar's rage equalled his dismay when he discovered that his intended victim had escaped. As for the slaves, they experienced more pleasure than disappointment; for they had not the slightest inclination in the world to combat with an enchanter. Rudaki, finding the coast clear, slipped out, having no curiosity to know the result of his desperate adventure.

The forlorn bird, in the spring of his good fortune, obtains new plumage, and sings joyously as a bulbul in a rose-tree.

With a light and noiseless tread the happy Rudaki entered the bare and comfortless chamber of their ruinous habitation. Silent, thoughtful, and gloomy as an owl, sat the disconsolate Najran, resting his elbows on his knees, and reclining his head upon his palms.

Rudaki dropped the stolen casket at his master's feet, which instantly sprang open, scattering its glittering contents upon the floor.

The slave himself was astonished at the size and value of the jewels he beheld; for in his haste to report the fortunate termination of his morning's search to his beloved master, he found no time to examine the value and extent of his fortunate acquisition.

"What treasure do I behold!" exclaimed Najran. "Sweet genii! (for to thy munificence alone can I attribute such a princely gift,) accept my thanks. But oh! listen to the prayer of an unfortunate lover, and restore me thy first precious gift, without which all these baubles are as nothing; for not one of these many gems has power to unlock the paradise where dwells the idol of my soul."

"Behold the prize!" exclaimed Rudaki, throwing the acorn at his feet; and without further preface he commenced such antics and cut such capers in the ecstasy of his feelings, that Najran began to think his faithful slave had actually lost the use of his senses.

"Rudaki!" said he, in a tone intended to curb his extravagancies.

"Bear with me," sweet master," said Rudaki. "When the mallet strikes the ball, it will bound. Joy hath made me as drunk and giddy as a bird of Paradise with the intoxicating fragrance of the nutmeg. Never more let us complain of Destiny; for the knife we dread as ready

to be sheathed in our shrinking breasts, is only drawn for the purpose of carving out a sweet dish for our refection and entertainment."

"But tell me," said Najran, "how and where didst thou recover our lost and inestimable talisman?"

"Truly, sweet master, by the force of my natural wit," replied Rudaki; ay, even as the loadstone draws forth the hidden needle from the concealing dust."

Rudaki then detailed the whole of his morning's adventures to the attentive and gratified ears of his master. His praise and gratitude knew no bounds.

"This casket and its contents, at least, are thine," said Najran, "and most worthily won, too."

"Not a pearl will I touch," replied Rudaki. "I am but as a javelin in thy hands; and the hunter, not the weapon, wins the spoil of the chase."

"Thou art a most strange and generous being," said Najran.

"I was but a rude piece of metal," continued Rudaki, and thou didst fashion and make me the thing I am. 'Tis true, there is little difference between *gul* (a rose) and *gil* (clay) in sound; but hath not poor *gil*, that's me, acquired all its worth and excellence from the continual contact with *gul*, which is a type of thee, my kind and excellent master *?"

"But vain, Rudaki, is the lapidary's skill who, polishing a flint, expects it to sparkle like the diamond," said Najran. "Thou wert—"

"Pardon, dear master," interrupted Rudaki; "a truce to compliments; for, after all, are they not like perfumes to a hungry man? We have yet much to do; and it would, indeed, be folly, having arrived only mid-way up the steep hill before us, were we to sit down and sing a *ziraleet*†, and let the glorious sun sink and leave us in utter darkness."

"True," replied Najran; "and what is thy advice in the present posture of our affairs?"

Rudaki mused for a moment.

"Love," resumed he, sagely, "is a lantern to a rich man and lights him to pleasure; but to a poor one it is rather a hood which, falling over his eyes, makes him sometimes stumble and break his shins!"

"Am I not a rich man?" said Najran, pointing to the jewels displayed at his feet.

"I am not so weak," continued Rudaki, "as to argue upon the propriety of the passion to one over head and ears in love; for one might as well attempt to turn the course of a rapid stream with a single straw. Therefore I should advise that thou shouldst first assure thyself of the affection of the gentle Shireen; obtain her pledge of fidelity, and then—"

"What then, Rudaki?" demanded Najran.

"Why, then devise some scheme of regaining thy former rank, and

* There is a beautiful fable by Sadi, "On the Advantages of Good Company," in which the *scented clay* (*gili khushbô-i*) used in the baths instead of soap, says,—
"I was a despicable piece of clay; but I was some time in the company of the rose. The sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me; otherwise I should have been only a piece of earth, as I appear to be."

† *Ziraleet*—a joyful chorus performed by the singing women at festivals, &c.

openly seek for a hand which circumstances now compel thee to sue under a mask."

"Very true," observed Najran; "and nothing is more irksome to me than the clandestine manner in which the reverse of fortune obliges me to pursue the object of my desires. But I have no choice."

"Certainly not," replied Rudaki; "and the wisest course we can pursue, in my opinion, is to dispose of some of these jewels. We can then obtain some habits more suitable to thy station; for I have always observed that the garniture of the person smooths the road to a woman's heart, and wonderfully facilitates the progress of wooing."

Najran smiled at Rudaki's suggestion, and readily consented to adopt it. Selecting a few of the gems, he immediately issued forth, and disposed of them by detail to several jewellers, fearful of exciting suspicion by offering them all at once; then purchasing a splendid suit for himself, and another for Rudaki of less costly materials, he ordered them to be sent to a caravanserai, where, summoning Rudaki, they presently equipped themselves.

Having installed themselves in their new dwelling, Rudaki's first care was to provide a proper entertainment; and, for the first time since their compulsory exile, they enjoyed an excellent repast.

On the approach of evening the gallant Najran turned his steps towards the garden of Anwar, and if he had before appeared agreeable to the eyes of Shireen in his humble garb, he now, in his present rich and becoming attire, certainly looked as gay and fascinating as the immortal Chrisna.

That tremulous feeling which had pervaded the hearts of the two lovers on their first meeting, even as the warm breeze agitates the fluttering leaves of the rose, had subsided, and they now conversed together with all the delight and confidence of a first affection. The heart of Shireen was without guile, and she loved too purely to assume an indifference that was a stranger to her innocent bosom. The eloquence of Najran was irresistible; and the fair daughter of Anwar, drooping her beautiful head upon the youth's shoulder, as, growing bold, he ventured to press her to his beating heart, confessed a mutual flame.

The Counsel of Rudaki—a Jewel above price set in that Gold without alloy—disinterested Fidelity. The Tree of Expectation flourishes and bears the sweet Fruit of Felicity.

"Assured of Shireen's affection, I am armed for any peril!" exclaimed Najran.

"Then let us forth," said Rudaki, "and with the aid of our little ally, this precious acorn, if we do not strip thine uncle, and leave him to his own grief and the world's mock, I will go on all-fours like an ass, and bear thee back to Shiraz as a punishment for luring thee to a fruitless attempt. Yea, as a maggot insinuates its tiny body into a nut and devours the kernel, so will I enter the full house of the unjust Afrasiyab and leave it not till it be empty—and may the ruthless monster bury himself in the shell!"

Najran had consented to take part in this act of retributive justice, urged by Rudaki before his visit to Shireen, and had therefore taken

his leave of her, promising to return in the space of twenty days. Purchasing camels and providing a fitting escort for the journey, they sallied forth, full of expectation, at an early hour on the following morning.

After a tedious journey, for the leagues appeared to the lover's mind to lengthen as they went, they rested at last within sight of his native city, at what Rudaki called a "politic distance;" and lest any mischance should befall his master, he resolved to carry his plans into execution unaided and alone. Entering the well-known mansion, the first object he beheld was his old enemy Salim, the chief of the slaves, stretched at full length upon the seat or bench which environed the hall of entrance. For the moment his principal object was obliterated from his mind, as he vividly recalled the unjust castigation he had so frequently suffered at his merciless hands, and he resolved to rub off at least a portion of the score which had been wantonly run up at his expense. The time, the place, and opportunity, all conduced to render this feeling irresistible.

Drawing a long pin from his sleeve, he approached the slumbering black, and without the least particle of remorse thrust it vengefully into the fleshy part of his thigh. Like a bristly boar, suddenly pierced by the hunter's spear, the gaunt Salim sprang from his seat, with a roar and an imprecation that perfectly electrified the whole bevy of shrinking and terrified menials who were whispering together in a corner, fearful of disturbing the repose of their detested tyrant. He glared about him with a horrible expression of mingled rage and pain; fortunately no one was in reach of his iron fist. Stooping to rub the afflicted part, Rudaki took advantage of the favourable position, and kicked him with such good-will that he nearly sent him sprawling on the floor. He turned about, and again Rudaki repeated the application. Round he twirled, and the agile and invisible slave continued to kick him at every turn, and exerted himself so lustily that he was fain to give in for want of breath. It is impossible to express the terror of Salim, or the wonderment of the slaves, who saw him whirling and twisting about like a madman without any apparent cause; and Afrasiyab coming in at this juncture, and witnessing his extraordinary evolutions, the alarm was communicated to his guilty soul, and fearing some outrage from the slave, whom he very reasonably deemed distracted, he cautiously kept his distance, and bade the slaves seize and bind him securely. The bruised and terrified Salim submitted without a murmur of remonstrance, and they led him away perfectly exhausted, with the involuntary gymnastic evolutions he had performed.

The appearance of Afrasiyab was sufficient to recall the thoughts of Rudaki to his main design, and he quietly followed the unworthy uncle of Najran to his private chamber. Here, as in the lifetime of Najran's father, was secured the principle part of the family wealth, consisting of gold and jewels, safely locked in several iron-bound chests.

Afrasiyab cautiously bolted the door, and then prying nervously into every corner, stooped down, and pressing a spring in the floor, a small door flew open, and from this secret depository he drew forth a bunch of keys.

Rudaki scarcely breathed as he watched his motions, carefully noting down on the tablets of his memory these valuable particulars.

Afrasiyab then proceeded to a review of his ill-gotten treasures,

which his parsimony had tended considerably to increase. After a whole hour's painful suspense, Afrasiyab returned the bunch of keys to their concealed sanctum, and taking a large one from his pocket, locked the door, and placed it under the pillow of his couch, to which he soon afterwards retired to rest.

"Very pleasant, however," thought Rudaki; "and I think, forsooth, there is a fair prospect of my remaining here a prisoner till break of day! What's to be done? He sleeps!—what then?—why, the hum of a gnat is sufficient to arouse such sleep as his must be!"

Another hour—a second passed—and Rudaki was still undecided how to act in this delicate juncture. At length, growing impatient, he determined to hazard an attempt.

"Afrasiyab!" cried he, in a low but distinct tone of voice: the sleeper turned restlessly on his side. "Afrasiyab!" repeated he in a still louder key.

"Ah! what!" cried he, rubbing his eyes; "did I dream?" then resting upon his elbows he looked fearfully around him.

"Afrasiyab!" said Rudaki, for the third time, and in a gentle voice.

"Mercy——"

"Peace!" interrupted Rudaki, "and listen."

Large drops of perspiration, distilled by fear, burst out upon the forehead of Afrasiyab; his tongue refused its office, and scarcely could his trembling arms support him.

"Fear nothing, Afrasiyab," continued Rudaki; "I come on a mission to thee, from the city of Amerabad*. Know that, instigated by a wicked genii, one of thy ancestors became unjustly possessed of a vast treasure. His wicked career was cut untimely short, and he never enjoyed the fruits of his wickedness and oppression. That treasure now lies untouched and undiminished in the dungeons of thy mansion."

Afrasiyab's cupidity began gradually to overcome his fear, and he listened with avidity to the pleasant communication of Rudaki.

"In his wisdom, the chief judge of our city hath elected thee his almoner, and commands thee, on penalty of his displeasure, to bring the hidden wealth to light, and distribute one-half to the poor and retain the other for thine own use. Art thou willing to do his bidding?"

"As my head shall answer it," replied Afrasiyab.

"Then up and follow me," commanded Rudaki, "and I will point out the precise spot where 'tis hidden."

Afrasiyab arose, and hastily throwing a pelisse over his shoulders, prepared to obey the mandate of the invisible.

Having thrown open the door of his chamber, Rudaki took a lamp, the flame alone of which remained visible, and descended to the dungeons, followed by Afrasiyab, who was filled with wonder and delight, and urged on by the expectation of the promised acquisition.

"Unbar the door, and enter," said Rudaki.

Afrasiyab obeyed with all the alacrity of eager hope, and in a moment Rudaki closed the door securely, leaving the duped and affrighted Afrasiyab in utter darkness to bewail his credulity.

Returning to the chamber, Rudaki lost no time in helping himself to the contents of the various chests, and, loaded like a camel, sallied forth.

On the following day the whole household was thrown into confusion by the unaccountable absence of Afrasiyah, and the slaves went up and down the city seeking their master in every direction, giving Rudaki a fair opportunity in their confusion to complete his task.

Having successfully carried away all the portable and most valuable portion of Najran's effects, he would have left the heartless Afrasiyah to his fate, had not the generous Najran insisted upon his freedom. Rudaki, therefore, reluctantly returned, and, unbarring the door, Afrasiyah crawled forth, more dead than alive, and soon gathered together his scattered minions.

What pen can paint his despair, when, on paying a visit to his ill-gotten wealth, he found that all had vanished, and that he was a beggar. He rushed madly to the authorities, and loudly complained of his loss; but they, knowing his greedy and avaricious disposition, smiled tauntingly at his tale, and believing that he wished by some cunning device to avoid the payment of the yearly tribute, which was just due, instead of the commiseration and assistance he anticipated, they first bestowed on him the bastinado, and then threw him into prison, in order that he might have time to recollect where he had concealed his property, in the mean time selling his mansion and slaves to defray the exorbitant fees of justice.

Neither Najran nor Rudaki, however, thought it prudent to remain in the neighbourhood, and providing a formidable escort, lest some Arabian adventurer might despoil them of their property, they set forth for the city of Shiraz. The wealth of Najran soon enabled him to appear in a condition every way worthy of his birth, and no sooner were his affairs arranged than he paid a visit to Anwar, and made an offer of his hand. Such an occurrence even outstripped the sordid wishes of the merchant, and, without deigning to consult his daughter upon the subject, he immediately gave his consent to the nuptials.

It is needless to add, that there was no opposition on the part of the affectionate Shireen. To the faithful Rudaki Najran gave his freedom, and offered him a large sum to establish him as a merchant.

"No, my dear master," said Rudaki; "I must live, and, I hope, die in thy service. I am content in my station. The most docile ass that ever munched a thistle will never become an Arabian, groom it as we may; and the owl that wishes to become a bird of paradise and gaze upon the sun, will probably lose his eyes as well as his wits in the experiment. There is only one particular in which I have an inkling to imitate my superior, (what an infectious thing is example!) Little Leladeen and I——"

"Enough," interrupted Najran, smiling: "I'll beg the gift of thy mistress."

Shireen of course consented, and the happiness of Rudaki and Leladeen was not less perfect or enduring than that of Najran and Shireen.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE CONVERSAZIONE,

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Colonel. I have been remarkably struck with a little volume "On the Preservation of Health," by Curtis, the well-known lecturer on the ear. It is exactly of the order which I should wish to see spread among the people. At once brief, clear, and intelligent, it gives a variety of important rules for the sustenance of man in mental and bodily vigour, controverts some prominent popular errors, and furnishes instruction to young and old in the great art of reaching old age in possession of the faculties, the activity and the enjoyments of a healthful frame.

The Barrister. Curtis is clever; and his little book is alike amusing and well informed. But, as an instance of the art of viewing things through professional spectacles, have you observed his description of the tender passion? "Disappointment in love," says the aurist, "is one of the principal causes of suicide. The fact clearly proves the deranging effect of the passion upon the mental faculties." He then states the progress of the *disease*, as he terms the too ardent admiration (is that possible?) of the most admirable product of creation, a lovely woman—"As the force of love prevails sighs grow deeper; a tremor affects the heart and pulse; the countenance is alternately pale and red; the voice is suppressed in the fauces; the eyes grow dim; cold sweats break out; sleep absents itself, at least till morning; the secretions become disturbed; and a loss of appetite, a hectic fever, melancholy, or, perhaps, madness, if not death, constitute the sad catastrophe." The description is excellent, true, and odd. I question whether Cupid, among all his disguises, ever found himself enveloped in the full costume of the College of Physicians before, acting the part of Sir Henry Hallford, smelling to a gold-headed cane, and shaking his luminous head over a wound inflicted by a pair of coral lips or jet-black eyes.

The Rector. The Theatrical Copyright Act is beginning to produce its effects. Clever young writers, who would have been deterred by the old and evil condition of things, are now gradually trying their strength in dramatic publication. They cannot now see their plays destined to be strangled in the desk of some careless or overworked manager; or, if they published and attained popularity, see their work seized on by half a dozen theatres before their eyes. The friends of dramatic genius have secured to the author the right of giving or withholding. The theatre must now give an equivalent for the use of the printed play; and thus the experiment, at least, does not leave him at the mercy of the first manager of a minor theatre gifted with the organ of "appropriation."

The Doctor. Take a case in point. "Wallace," a tragedy constructed on the fall of the Scottish champion. Without troubling himself with the thousand evils born of the stage's delay, he tries his chance with the public through the press, and, according to the public acceptance, will command or submit to the decision of managers. "Wallace" has the advantage of a memorable historic name, a popular subject,

and a poetic time. Of the stage effect of tragedy it is almost impossible to speak until it has been tried on the stage ; but it exhibits poetic powers of no usual order. One of the partisans of the great chieftain thus speaks :—

“ I want no guide—name but his resting-place ;
If mountain, vale, moor, wood, or misty stream,
The haunt of witching elves at shadowy eve,
Or wizard cave, where midnight demons murmur
Their nameless orgies in the ear of silence,
And startle at the cave's unhallow'd echoes,
So indistinct, they scarce believe them such,
But dread that spirits darker than themselves
Are whispering horror !—

FLORENCE.

Hush ! You make me shudder.

GRAHAM.

A guide for me ! I know the pathless wild
By intuition, like its guardian genius—
And Wallace is our master. Canst thou name
A place unknown ? The giddy precipice
Where fairies weave their beautiful illusions
To moonlight melody, and dance, foot-winged,
On life's last landmark ; or the haunted tower,
Where desolation beckons wandering ghosts
Who miss'd their tombs, and fly the star of dawn
Perturbedly ? Or the lone cataract,
Where morning's sun surprises woodland nymphs,
Disporting down the foamy dashing wave ?

ELIZA.

Hast thou been up so early ?

GRAHAM.

Up so early ?

Why I have mused upon the evening star
Till heaven's bright herald told the noon of night.
And I have watch'd calm Nature's awful sleep
With as much transport as a mother gazes
O'er dreaming infancy—till morning smiled
In blushing loveliness upon the world.
I know each scene of wild romantic beauty,
Where magic breathes, or strains of rapture break
On wonder's ear ; amid the solitude
I know each scene of popular tradition,
Veil'd by the hallow'd wing of mystery,
And peopled by the spirits of our fathers,
Who, bending from yon purple cloud of vengeance,
Call forth their children to the battle-field.”

The Barrister. This is vigorous versification—and versification is a great deal in the drama. The man who has poetic language and clear conceptions wants but little to attain excellence in the drama. Character and plot are still essential ; but nothing will compensate the want of the poetic faculty. To the present writer I should say, Go on and prosper. Let him accumulate ideas, observe manners, and delineate action. Let him seize on some striking plot, clothe it in the colours

which his fancy furnishes, and then throw it to take its fortune on the stage. The drama, the most difficult, but the most popular of all literature, the most delightful in its fabrication, and the most splendid in its success, has fallen into public disregard only through individual indolence. Let it be but once adopted by some great writer, and it will tower above all the other efforts of poetry. We shall no more have dreamy odes and silly minstrelsy assuming the name of poetry. Is it even impossible that we should have some gigantic genius overshadowing all the little busy toils of Parnassus? Is there any moral or physical decree registered in the laws of Helicon against our even having another Shakspeare?

The Doctor. Dr. Granville is in the field again; and the literary and philosophical world may congratulate itself on the renewed activity of a writer whose activity is always so valuable. His work on St. Petersburg, though written some years ago, is still by far the most graphic, intelligent, and well informed work on the marvellous capital of Peter the Great. After having gone through three editions it has the rank of a standard book, and possesses all the accuracy without any of the dulness of a "Guide." He has now adopted another subject, to which he brings at once the professional knowledge and the personal observation essential to the subject. The importance of that subject is expressed in the name, "The Spas of Germany."

The Rector. It would be difficult to select a topic on which a man of true medical science, and quick remark, could render more useful service. The diseases of England, in nine instances out of ten, are those for which the Spas, the life led at these watering-places, and the variety which there meets us in every aspect of nature and manners, seem to have been especially made. Lethargy is at the bottom of all our national maladies. Over-feeding, over-rest, and *over-sameness*, if we may coin the only word fit for the thing, are the bane of the opulent Englishman. Sent from the feastings of Grosvenor and Belgrave Squares to the feastings of his magnificent mansion embowered in parks, where everything is lazy, lulling, and luxurious, the unhappy man grows fat, full-blooded, and fanciful. Thence the progress is clear to all the evils that "wealth is heir to:" he grows tired of the world, and sick of his wife—reads French romances, and finds that they recommend prussic acid—hesitates about the remedy if he is a moral man, adopts it if he is not, and finishes his plethoric career by a heathen catastrophe, with a coroner for his historian, and an epitaph for his history. But send this weary son of woe into the bosom of an Ostend steamer—contribute a brisk gale to his necessities—drive him with four Flemish horses tied to brilliant travelling equipage through the mire of the Netherlands, roll him over the pavé of Ghent, Liege, and Aix-la-Chapelle, till you sweep him in sight of the sunny banks of the noblest of all continental rivers, the great central stream of continental beauty, the loved and loving Rhine, and you fill him with a new sense of existence. The scene now changes every hour; every post-house is in a new principality. He plunges into the depths of valleys, where he is buried in vineyards—he soars up the sides of mountains, where he is roasted like a Sardinian olive—he is whirled through forests which were called Black two thousand years ago, and will be called Black two thousand years hence, if

this crumbling world is not melted in its own volcanoes long before. But all this is new to him. He occasionally has to wait an hour or two for his dinner. He discovers that he has an appetite: the discovery is equally salutary and surprising: he *dines* for the first time in his life; hitherto he has only fed. He now and then is forced to the formidable experiment of going to bed supperless, in his ramblings through the deeper tracts of the forest-country. Nothing can be more vexatious or more fortunate. He plunges into bed tired as a hunter, and hungry as the wolf that hunter follows. To his utter astonishment the eight hours of his night are fled like so many minutes; he is awaked by the sunrise, pouring in floods of gold and vermilion over a thousand hills. He had heard of the sight, and probably seen it in his boyhood, but all now has all the freshness of novelty, and the wonder of a celestial phenomenon. He breakfasts like a new-roused tiger, and feels that hitherto he has never known the pleasures of taste. The Spas bring all this into order—systematise his enjoyment—give him something delightful, eccentric, animating, and useful to do from sunrise to sunset—make him forget the dismal study of his inner man—abjure all investigation of bile, pancreas, liver, and spleen—teach him to think of himself simply as a vigorous and vivid creature, capable of getting through the twenty-four hours without either pill, potation, or pestle—and send him back at the end of three months to Parliament, the clubs, and his county, just the first-rate thing that a first-rate Englishman was intended to be. So, “*Vivant les Spas!*”

The Doctor. Of the efficacy of the Spas in England no one can doubt who has ever enjoyed the refreshing morning walks and pleasant afternoon meals which are furnished by Cheltenham. But it must be observed that the German Spas are altogether on a superior scale; that in fact the Spa country constitutes a large portion of the very finest region of Germany, itself the very finest region of Europe. The country which leads from the Rhine to Baden is chiefly flat and sandy, but as we approach Baden the landscape suddenly changes; it becomes hilly—the hills are covered with orchards—the mountain chain at last becomes amphitheatrical—and in the centre of the amphitheatre lies the gay town of Baden. If a circle be drawn half a mile round this hot spring of Baden, it would be found in the centre of this succession of circular ranges, forming a scenery of singular beauty, on whose sides are the villas of the opulent inhabitants. The humbler houses, the springs, the baths, and places of amusement are at the foot of the circle. As a watering-place, Baden was known to the Romans by the name of “*Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*.” The Germans with less taste, but more matter of fact, called it by its present name, “*The Baths*.” It has seen its revolutions, like the rest of the world, and after passing through a long succession of Counts Palatine and Emperors, has fallen into the hands of Charles Leopold. The air is dry and very pure; several families reside in Baden during the winter. In the last fifteen years Baden has been greatly embellished: the English everywhere are the great embellishers: all the glass in the German windows, all the flag stones in the French streets, and all the carpets in the houses of the continent are the work of English money—all the creation of the years since the peace.

The Colonel. In all the German towns the accommodations for strangers were miserable at the conclusion of the peace of 1815. Foreigners are singularly content with discomforts in their style of lodging. They either sit in enormous chilling rooms, as in the palazzi of Italy—which much resemble our prisons and workhouses—or squeeze themselves into little airless hovels, where it is as hard to breathe as to see. Dr. Granville gives a very amusing description of the difficulty which he experienced in supplying himself with apartments. The landlord bargained, before he would suffer him to alight, that he should be satisfied with rooms at the top of a large straggling and lofty house: a less experienced traveller would probably have refused such mean accommodation, but, as the Doctor says, it would not do to be squeamish on such occasions, for, on the very same morning, fifteen other arrivals were added, which filled every garret of the hotel. The Doctor recommended, as the most convenient proceeding, to write a few days beforehand to the proprietor of any one of the good hotels, and engage apartments for a stated time. This plan of anticipating lodgings, by letter, his experience advises as the best, and, in the end, the cheapest, provided the object is to remain at Baden for a certain time. Baden, however, is the resort of a great number of persons, whose object is less to relieve themselves of the infirmities of the body than to heal the diseases of the purse: persons of fashion and of none, rich pigeons and clever knaves, young beauties in want of a fortune and a husband, and old chevaliers in want of wives and estates, throng the avenues; and it is the Doctor's keen calculation that not more than one in a hundred have any necessity for touching the waters of the Queen Spa of Germany.

The Doctor. The journey through the Black Forest leading to Wildbad opens a singularly picturesque country; the road ascends all the way from Calw, a town standing on an elevation of a thousand feet above the sea. From the town it dips into the thickest of the Black Forest, whose mighty and columnar firs give a sombre yet grand character to the country, and reaches at last a plateau of more than double the elevation. Passing this hill, the road sinks into the vale where exist the springs, and thirteen hundred feet above the sea. Still the Doctor's observations turn on his peculiar science. On the way he met a traveller, a subject of Bavaria, who had been in the habit for two or three years of visiting Wildbad. This gentleman was a living panegyric on the waters; he looked, said the Doctor, as if he really could spare health to others. "You will be delighted," said the patient, "at the sensations you will experience in the baths. Stout and well built as you see me, a long and obstinate case of disordered digestion, which baffled all the best doctors in Paris, where I have been residing these thirty years, had so reduced me, that they despaired of my life. The death of my wife, who was snatched from me by the cholera in twenty-four hours, completed my misery, and I was sent to the place you are about to visit, to die, I verily believe. The rest I need not tell you. *Regardez moi. Je suis le meilleur élogé des bains de Wildbad.* Three seasons have sufficed to work this miracle: but you will meet with plenty of equally striking cases at the baths. *Tenez.* You noticed that feeble, emaciated old man, who sat by you at table, and sipped a *mauvais bouillon* with a heaving chest, incessant cough, hard breathing, and an occasional

exclamation of pain? Well, he is proceeding to the baths, by advice of his physician at Stuttgart, and is fully confident of success, and, what is more, I believe he will not be disappointed.

The Rector. I have been a wanderer among those springs, and have seen the most singular restorations effected during the season; still, however, holding my old theory, that at least one half of the restoration was due to the habits of the place, to the early rising, the regular meals, the general activity, the frequent excursions, and the combination of everything that can amuse without agitating the mind. But the bath of baths is the Carlsbad. If Baden has obtained the name of the queen, Carlsbad inherits that of the king of baths, by a right older than three-fourths of the sovereign houses of Germany. Doctor Granville's second volume opens with an admirable description of the localities and properties of those celebrated Bohemian springs, introducing it by a fragment from the pen of Lord Alvanley. His Lordship's pleasantries have been long public and popular, but we were not aware of his poetic labours. The fragment however is but a little extract from a Bohemian poem on the Spa, written by Lobkowitz 300 years ago:—

“Fountain of health, the poet's honour'd theme,
Say whence thy fervid waters flow?
Rush they in subterranean stream
From where sulphureous tides in *Ætna* glow?
Or, fraught with healing elements, ascend,
Sent, where the Stygian god, in soften'd mind
Had bid his fires their genial influence lend
In mercy to mankind?”

The first view of the great spring, named the Sprudel, or *Bubbler*, for the Germans are the homeliest of mankind in their nomenclature, and call everything from its most common aspect, is remarkably striking to the stranger, and justifies all Dr. Granville's enthusiasm. The hour of rising in Carlsbad is about the hour when a London fashionable thinks of going to bed after a night at Almack's. He made his way to the fountain at dawn, found it out at once by the curling vapours which hovered over its colonnaded temple, and felt that all description was in vain. The sudden view of the violent, lofty, constant, and prodigal up-pourings of hot water out of the bowels of the earth, foaming in the midst of its clouds of vapour, within 45° of the boiling point, on the very margin of a cold, placid, and sluggish stream, the Teple, was well calculated to excite intelligent surprise. A crowd of invalids were soon pressing round it, who, of course, from habit, thought only of the hot water. The Doctor's philosophy was engaged in thinking of the sources which fed this extraordinary product of the stores of extraordinary things which Nature has so jealously hid from the eye of man. He was thinking what it was that imparted to the mysterious current that violent impulse which made it spring from the bosom of the earth with an upright jet of eight or nine feet elevation from the aperture in the rocky crust underneath the building; and which at times even propelled it with convulsive and vehement throbs more than a foot above the height of the spectator, though he stood on a floor five feet above the level of the stream. “A central fire” seems the only illustration which suggests itself to Doctor Granville. One must see the Sprudel to be a convert to that doctrine. He adds strikingly, “In times of darkness and

superstition, man would have fallen prostrate, and adored this unquiet and relentless agent, filling the atmosphere with hot vapours, and impetuously overrunning all the bounds by which art has vainly attempted to restrain its endless throes."

The Doctor. The theory of a central fire has just enough of probability in any instance to excite the fancy. But it wants proofs, and cannot satisfy the understanding. The deepest extent to which we have ever been able to penetrate the earth is too trifling to decide any question on the mysterious interior of a globe 8000 miles from surface to surface. But the constant effusion of a subterranean spring upon any of the thousand beds of sulphur and combustible minerals which we *know* to be among the accessible strata of the surface, would supply sprudels innumerable. The narrowness of the aperture, and the abundance of the spring, would account for its jets and convulsions. What is Hecla but a large sprudel? With the materials of heat and vapour lying almost within our reach, why are we to be driven to the unphilosophical romance of a central fire, which, if it filled but a small central spot of the earth, would be palpably inadequate to force its way through four thousand miles of the solid matter of which we *know* the great mass of the earth to be formed, or which, if it filled a large space, must either change its nature of fire, and become a solid, or utterly derange the general gravitation of the globe? On the whole, Doctor Granville's work does him honour. His volumes will be a remarkable acquisition to the *invalid*, to the traveller, and to his professional brethren in this country. They are animated, intelligent, and instructive.

The Doctor. The thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh numbers of the "*Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*" of that prince of horticulturists and botanists, London, add largely to the public obligations to his activity. They contain the history of the willow, the poplar, the birch, and, in part, of the oak. All Englishmen must rejoice in the increased interest taken by our landholders within the last quarter of a century in the propagation of trees. They alone are required to give perfect beauty to the English landscape; for who has not looked with delight on the fine feathering of our gentle slopes, the crowning of our bold hills, and the enriching of our lovely valleys, with those at once noble and lovely ornaments? They have another advantage, which addresses itself to an humbler faculty, but which still has its importance; they are of all ornaments the cheapest. A third advantage is, that they are of all ornaments the most useful. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before has been defined to be a patriot, what honour shall be due to him who fills the uncultured surface of the ground with productions beautiful in every stage of their existence, and essential in its close? who makes a handful of seeds grow up into houses, the impliments of the arts and agriculture, and those floating castles to carry the thunders of England to the extremities of the globe? If public bounties should be given for anything, they should be given for planting. We also doubt much whether a tenth of the sum expended on those costly amusements of ladies and gentlemen would not be a hundred times more beneficial if employed in exciting the small proprietors to plant wherever they could afford room for a tree to grow. If every country gentleman would plant

a thousand trees on the birth of every child, he would add to the solid advantage of providing a considerable sum for the child when he should arrive at the age of twenty-one, the gratification of decorating every spot round him.

The Rector. Loudon's books have something for every body. For the man of science, all the science of his art,—for the discoverer, all the details that can animate discovery,—and for the lover of anecdote, those slight and short memoranda which at once instruct and amuse. Thus he tells us that Pliny speaks of three kinds of poplars—black, white, and Libyan. That the poplar, like the willow, was a favourite amongst the makers of bucklers, from its lightness, and from the softness, by which the blow of an enemy's weapon only indented the shield without piercing it. The poplar buckler was thus like a shield of Indian-rubber. The leaves, too, had their merit, and steeped in vinegar, were formed the part of an ancient *cau d'hussou*. The shoots and leaves answered the still more useful purpose of being winter food for cattle. The value of the wood was still not exhausted; it is of use in cabinet and toy-making, and for floors, where its recommendations are its whiteness, the ease with which it is cleaned, and also the more important quality of its being extremely difficult to set on fire, and extremely slow to burn. The stigma on the durability of poplar is rather a stigma on our own want of care, as poplar, when unexposed to the atmosphere or to water, will hold out remarkably well: witness the old distich—

“ Though heart of oak be e'er so stout,
Keep me dry, and I'll see him out.”

But the citizen ought to love the poplar, for the poplar loves the citizen. It has no fastidiousness in its nature, and will grow anywhere. It does not disdain the narrowness of the alley, the smokiness of the street, or the suffocation of the city atmosphere. Neither does it keep the planter long in suspense: he has not to watch its shoot for fifty years before it is the height of his knee, nor to see it withering in every blast of the furnace or the coal fire, now to know that if he were to live four hundred years, he would scarcely see it take the shape of a tree. It springs up like one of his own manufactories, flourishes before his face, year after year shuts out all unsightly buildings, and acts the part of a screen to his house and a guardian to his myrtles and anemones.

The Barrister. The alder, too, has its merits in the hands of this historian. It is, of all European aquatics, the most aquatic, even more so than the willow or the poplar. The moralist says, that, like happiness, it flourishes best in a low situation, but as it ascends it diminishes. The alder, on the mountains of the north, is a shrub. It is remarkable that a tree of this feeble and delicate texture should be peculiarly durable under water. Pliny recommends the wood to be employed for piles, which he calls eternal; for water-pipes, and for planting along the banks of rivers to protect them from being swept away by the floods. The celebrated Rialto, in Venice, was built on piles of alder: it is in constant use in Flanders and Holland for the purpose of forming piles. The wood is so moist, that, when dried, it has lost a third of its weight, and a twelfth of its bulk. Sir Thomas Lander's testimony is, that it is extremely valuable for cutting up into barrel-staves; and that, to its use, it adds beauty, for the old trees, which are full of knots when cut up into planks, have all

the richness of the curled maple, with the advantage of presenting a deep glowing reddish tint, and in this state they make extremely handsome tables. The alder, again, is a rival of the oak, and a poetical rival, too ; witness the following distich,—

“ Thatch me well and keep me dry,
Heart of oak I will defy.”

But Lander and Gilpin praise the alder, as peculiarly associated with river scenery : but here, too, authorities differ. Boucher calls it an ugly, melancholy tree ; and even Loudon, though he disapproves of the term ugly, accepts the other, and thinks it the most melancholy of deciduous trees, and gives us the thought in poetry.

O'er the dark pond, whose solemn bosom shows
No curling wave to greet the passing breeze,
The rigid alder its stiff image throws,
Gloomy and sad, as though it seem'd to please.
Emblem of woe too great to be express'd,
Which broods in silence, and corrodes the breast.”

The Colonel. If these were the times when magicians gave kingdoms, and it cost nothing but the wave of a wand to be the Great Mogul or the Emperor of China, it would be a curious perplexity to choose a diadem. I think that the choice of the *locale* would lie between three places—Constantinople, Athens, and London.

The Barrister. Well, then, Constantinople for territory, and England for power ; but Greece for enjoyment. It is singular that but one of the three has but even approached to the development of its natural energies. The Turkish barbarian at once enervates and crushes the power of the Emperor of the Constantines. Greece, scarcely recovering from the barbarian slavery of a thousand years, is yet but an experiment amongst states ; England is the only country which has attempted to realise the promise of Nature. No more exalting speculation could be formed than that which might imagine five hundred years past away, and our country all that she was intended to be ; with Canada, and the mighty regions beyond it, peopled to the full, borrowing the arts, the laws, and the civilization of England, and returning the tribute in all those forms of generous and lofty compensation which belong to the interest and gratitude of such a descent ; with New Holland and the vast islands of the Pacific filled with an English population, collecting the gold, jewels, and spices of the East, and pouring them into her bosom. And with the habitual energies of England herself urged to their utmost, her skill in manufactures, her mines, her rapid systems of conveyance, her inexhaustible beds of coal, iron, marble, and all the instruments of power and enjoyment which a beautiful nature supplies, employed by the most active, ambitious, speculative, and yet solid-minded population of the earth, the ruin of her power and happiness would be utterly incalculable. Still, if I were to choose a kingdom for its promise of all that constitutes personal enjoyment, whether moral, intellectual, or physical, Greece should be the one.

The Barrister. A work, entitled “Wanderings in Greece,” by George Cochrane, Esq., who had served there as a military officer, and been private secretary to Lord Cochrane. He gives the latest and most interesting account of Greece under its young King. Mr. Cochrane was present at the first entry of King Otho into Athens, his capital, Decem-

ber 1st, 1834. The young King disembarked from a Greek vessel, under a salute of twenty-one guns. The regency and the municipality received him on landing: the procession was formed by all the old Greek warriors, headed by General Church: near the Temple of Theseus an arch of laurel and olive was formed, and under it the King entered into Athens. The royal residence was a quarter of a mile out of town, a very humble palace, consisting of twelve rooms, to which, however, a banquetting room was subsequently added, capable of containing four hundred persons. A few evenings after the entry the Countess Armanberg, the wife of the chief minister, gave a ball in the streets of Athens. Carriages were out of the question: the consequence was, that those of the ladies who had horses rode them to the ball, in the Queen Elizabeth style; those who had not, cased themselves in huge Turkish boots, and walked with large lanterns carried before them. About nine the dancing commenced, the King leading off one of the daughters of the Countess. The new sovereign is described as rather above the middle height, with a very fair complexion, his hair rather dark, his eyes blue, and his countenance good-natured. In figure, Mr. Cochrane says, "he is one of the very best made men I have ever seen." After having for some time observed this gay scene, he retired to the other suite of rooms, composed of three chambers of twenty feet square: they were very well furnished, had good Turkish carpets, and exhibited handsome sofas and chairs, covered with blue and white silk; the walls were papered with some ornamental scenery just brought from France; and the observer half forgot that he was in the heart of dilapidated Athens. The hours were early, and should be a lesson to our London fashionables. As the King arrived at half-past eight, the ball was over at half-past eleven. Our taste however cannot recommend the regale that followed it, for it was hot soup, handed about in coffee-cups. In about a quarter of an hour after, the King retired, and the party broke up. On a subsequent evening, Mr. Dawkins, the British Envoy, gave a ball to the King and the Athenian *beau monde* of Athens. There was a fine room for dancing, with two smaller rooms at the extremities. The Englishman gave a regular supper, which was a phenomenon in Greece, and the Greek ladies behaved, on the occasion, more decorously than was expected. English suppers are trying things, peculiarly when champagne gets into unpractised hands. However, the ladies were delighted, and so, of course, must every one else have been. They are now beginning to dress *à la Française*. They speak French, and look as French as they can. Those Frenchmen beat us in millinery, cookery, and coquetting, all round the world. But Mr. Cochrane makes one reserve for the sinking honour of his country—they cannot beat us in red coats. He says, with a sincerity becoming a patriot, that the ball-room on this night only confirmed the observation that he had often made before—namely, the *infinite* superiority of a *red* coat over every other colour, in attracting and fixing the female eye and attention. The light blue, the light green, the white, the dark blue, *and* all the different brilliant uniforms that were exhibited on this occasion were comparatively powerless in claiming the eyes of the "Grecian fair;" so there is still some hope for England.

The Colonel. But Mr. Cochrane had more important, if not more interesting matters to manage. All foreigners are wonderfully caught by the exploits of British engineering and machinery. Take any five

hundred foreign savans, and you may rely upon it that the first question asked by four hundred and ninety-nine of them is, "How goes on the Thames Tunnel?" The Greeks are all in a state of fever for the establishment of steam-boats; and after the war was ended, and the musket was hung up in their halls, Mr. Cochrane was sent back to London to construct a Greek Steam Company. He began prosperously; but a panic intervened from the depression of the Spanish Bonds: the shareholders shrank, and the project fell to the ground. In the mean time the French government have adopted the idea; and, in 1835, had obtained from the Chamber of Deputies a grant of four hundred thousand pounds to enable them to run steam-vessels to the Mediterranean. In 1835 one of these vessels was launched by a house at Marseilles to establish a communication between Greece and Constantinople. Mr. Cochrane describes the accommodations as of a very excellent order: the after-cabin had on each side six smaller cabins, with two berths in each; and beyond these was the ladies' cabin, similarly arranged. The whole was fitted up with toilettes, &c.; and, to meet the heat of the climate, the doors were fitted up with screens of thick silk. Between each of the spaces was placed a handsome mirror, and the whole effect was striking and brilliant in a high degree. The French consul at Malta had been appointed the government agent for the steam-boat. He stated that four hundred thousand pounds sterling had been granted by the Chambers, but that three hundred thousand pounds would be quite sufficient to equip three large steam-vessels: that they were to run every day to Marseilles and Toulon; some of them to Algiers, others to Malta and Alexandria, and some to Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople. That they were to be fitted up entirely for passengers; to be on a scale of magnificence equal to the present vessel, and to be officered entirely from captains and subalterns of the royal navy.

The Rector. It must be always irksome to speak of the tardiness of our own country. But the slowness, and even the disrelish, with which our public functionaries have proceeded in this important object of our communication with the Mediterranean and India amounts to little short of a national crime. It has been demonstrated by the every-day evidence of facts, that by the steam-boat system, well organised, a letter can be sent from London to Bombay in *forty-one* days; while the ordinary passage by sea is four months. In other words, that a letter or individual can be in India, in London, and in India again successively, in the time which it ordinarily takes to reach India at all by sea. Yet there are men of night in the India house, and who call themselves rational and national, who never hear the subject mentioned without lifting up their hands to the skies and protesting against the absurdity of the experiment; as if it were still an *experiment*; as if the pledge of all national improvement, and still more of colonial connexion, were not quickness of communication; as if India, of all countries, was not most dependent on communication with our government; or as if, on the breaking out of a war, the difference between a forty-one days' dispatch and a four months' might not make the difference between being attacked unprepared and attacking with full preparation—between the loss and the acquisition of an empire. The French are, as we see, already treading the path which we ought to have trod, and they may yet lead us the way to India.

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